

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREEN AND

April

NOW
10¢

7d in England

**WILL
LEAP YEAR
GET
JIMMY
STEWART?**



MADELEINE CARROLL

**THRILLING FICTION STORY OF "SAFARI" COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE
LISTEN, BOYS! CLARK GABLE'S TELLING YOU—SEE PAGE 26**



“—and don't forget your PASSPORT *to* POPULARITY”



WHAT difference does it make how attractive, how well-dressed, how witty you are, if you've got a case of halitosis (bad breath)? It's the one thing people will not pardon . . . a fault that stamps you a walking nuisance . . . *and a condition that you yourself may not detect.* Often it's due to fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth and there's a remedy for this condition.

The soundest bit of advice any girl or man can receive is to rinse the mouth

with Listerine Antiseptic before any social or business engagement. Almost immediately your breath becomes sweeter, purer, more agreeable. It may be just what you need for your passport to popularity and success.

Strikes at Major Cause

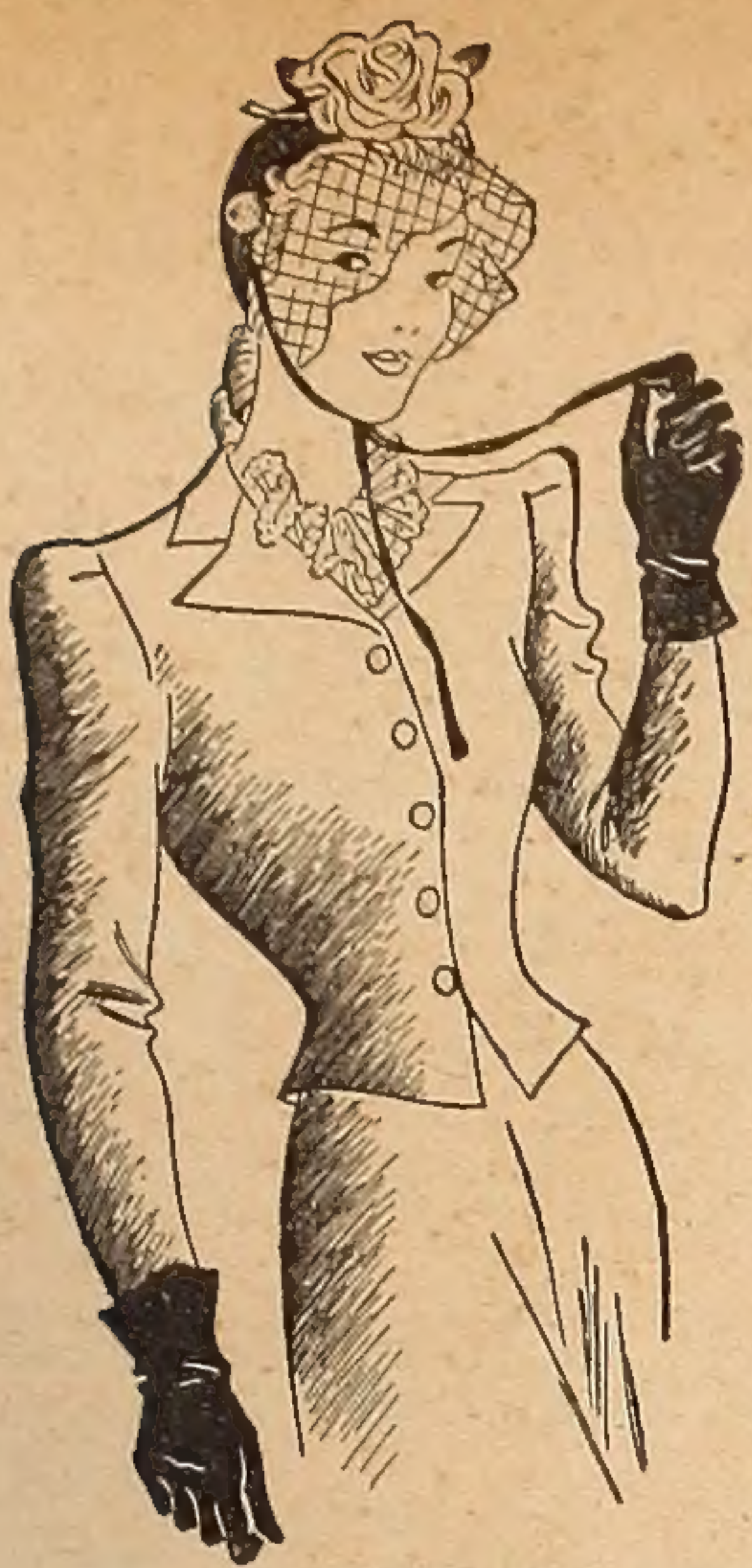
Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, said by some authorities to be the major cause of breath odors, and then overcomes the

odors it causes. It takes only a few seconds to do this and it's such a delightful and pleasant precaution. Your entire mouth feels healthier, fresher, cleaner.

Anyone may have this offensive condition at some time or other without realizing it and therefore unwittingly offend. Don't take this unnecessary chance. Use Listerine Antiseptic before all social and business engagements at which you wish to be at your best.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Before Business and Social Engagements . . . use Listerine Antiseptic for Halitosis (BAD BREATH)



• Her chic little bonnet of smart silken braid wears a striking veil, a red, red rose.

A New Easter Bonnet can Halt a man but a Winning Smile can Hold him!



Your smile is yours alone...far too precious to risk!
Help guard it with Ipana and Massage!

THE EYE-CATCHING smartness of a new Easter bonnet—how quickly it captures a man's glance! But once his attention is halted, it takes a bright and winning smile to hold him.

For no girl can make a lasting impression with a dull and dingy smile. Don't let *yourself* in for this tragic mistake. Never neglect your teeth and gums. Never dismiss lightly that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If your tooth brush "shows pink"—see *your dentist at once!* It may not indicate anything serious, but let him decide. Often, he will tell you your gums have grown tender, flabby

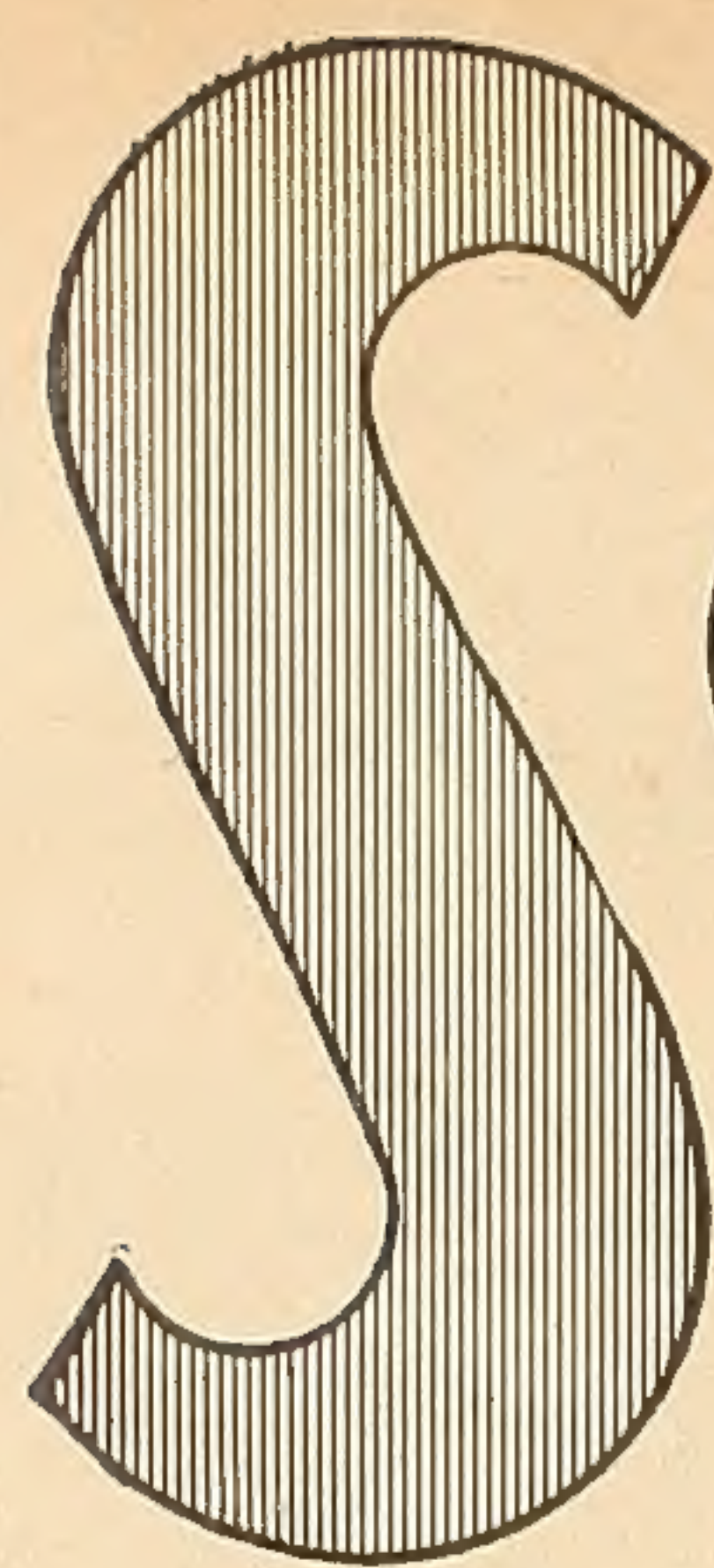
from lack of exercise. And the fault frequently lies with our modern soft foods. His verdict may simply be "more work for those weakened gums"—and, like many dentists, he may suggest the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For Ipana is designed not only to clean the teeth but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that delightful tang, exclusive with Ipana and massage, as circulation awakens in the gums—stimulates them—helps make gums firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to have a smile you can be proud of!



IPANA TOOTH PASTE



The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

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ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

MARION MARTONE, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

A MESSAGE FOR YOU FROM MRS. CLARK GABLE!

"STOP THESE VICIOUS RUMORS ABOUT ME!"

Mrs. Clark Gable (Carole Lombard) is up in arms. She has asked this magazine to open its pages to enable her to deny once and for all the vicious and unwarranted rumors which have been circulated about her. To Elizabeth Wilson she has stated her case and the result is a feature for the next, the May issue, in which Carole Gable will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth regarding these reports which have caused concern to admirers of Mr. and Mrs. Gable. Don't miss this!

ALSO—

"TORRID ZONE"

Complete Fiction Story
Of The Forthcoming Film
Starring Ann Sheridan,
James Cagney, Pat O'Brien.

Watch for the May issue of
Screenland on sale April 3rd

PAUL C. HUNTER, Publisher

April, 1940

Vol. XXXX, No. 6

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Madeleine Carroll Cover Portrait by Eugene Robert Richee

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A MAN AND A WOMAN
fleeing nameless terror...through angry
seas and the tropics' dangers...yearn-
ing for the peace they had never known,
the happiness they could find only in
each other's arms...You'll remember
this star-crowded Metro-Goldwyn-
Mayer picture as one of the great
emotional experiences of the year!



CLARK JOAN
GABLE • CRAWFORD

in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Dramatic Triumph

STRANGE CARGO

with IAN HUNTER

PETER LORRE • PAUL LUKAS
ALBERT DEKKER • J. EDWARD BROMBERG
EDUARDO CIANNELLI

A FRANK BORZAGE *Production*

Screen Play by Lawrence Hazard • Directed by Frank Borzage
Based on the Book "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep" by Richard Sale
Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz

Keep up with
the latest news
and views from
Film Town

from

Hollywood



It all started as a Valentine's Day publicity "gag"—this sweetheart sun-suit worn by Marilyn Merrick, above. But Marilyn, and her public, liked the result so much that the "heart" suit has been given a permanent place in the Merrick wardrobe. Summer sirens, please note!

NOW that the honeymoon is over and Hollywood has recovered from the initial shock of Bill Powell's surprise marriage, all his friends are responding in true actor fashion. Nothing brings out as devastating a delineation of what Hollywood is really like, than a real inside-the-industry marriage. The town takes infinite and prankish pains not to allow a just-united pair to forget that they are fair play for very pointed jibes. Bill Powell is still taking a merciless ribbing now and he and Diana Lewis are trying quietly to be just Mr. and Mrs. William Powell. Their difference in age caused many a witticism. Bill's grown son, a few years younger than his new wife, has suddenly found himself with a very attractive step-mother. The gag to top all, was Bill's present from his best friend, Dick Barthelmess. Dick gave him, first, a snappy, streamlined high-chair. Then, as a clincher, a *deluxe*, over-comfortable wheel chair.

CLARK GABLE can vouch for the fact that Vivien Leigh would, on all conditions, win the title of Hollywood's foremost woman prize-fighter. Gable knows what he's talking about. Miss Leigh may be diminutive but there is T.N.T. in her left hook of no uncertain power. Clark found out that, as *Scarlett*, dynamic Miss Leigh just couldn't pull her punches, nor did she choose to. "The first time I connected with a left to the jaw from *Scarlett*," Clark explains, "she nearly knocked me flat." That scene was done over and over again until Clark was slap-happy. Finally Director Fleming asked Miss L. to go a little easy and fake the blows. "But that wouldn't be realism or fair to film fans," she countered quickly. Her next wallop was a near knockout blow, but game he-man Clark Gable never let on until now that it was about all he could have taken. At last the screen has found a *vis-à-vis* for Victor McLaglen.

A VISIT to a Hedy Lamarr set is an intriguing experience because Hedy never fails to thoroughly amaze new acquaintances with her unlooked for behavior. Lately, visitors have been noticing Hedy and her voice coach Phyllis Laughton enact an impressive ritual of drawing straws each time Hedy had a few moments free from the camera. Then they would compare their draws and hurry away to Hedy's dressing room to stay closeted until Hedy was again needed. It took a curious visitor to ferret out the reasons for their strange conclaves. The secret turned out to be, of all things, baby culture. The two girls were so enthusiastic about their offsprings (Hedy's son is adopted) that they had to find a method whereby each one of them got a chance to talk while the other listened.

TO garble a phrase, oh, how sweet are the uses of inconsistency—at least in this particular case of Bill Holden, who is a ringer for doing the right thing. Bill arrived on the Paramount lot on an unexpected free day and no sooner had he passed the reception desk than the wardrobe department wanted him, the still department had to have a couple of shots then and there, the publicity department started to arrange an interview lunch date for him. His entire day was being snatched from him without as much as by your leave. Bill put his foot down. His pal in the publicity department was his only sympathizer. "That's right, Bill, you enjoy your day off. I'll pick the winning beauty from that couple hundred sorority girls' photographs and —" You'll do *what*?" Bill shouted. "Why didn't you say that was what you wanted? Now that I think about it, the other stuff can wait. I really feel it'll take a whole day to do justice to this job."

(Please turn to page 10)



Len Weissman

Don't believe it if you hear that Maureen O'Hara and Robert Stack are real romancers. Just a friendly date after they met for the first time at a radio broadcast. Bob's heart belongs to Cobina Wright, Jr.



Oh, the "Road to Singapore"

Is a picture you'll adore . . .

If it's laughter you are after

You'll be rolling on the floor . . .

Join us somewhere East of Suez

On our tuneful tropic tour . . .

And you'll lose those winter bluez

As your heart thrills to Lamour . . .

Bing and Bob

*Just a couple of hitch hikers
on the "Road to Singapore"*



DOROTHY LAMOUR.
who causes that traffic jam
on the "Road to Singapore"

Paramount presents
"ROAD TO SINGAPORE"
with **BING CROSBY · DOROTHY LAMOUR · BOB HOPE**
Charles Coburn · Judith Barrett · Anthony Quinn · Jerry Colonna
Directed by VICTOR SCHERTZINGER · Screen Play by Don Hartman and Frank Butler · Based on a Story by Harry Hervey

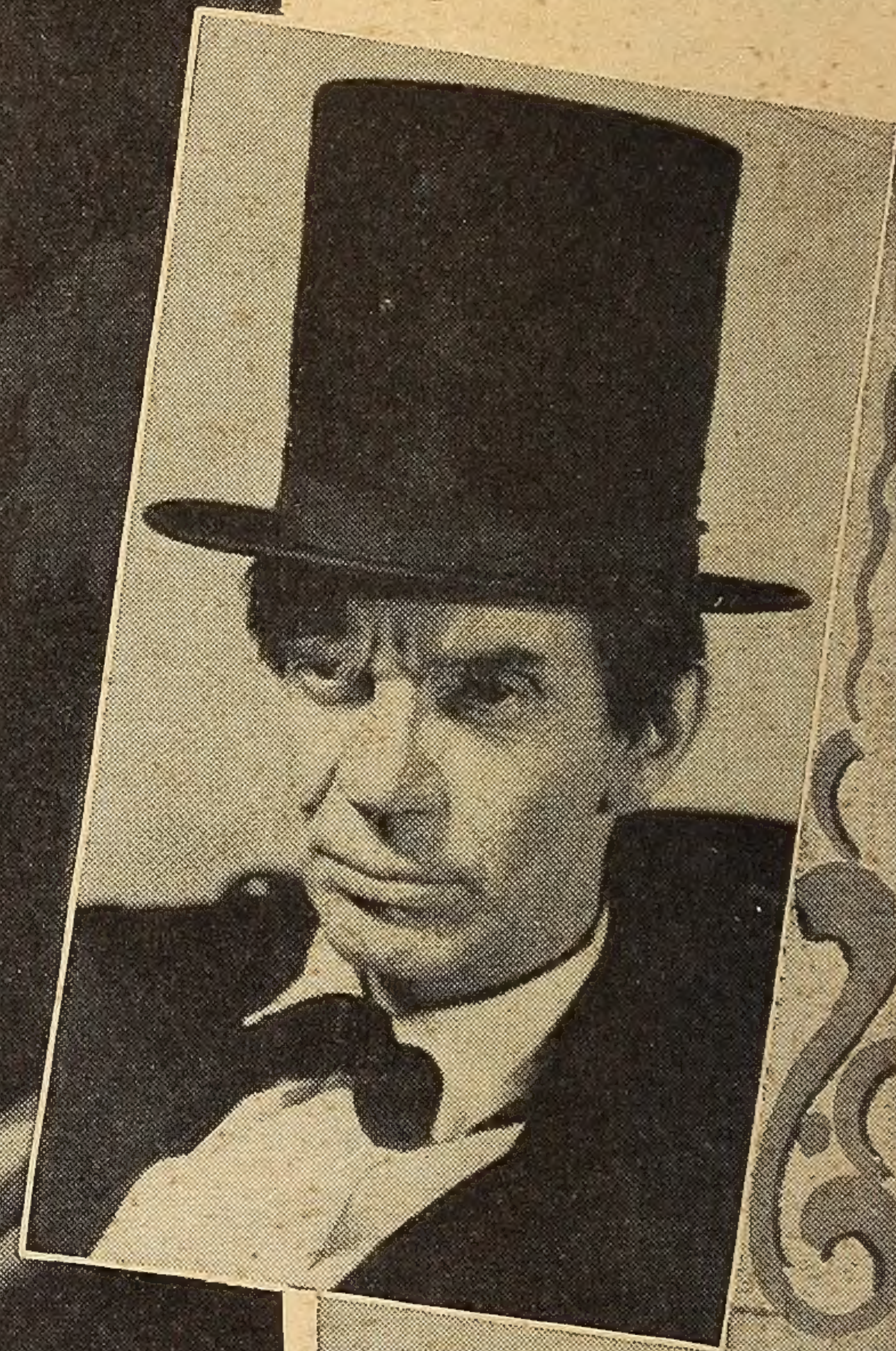
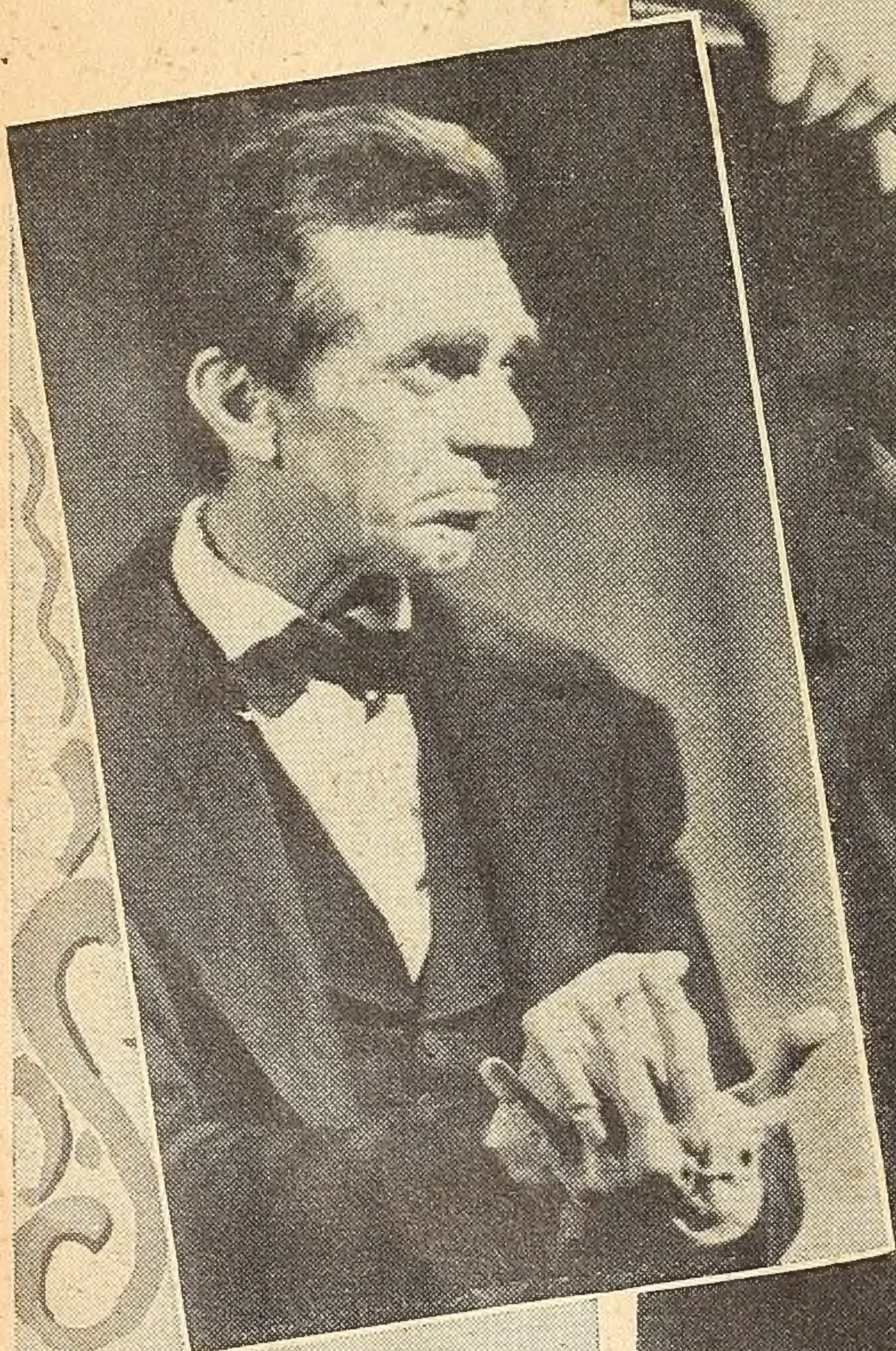
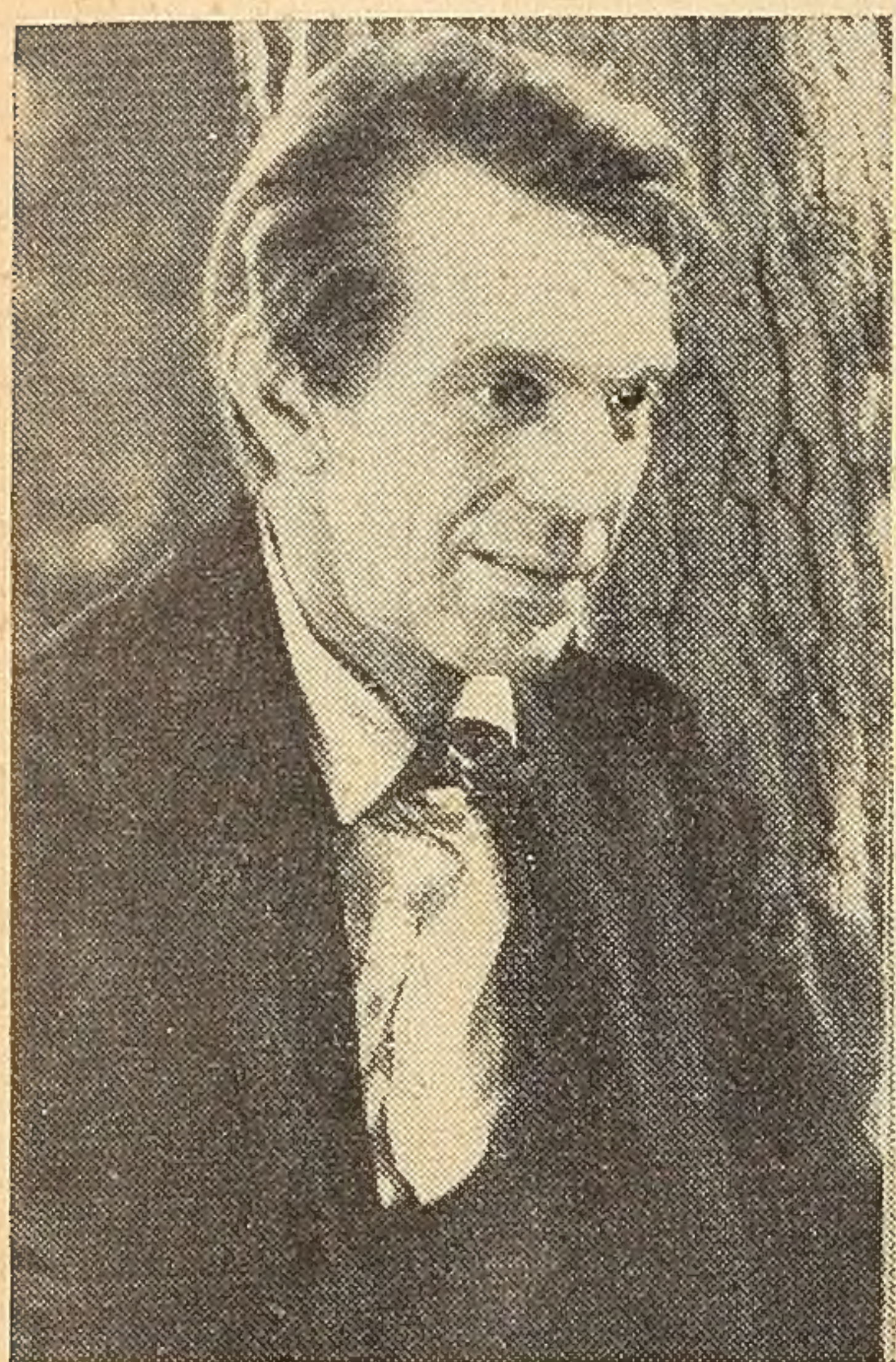
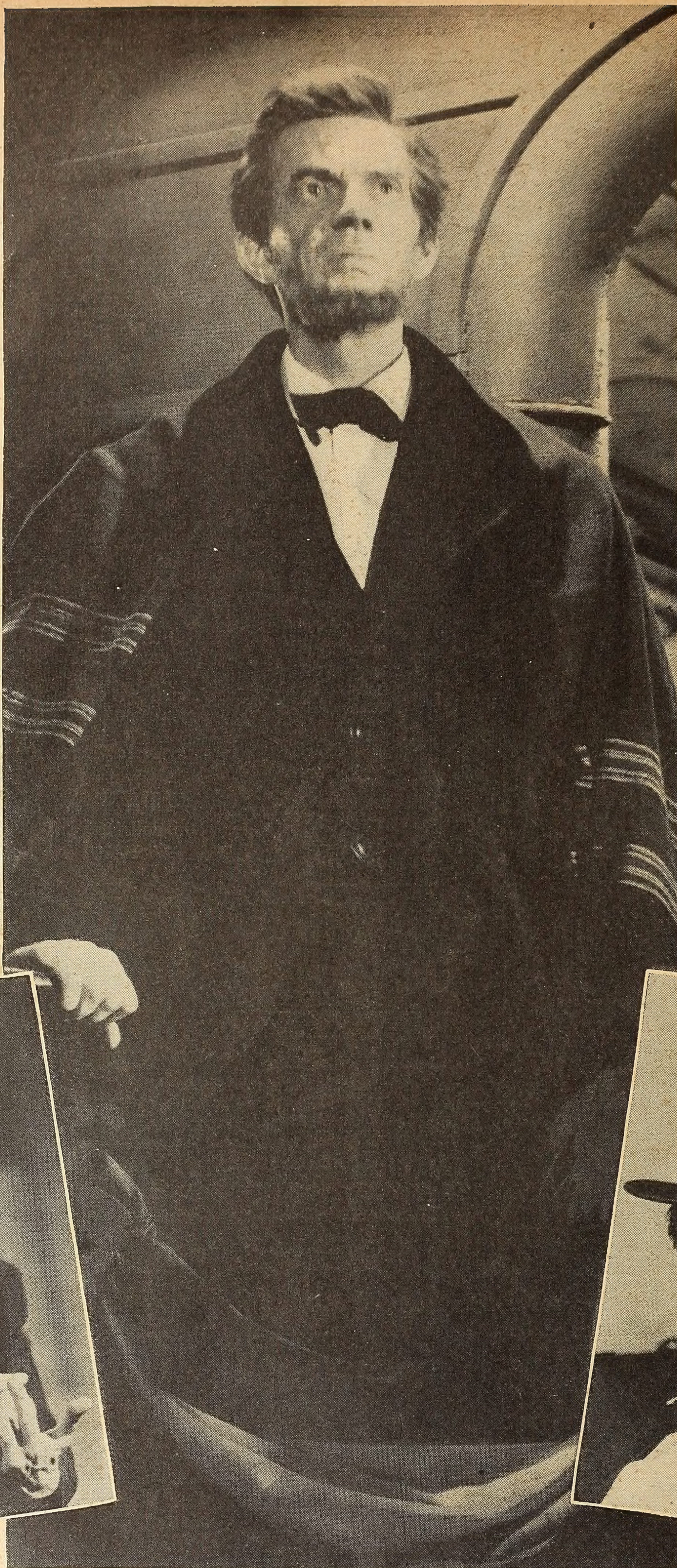


Our award to Raymond Massey for his reverent portrayal of The Great Emancipator in film, "Abe Lincoln in Illinois"

Massey perfectly realizes the greatness and the glory of the man Lincoln, from the vigor and humor of young manhood, below, to the grandeur of spirit which led him to the White House—at right, delivering his farewell speech to the citizens of Springfield.

Most impressive characterization of a beloved national figure in the screen's history is Massey's mighty *Lincoln*

Robert Sherwood's fine play, "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," emerges as an even finer film, with Raymond Massey re-enacting for the camera the rôle he created on Broadway. Close-ups on this page reveal the dramatic power with which Massey endows his portrayal.



SCREENLAND HONOR PAGE

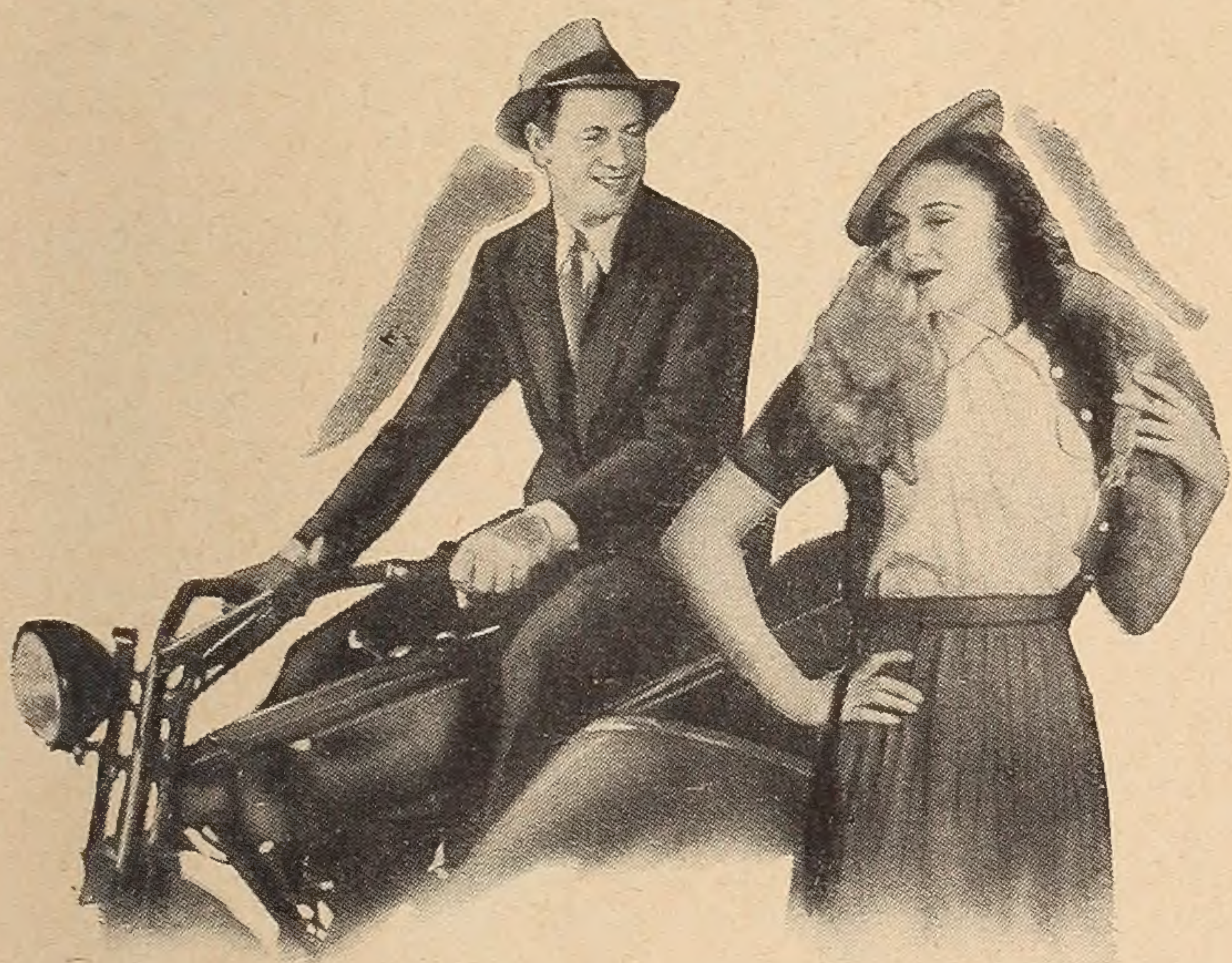


Look out for the fireworks when Ginger gets her first kiss!



Here is glorious Ginger's first big comedy-drama since "Stage Door," made by the same producer-director, famous Gregory La Cava!

The story of a girl who didn't know a thing about men—and a mother who knew too much. But one little osculation in a motorcycle rumble seat turns



her from a tomboy into a glamour girl, and starts her on a manhunt that makes males quail! Look behind the fun, though, and you'll find gripping human heartache that will give you tears to laugh through.

Ginger Rogers
Joel McCrea
PRIMROSE PATH

With MARJORIE RAMBEAU
HENRY TRAVERS • MILES MANDER
Queenie Vassar • Joan Carroll
Produced and Directed by
GREGORY LA CAVA
Screen Play by Allan Scott and Gregory La Cava
RKO Radio Picture



IN EVERY circle, there are women who lead and women who follow. That is how Tampax has spread so rapidly, from friend to friend, throughout the nation, until over 225,000,000 have been sold.

Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is worn internally, thus solving many problems of monthly sanitary protection. It does away with chafing, wrinkling and "showing." Of course Tampax is invisible, and the wearer does not even feel it. Made of pure surgical cotton, it comes to you hygienically sealed. By a patented method, your hands do not touch the Tampax! It is dainty beyond comparison.

Tampax lets you dance without care and travel with a light heart. It cannot come apart and is easily disposed of. No belts, pins or odor. Now sold in three sizes: Super, Regular and

Junior. At drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Large economy package (4 months' supply) saves up to 25%.

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TAMPAX INCORPORATED
New Brunswick, N. J.

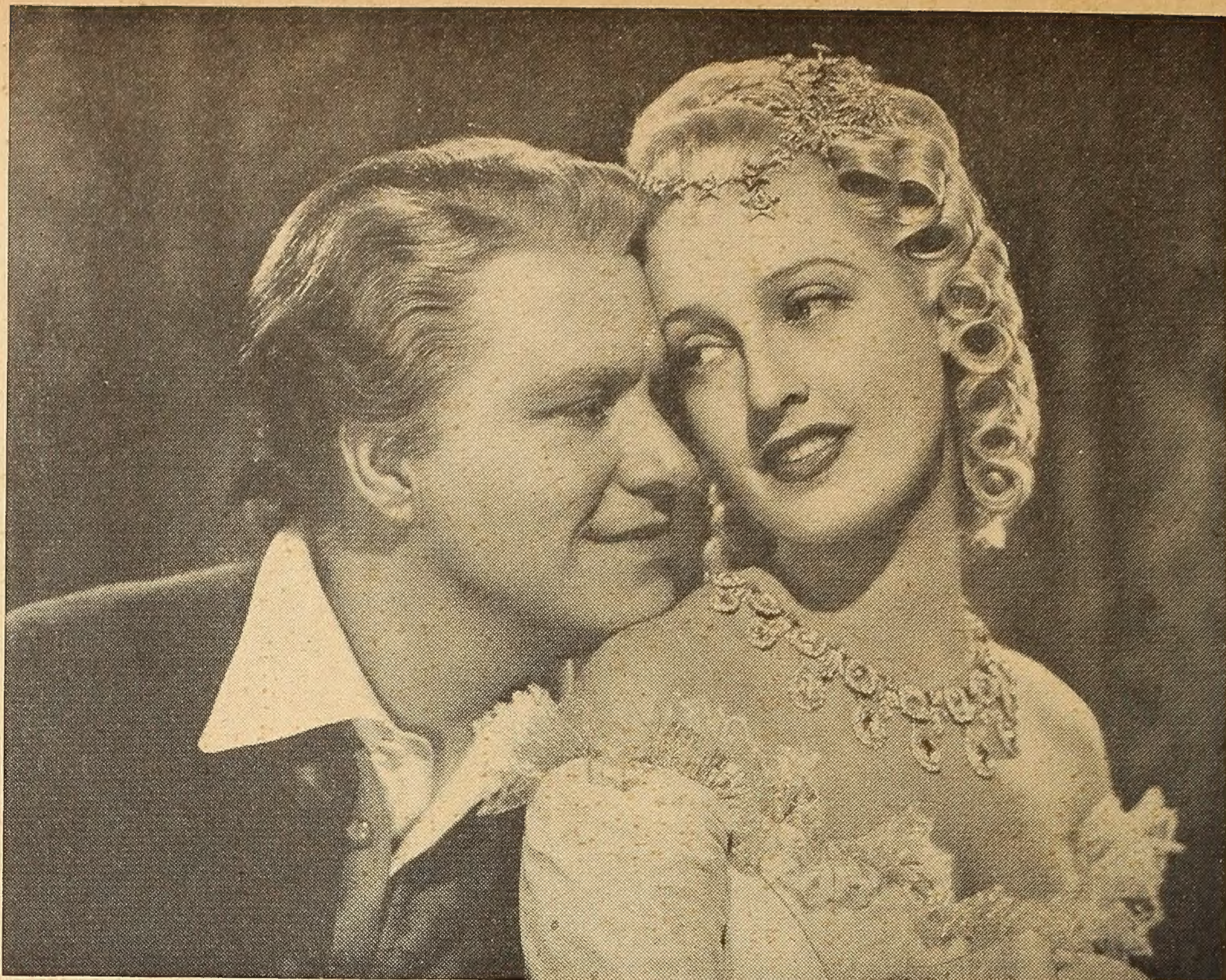
Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below:

() REGULAR () SUPER () JUNIOR

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



Cue for feud? Now that those singing sweethearts, Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, are reunited in "New Moon," their respective fan clubs will resume their arguments over which star has the most close-ups.

YOU'D never dub Irene Dunne the merciless heartbreaker, playing men's hearts one against the other until a dozen swains were distraught with love for her. Yet Irene admits that at fourteen she was just that, or at least fancied herself a heartless siren. At that gangling age she wangled, without shame, a small heart inscribed with the name of the donor from each of her young men acquaintances. She affixed the tokens, ranging from solid tin to silver-plate, on a bracelet. She played her rôle of minx with tremendous adolescent relish. With fickle delight, and to the chagrin of the boy present at the moment, she pitted the ardor and wounded the pride of her men by a constant recitation of the score of other men's names that dangled from her wrist. Irene still has the bracelet and some day I'm sure her adopted daughter will hear, first hand, all about her famous mother's conquests."

THIS year's Santa Anita season was undoubtedly the gayest, most colorful, and most star-studded in the track's history. The racing event was stuffed with more new styles and jewels than ever before. But the golden girls of the screen showed they could pick them too—and not because they thought the jockey was "cute." Andrea Leeds, since she married into the Howard's thoroughbred string has become horseflesh-wise with a vengeance. Norma Shearer was a constant picker of lucky nags. Paulette Goddard's post mortem on her tough break is the most pathetic miss of the season. Paulette got her last minute hunch on a long shot, made a dash for the window to place her bet. A couple camera boys begged for a picture, and Paulette, a pal of every picture snapper, graciously mugged for shot after shot. Just as the last bulb flashed the betting window banged in her face. Paulette rushed back to her box to see Airflame, her nag, come in paying odds that would make you weep. Paulette can't help dreaming about what it would have been like if she had been able to make the window in time and place that hundred dollar note on Airflame's nose.

IN "The Man from Dakota" you'll see Dolores Del Rio, more beautiful than ever, back on the screen with Wallace Beery. Also on the screen you'll see a shot that proved not only embarrassing but almost a calamity to Beery. You'll see Wally and Dolores and John Howard as Yankees fleeing the enemy to get to safety behind the Union line. They were stumbling and struggling and splashing down a river bed in their flight. Wally is leading the way and as he advances he suddenly steps into a hole and disappears. It isn't an accident. It's all in the script. Upon his reappearance the scene is supposed to end. But instead of coming spouting to the surface Wally rises stunned, his hand clasped over his mouth. I've lost my teeth," he shouts, and the scene is ruined. Everything stops until the bridgework is found.

THERE was a great commotion the other morning on Pico Boulevard near the Fox Studio. Somehow, between the quick change of lights and the hurry of morning traffic, a sleek, black, powerful roadster driven by a slender, darkly handsome young man got into a tangle with another machine driven by a quick tempered offensive young buck. Words popped back and forth, and before you could think, the two hot-blooded young men leaped from their cars and with eyes flashing, stood bristling before each other like fighting cocks. A crowd knotted around them quickly. The dark, slender young fellow pointed out that he could hardly be blamed for the accident but in any case he would pay for the damage done, if any. The extent of the ravage was about fifty cents worth of scratched paint. He explained his name was Tyrone Power and told where he could be reached. It was reminiscent of the chivalry of dueling days. The other fellow sulked back to his car. Just then someone in the crowd shouted, "Why didn't you hit him, Ty, he asked for it?" Tyrone flashed an amused grin, his roadster purred, and he slicked down the boulevard. Tyrone knows that to their public, movie actors must always act like gentlemen and be above getting into street brawls.

THEY tell me that in the silent days of Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri and even in Norma Shearer's and Joan Crawford's time, there were orchestras on movie sets to play soulful or gay "mood" music to spur actors on to greater despair or more liting frivolity. That was a Hollywood I didn't know anything about. The only music I'd ever heard on a set was canned music of a playback or a phonograph, so you can imagine how surprised I was, recently, to bump into a number of real musicians once more playing off-scene music to bolster big-time stars before they gave themselves wholly to the camera. The music quits when the camera starts; in the old days it went right on through the whole scene. Richard Dix, believe it or not, is the actor that demands real music whenever possible. Lately, Carole Lombard has found that "mood music" that suits her emotionally can really help give her acting a lift. Violins, of course, always play the soul music, other instruments lighter things. Crawford will use real music on the set of "Susan and God." I think we actually might be in for a spot of something intriguing.

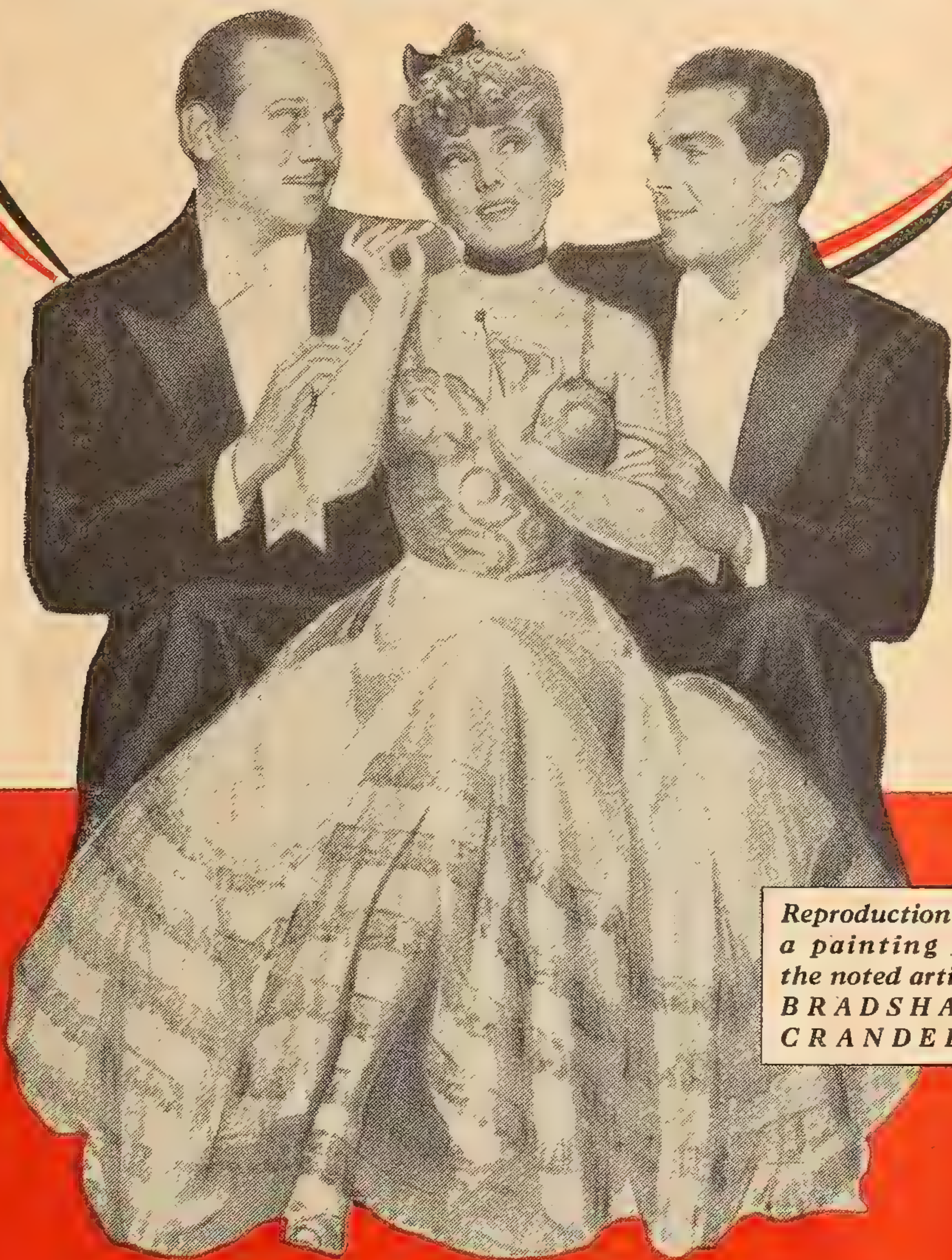
HOPE that all you Janet Gaynor fans aren't sitting back and taking all you hear about Miss G. for granted. Now that the word about the addition to the Adrian family has gotten around don't imagine that your freckled-faced little goddess is just sitting at home and sewing on little garments. Janet hasn't affirmed or denied any rumors, yet never before has Janet been gayer. When Adrian and his wife entertain you at their Valley Spring Lane home you're entertained in unforgettable style. Their last soiree ran the gamut from a psychoanalysis demonstration to a jitterbug contest with a prize of a very beautiful piece of genuine Lalique glass. Since their marriage, Janet and Adrian have studied magic together (everyone's doing it); and their hocus-pocus act had everyone wide-eyed. Eggs and handkerchiefs appeared and disappeared with the greatest of ease. In case you're wondering, I can assure you that these two are as happy as larks.



And so they were married! Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan as they looked after their wedding at the Wee Kirk O'Heather Church in Los Angeles. After a brief honeymoon at Palm Springs, the newlyweds returned to Warners to appear together in "An Angel from Texas."

... COLUMBIA, THE STUDIO OF GREAT COMEDIES,

"It Happened One Night" .. "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town"
.. "The Awful Truth" .. You Can't Take It With You" ..
"Mr. Smith Goes To Washington" .. is proud to present
a picture that will take its place high in a notable list!



Reproduction of
a painting by
the noted artist,
BRADSHAW
CRANDELL

WESLEY RUGGLES'

Too Many Husbands

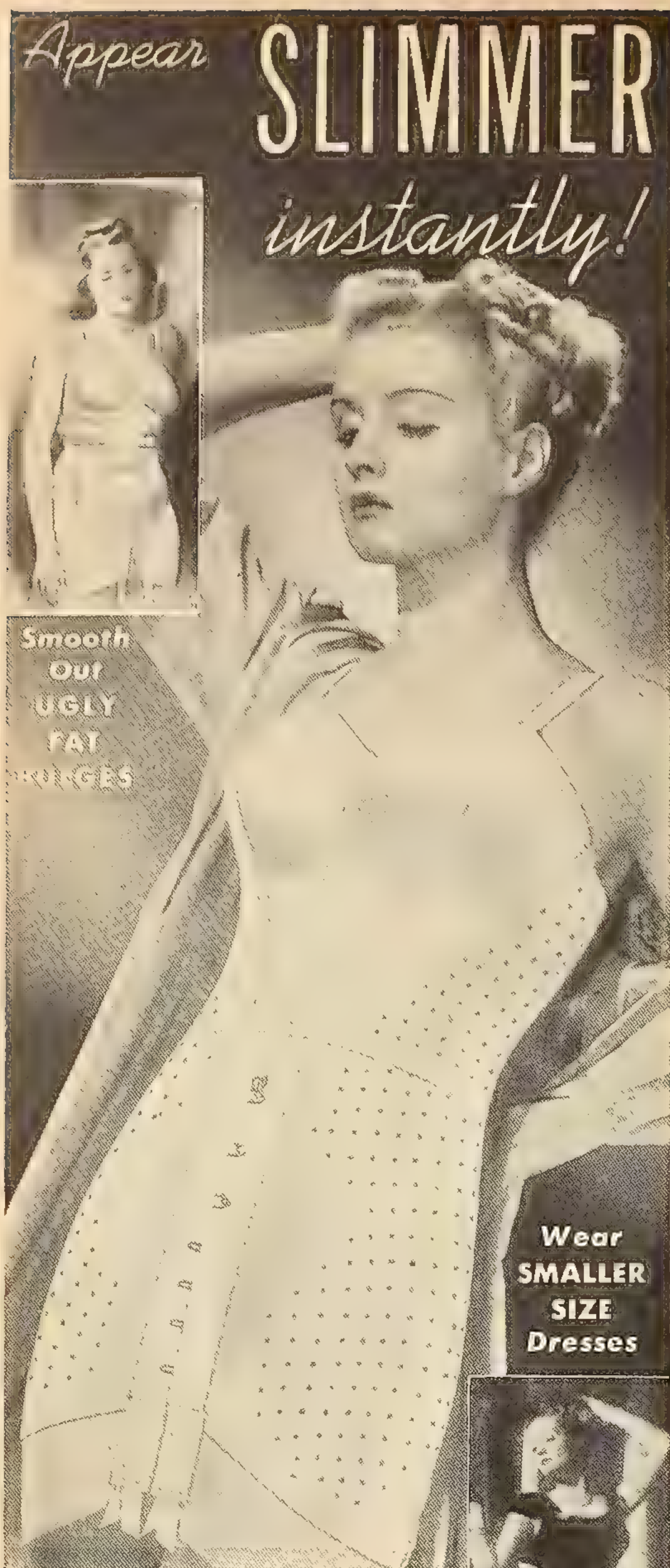
starring

JEAN ARTHUR
FRED MELVYN
MacMURRAY • DOUGLAS

Directed by WESLEY RUGGLES • Screen play by CLAUDE BINYON
Based on the play by W. Somerset Maugham • A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Watch for it at your favorite theatre!

Appear **SLIMMER** instantly!



Smooth Our UGLY FAT BUMPES

Wear SMALLER SIZE Dresses

TEST THYNMOLD 10 DAYS at our expense!

YOU can have that suave, smooth, flowing figure... that slimmer silhouette! Stand before a mirror in an ordinary foundation... then notice the uncontrolled waist and hips. Now slip into your THYNMOLD and see for yourself how the ugly bumps and bulging waist and hips are instantly slimmed out.

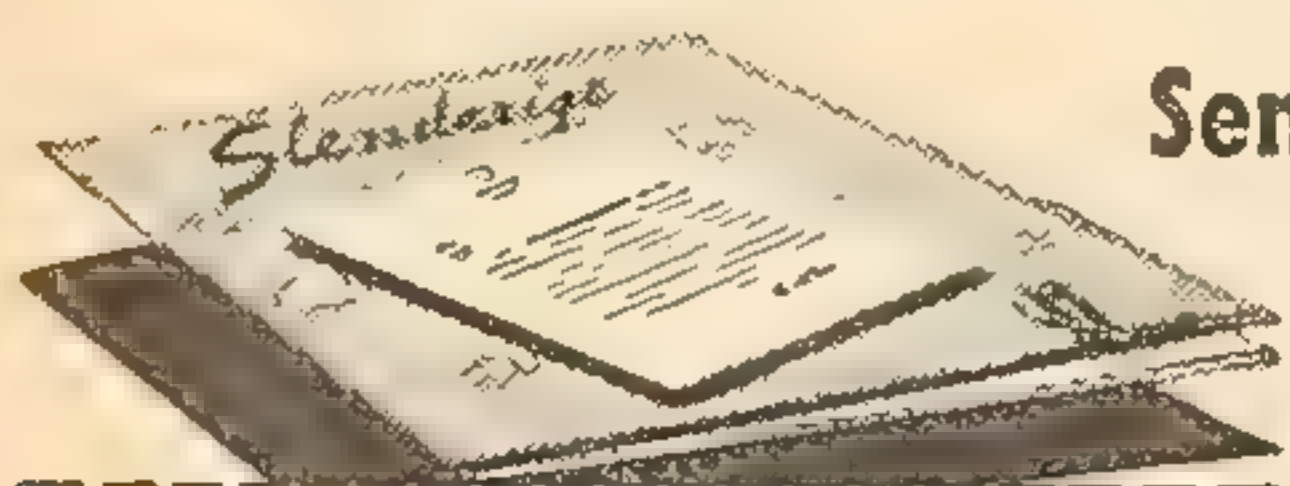
Not only will your figure appear more slender, but you'll actually be able to wear smaller size dresses... even in the exacting new styles!

After wearing a Thynmold for 10 days, make the Mirror Test again... if it doesn't do everything you expect... it will cost you nothing!

MADE OF FAMOUS PERFOLASTIC RUBBER

Thynmold is made of pure Para rubber, interlined and perforated for comfort. The unique combination of Girdle and Brassiere gives support and freedom impossible in the usual one-piece foundations. Laced back permits adjustment for change in size.

We want you to be thrilled with your new Thynmold! That's why we make it easy for you to test Thynmold for 10 days at our expense.



Send Today for Your
**FREE COPY of
"SLENDERIZE"**

DIRECT PRODUCTS CO., INC.
Dept. 274, 358 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Send (in plain envelope) free illustrated folder, "SLENDERIZE", describing Thynmold; sample of perforated material; and 10-day TRIAL OFFER.

Name.....

Address.....

Tagging the Talkies



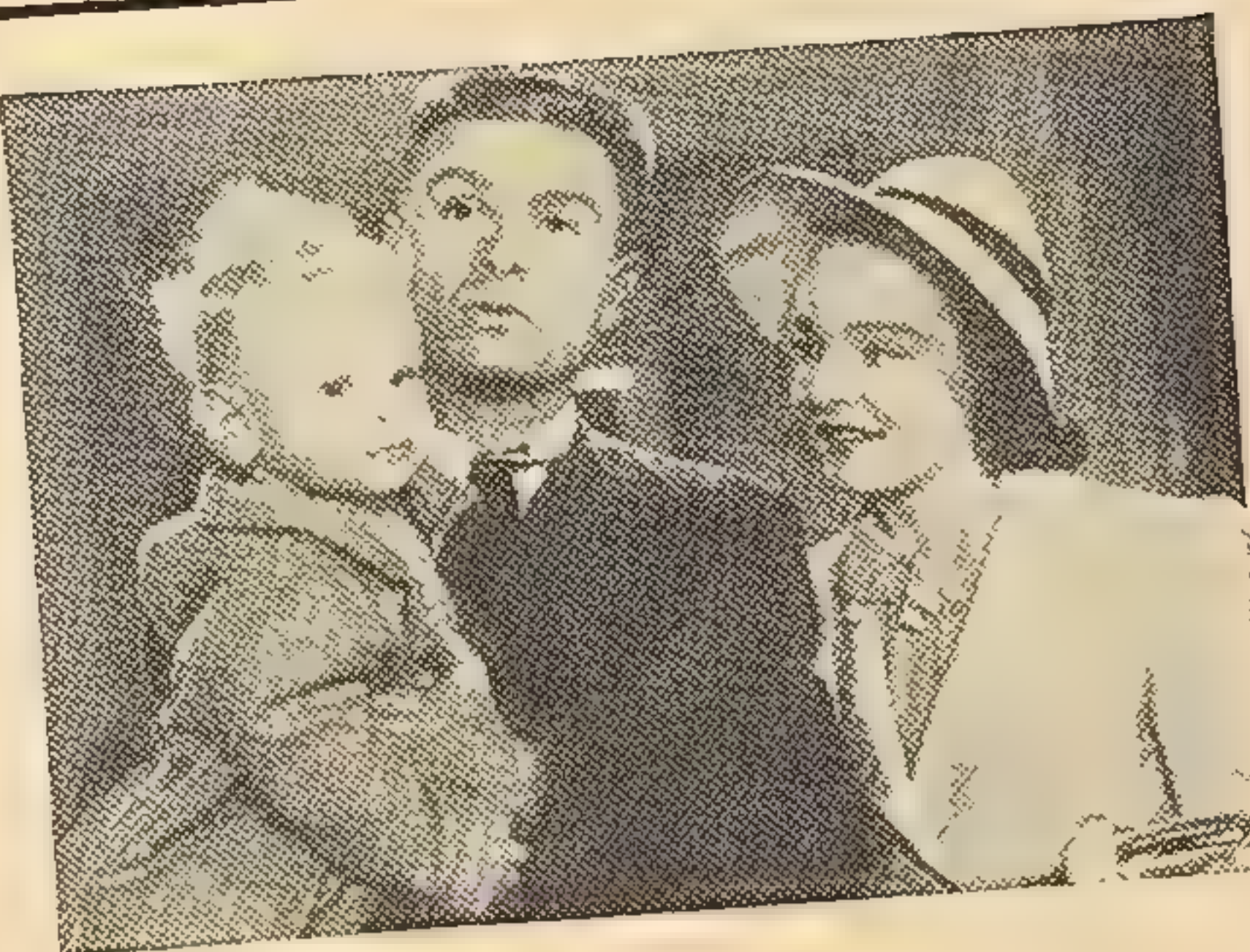
Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53



Green Hell—Edington-Universal
"Here's to adventure," is a toast offered at the end of "Green Hell." And that about sums it up. If you like stories about Inca temples, treasures buried in South America jungles, and natives who shoot poisoned arrows, you'll enjoy it—we did. Incredible stuff, but we liked the acting of Doug Fairbanks, Jr., as the explorer, George Bancroft, John Howard, Vincent Price. Joan Bennett? She still looks like Hedy Lamarr, acts like Bennett.



The Invisible Man Returns—Universal
A picture which combines horror with humor. The horror results from the dilemma of *Geoffrey Radcliffe*, who has to choose between being executed for a murder he did not commit or taking a drug that will make him invisible and may drive him mad. The humor results from the photography—invisible hands slapping faces, and all that sort of thing. Vincent Price is excellent as the invisible man who materializes in smoke or rain.



Brother Rat and a Baby—Warners
A sequel to "Brother Rat," with the same brilliant cast, and in addition, the baby, Peter B. Good. Yes, all those puns on his name are justified. This is almost as funny as the original "Brother Rat," and that's high praise. Wayne Morris as *Billy Randolph* causes all sorts of difficulties in his desire to help out pal Bing. Next to the baby, Eddie Albert as *Bing* is best of the cast. Jane Wyman, Jane Bryan, and the others score heavily.



Congo Maisie—M-G-M
If you liked "Maisie" you won't want to miss this follow-up film which, while no sequel, presents Ann Sothern in the same tangy characterization of the shrewd and eye-filling show-girl—this time stranded in Africa and fighting off assorted advances while she flips hips and quips and, eventually, saves the day from an attack by native savages. John Carroll and Shepperd Strudwick appear in important rôles—but it's all *Maisie's* picture.



Framed—Universal
This number asks you to take seriously a plot about a newspaper reporter (Frank Albertson) who is framed for a murder, and with the police hot on his trail, eludes them, and tracks down the real killer. He also helps Constance Moore, another fugitive from injustice, evade the police, and, of course, love follows. Mr. Albertson, Miss Moore and Robert Armstrong adequate, if you will permit us to "damn it with faint praise."

(More reviews on page 91)



CARY GRANT:
Beau Geste
in a night
club; clowning
cavalier.



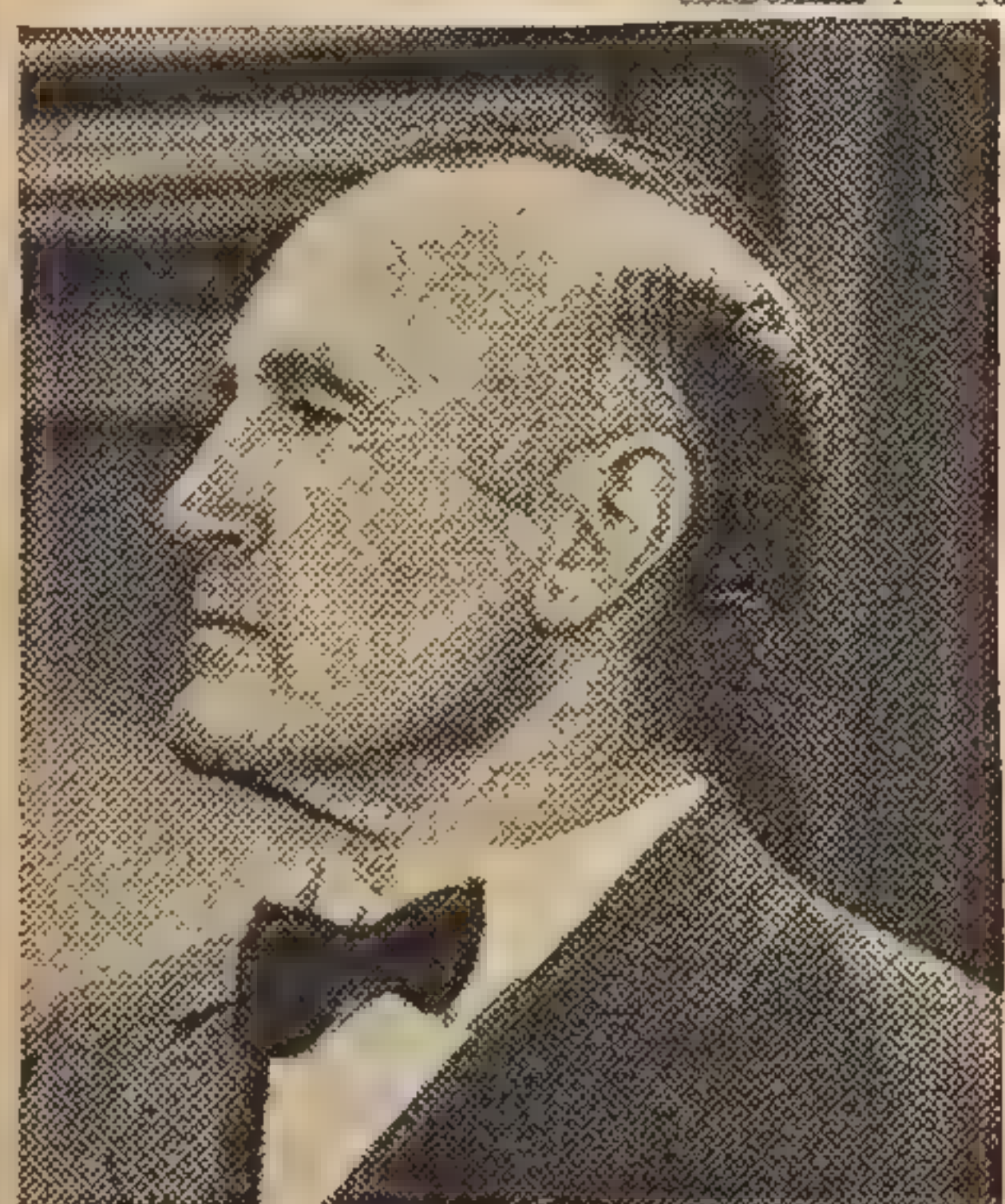
GREER GARSON:
every Barrie
heroine;
your mother
as a girl.



MELVYN DOUGLAS:
Nick Carter
with tongue
in cheek;
easy does it.



KAY FRANCIS:
suffering with
a silent R.



DONALD CRISP:
out of
Dickens via
Edinburgh.



GALE SONDERGAARD:
absinthe with
a dash of
poison;
one-person
cast for "The
Women."

Why risk frowns when you could have kisses?



**Win—and hold—his love with lasting charm!
Keep safe from underarm odor—each day use Mum!**

"AND HE fell in love with her for life!"
A story-book ending? Not at all! Lasting love comes in *real* life too... when you're lovely to be near always... when you're wise enough to let gentle Mum guard your charm each day! Frowns—or kisses... just *which* you get depends on *you*!

So don't take chances. For where is the girl who can dare risk underarm odor—and expect to get away with it?

Don't expect even a *daily* bath to prevent underarm odor! A bath removes only perspiration that is *past*. To avoid odor *to come*... more women use Mum

than any other deodorant. Mum is so *dependable*—keeps underarms fresh all day!

SAVES TIME! Takes 30 seconds. And you can use Mum *right after* you're dressed.

SAVES CLOTHES! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum won't harm fabrics. And it does not harm your skin.

SAVES ROMANCE! Without attempting to prevent perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor. (Men like this pleasant cream, too.) Get Mum at your druggist's today. Use it for underarms, for hot, tender feet. Mum is always safe and sure... use Mum *every* day!

CONVENIENT! SAFE! MUM GUARDS POPULARITY



Avoid Embarrassment...
Because Mum is so safe...and so dependable...more women use it for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Try Mum this way, too!

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

**FOR
FIGURES
THAT
GO
PLACES**

REAL-FORM
"Girdles of Grace"

If you think all girdles are alike...try "Real Form". Knitted of Lastex and Bemberg rayon and fashioned to fit, it combines the comfort, freedom and beauty of porous web fabric and figure restraining control. Softly boned front satin panel, malleable crotch—it won't twist or "hike-up" and is guaranteed non-run. At all leading stores.

GIRDLES
PANTIES
in Tea Rose
and White
Sizes 26 to 38

REAL-FORM GIRDLE CO., 358-5th Ave., New York

PILES If you are troubled with itching, bleeding or protruding piles, write for a FREE sample of Page's Combination Pile Treatment and you may bless the day you read this. Write today to the E. R. PAGE CO., Dept. 520-E2 Marshall, Mich.

**... AND I USED TO BE SUCH
A SAUSAGE IN THIS DRESS**



**Look at
the Fat
I've Lost!**

Now you can slim down your face and figure without strict dieting or back-breaking exercises. Just eat sensibly and take 4 Marmola Tablets a day, according to the directions.

Marmola Tablets have been sold to the public for more than thirty years. More than twenty million boxes have been distributed during that period.

Marmola is not intended as a cure-all for all ailments. This advertisement is intended only for fat persons who are normal and healthy otherwise and whose fatness is caused by a reduction in the secretion from the thyroid gland (hypo-thyroidism) with accompanying subnormal metabolic rates. No other representation is made as to this treatment except under these conditions and according to the dosage as recommended.

We do not make any diagnosis as that is the function of your physician, who must be consulted for that purpose. The formula is included in every package. Start with Marmola today and win the slender lovely figure that is rightfully yours.



**Fun and food! Come along
to Ellen Drew's home
for a pot-luck dinner**

By Betty Boone



In informal entertaining, both food and music are important. So Ellen Drew mixes salad, top, plays radio, above.

ELLEN DREW lives in a white "farm-house-type" home in what all Hollywood calls "the Valley." Her house is on a wide flower-bordered street where all the houses are new and spotlessly white, built by different designs but all with colorful shutters and gay gardens.

"It's just the house for pot-luck dinners," said my hostess, greeting me in informal costume of slacks and blouse, a scarlet handkerchief tying up her curls. "On Thursday, cook's night out, most of our friends know that if they drop in for a meal they'll have to take what comes. Some of them make a point of coming on Thursdays because they love to cook or think themselves masters of salad dressings or have some fancy dish, and you'd be surprised how many thwarted cooks there are in California! I don't cook. I like mixing a salad or fussing around a house, but I'm not a born concocter of food and I admit it. On the other hand, Cary, my cook, is marvelous! I used to dread to see Thursday come around because she wouldn't be here with a perfect meal when Fred and I got home—" (Fred Wallace is the lucky man to whom Ellen is married)—"but now it's fun. The only



Ellen Drew treasures the painting of herself, reproduced here, because it is the work of her friend, Margaret Pereira. Notable is the fact, encouraging to budding young artists, that Miss Pereira has never taken an art lesson in her life.

of one cup Hormel's sausage, a finely minced onion, half cup finely chopped mushrooms, half cup bread crumbs, salt-spoon pepper, half teaspoon salt, tablespoon chutney syrup, and teaspoon chopped chives.

Place the peppers in a well-buttered baking dish, after stuffing them and tying on the covers, and pour around them enough good brown gravy to half fill the dish. Bake 30 minutes and serve. This mixture will fill 4 large peppers.

FRENCH LETTUCE SALAD

Break large head of lettuce into small pieces, mix with 6 tender leaves of mustard and 6 branches watercress. Make a dressing with 6 tablespoons olive oil, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon Heinz tarragon vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika.

Mix dressing and salad lightly and serve on lettuce covered plates garnished with slices of boiled beets and hard boiled eggs.

QUICK BUCKWHEAT BISCUITS

One cup buckwheat flour, 2 tablespoons salt, 1 tablespoon butter, $\frac{5}{8}$ cup milk, 2 teaspoons Calumet baking powder.

Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together, cut in the butter, add the milk and drop by tablespoons into greased muffin cups. Bake in a hot oven about 20 minutes.

"A lot depends, of course, on what
(Continued on page 80)

dish I *can* make is spaghetti, and that's a winter specialty. For Springtime, I think if you want to serve a hot dish, stuffed peppers are grand, if you like peppery things. Then French lettuce is delicious—a big salad, you know—some bread sticks or Ry-Krisp, or if your guests aren't on a

diet, you can bake some quick buckwheat biscuits. Fresh fruit is best for dessert with this."

STUFFED GREEN PEPPERS

Cut the stem end from the peppers and remove seed cones. Have ready a mixture

CLARE POCKMAN, SENIOR AT SKIDMORE COLLEGE, SAYS:

There's Glamour in that modern natural look!

AND IT'S YOURS WITH THIS FACE POWDER
YOU CHOOSE BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

Women have learned that there is no allure more universal than the *natural* charm of gay, young "collegiennes"—a charm that's *yours* with Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder, the powder you choose by the *color of your eyes*!

For eye color is definitely related to the color of your skin, your hair. It is the simplest guide to powder that matches and glorifies your own coloring . . . gives you that appealing *natural* look that men prefer!

So, whether your eyes are blue, gray, brown or hazel, you'll find the shade that is exactly *right* for you in Richard Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder . . . the pure, fine-textured powder you choose by the *color of your eyes*!

See how *smoothly* it goes on—how it agrees with even sensitive skin! And how it lasts—ends powder-puff dabbing for hours and hours! For *complete color harmony*, use matching Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too.

Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick
at drug and department stores—only 55¢ each. 65¢ in Canada.



**HUDNUT
MARVELOUS
FACE POWDER**
AND MATCHED MAKEUP

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Ave., New York City

SU-440

Please send me tryout Makeup Kit containing generous metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

My eyes are: Brown ☐ Blue ☐ Hazel ☐ Gray ☐
Be sure to check color of your eyes!

Name _____

Street _____ City _____

We predict that for many years to come, you will remember **THE BLUE BIRD** as the most beautiful picture ever made and the most human story ever told.



Maurice MAETERLINCK'S

THE BLUE BIRD

in TECHNICOLOR

with
Shirley Temple • Spring Byington • Nigel Bruce • Gale Sondergaard • Eddie Collins • Sybil Jason • Jessie Ralph • Helen Ericson • Johnny Russell • Laura Hope Crews • Russell Hicks • Cecilia Loftus • Al Shean • Gene Reynolds

Directed by Walter Lang • Associate Producer Gene Markey
Screen Play by Ernest Pascal • Additional Dialogue by Walter Bullock

A
20th Century-Fox
Picture
Darryl F. Zanuck
In Charge of Production

Now at popular prices.
Watch for it at your
favorite theatre.



The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to Mae West



DEAR MISS WEST:

Welcome back to this changing world of motion pictures. In your two-year absence, since your last picture, "Every Day's A Holiday," in 1938, Hollywood has grown up faster than Freddie Bartholomew. Producers have actually taken to reading the front pages of their daily newspapers instead of flipping back to the movie section, and as a result have been making pictures reflecting World Conditions. Garbo has turned comedienne, Shirley Temple has played a brat, Gene Autry plans to co-star in a Western with Mrs. Jock Whitney—yes, the movies have changed—except in one particular. Sex is as highly regarded as ever. Which is where you come in.

At the psychological moment you make your return to the screen with W. C. Fields in "My Little

Chickadee," and in this solemn season of "The Grapes of Wrath" you are as welcome as a breath of Springtime—or maybe I should say a whiff of rich, ripe Summer. Your first close-up in your new picture brings chuckles from your audience even before you utter a word. It's the public's tribute to a fine, old-fashioned girl. What a comfort to know that while some movie actresses we could mention have become sophisticated chain-smokers and conga dancers and cocktail drinkers and heaven knows what-all, tossing off bon mots with subtle insinuations, you, our Mae, remain your same sweet, simple self. The hallowed conventions are still sacred in your pictures—no drinking at bars or necking in public for you—and when you toss off a bon mot there's never any doubt of your intentions. Not even the fascinating Mr. Fields himself is permitted any liberties. Let your stately regard for the niceties be an object lesson to brash heroines like Myrna Loy who think nothing of sitting at bars till all hours with Bob Taylor, or having hangovers with William Powell; or like *Scarlett O'Hara* who had to shoot a guy down to get his gold. You never have to go to all that trouble. Movie audiences are now conditioned to watching wenches at work on the screen, so even the censors must admit that an honest, big-hearted gal like you is safe to have around, and so much more fun, too. We haven't had such a good time, with so many hearty laughs, for two years. Believe it or not, we were waiting for Mae West.

Delight Evans

Right: Portrait of a Bustle! Claudette Colbert, one of the gorgeous and famed "cigarette girls" at the ball, gives Nigel Bruce, noted WATSON to Basil Rathbone's SHERLOCK HOLMES, a friendly smack for his generosity in contributing to the cause. That's Mrs. Bruce beaming her approval across the table.



"Who'll buy my cigarettes?" chants Annabella Power to table including Rosalind Russell. Smokes sold by film beauties brought anywhere from a buck to a fin a pack! Below, Pat Paterson Boyer grins with compatriot Charles Laughton.



HOLLYWOOD WHIRL

Hollywood celebrities check their troubles and temperaments and turn out their best smiles and styles for sweet charity—see our camera report of biggest social event, the Franco-British Ball

All exclusive Hollywood Whirl photographs by Len Weissman



Ronald Colman, left, calls Claudette's attention to our cameraman's tricks, but Colbert, who's always a good sport, doesn't mind Weissman's lens, bustle or no bustle. Below, the British, Ronnie, France's Charles Boyer and Colbert, and England's Merle Oberon chat over the costly cigarette trays.



The French Annabella and likewise M. Boyer are table partners at the Franco-British Ball. For charity, the great Charles gladly poses without the hat which he's usually wearing in candid photographs. Mrs. Boyer, center, across the table.



Interesting twosome: Myrna Loy and Adolphe Menjou. But don't try to make something of it, folks!

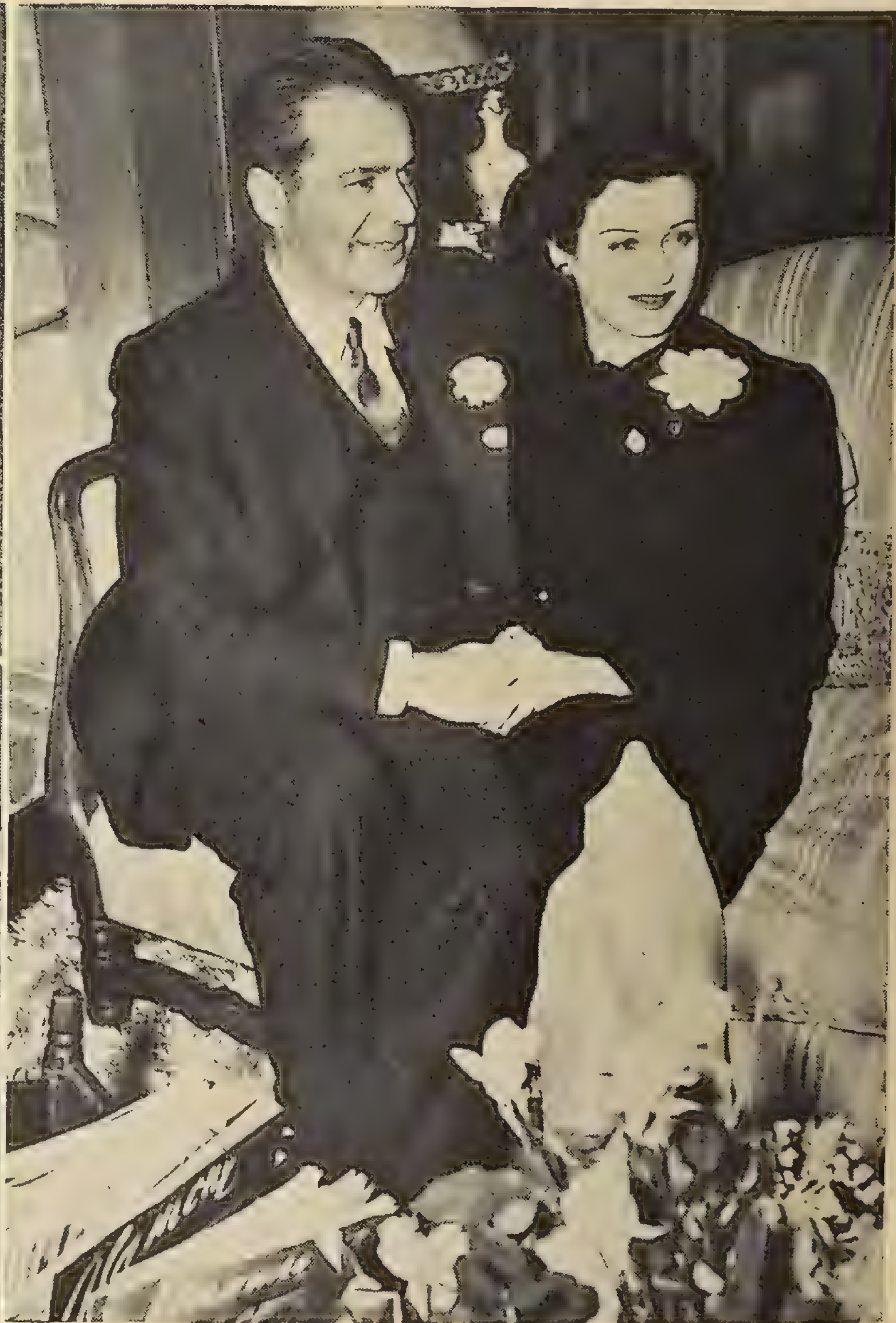




Here are the Arthur Hornblow, Juniors, enjoying the sun at the palatial Arrowhead Springs Hotel, new picturesque and luxurious vacation haunt of the Hollywood great. Myrna Loy Hornblow looks just as luscious in sports slacks as in evening togs—no wonder she's the whole world's favorite film wife.



For the Stokowski concert the Gene Raymonds step out, Jeanette in ermine, Gene in top hat. Directly above, Hedy and Gene Markey at a cocktail party.



And here's the ex-Mrs. Gene Markey, Joan Bennett, with her new husband, Walter Wanger, the producer—who gave Hedy Lamarr her big chance in "Algiers."

Scoop picture of the month: Bob Burns out with the Missus, doin' the town. Harriet Burns is seldom photographed because she's too busy at home with their two babies to play a part in the colony's social life. Judging from "Robin's" expression the floor show is something to write home to his uncles about.



Marlene Dietrich and her most constant "daily double," monocled Erich Maria Remarque, author of "All Quiet on the Western Front," turn out for Stokowski.



Rudy Vallee dances with pretty Margaret Roach, daughter of producer Hal, at Ambassador's Coconut Grove, and gets a great big smile from Deanna Durbin, too.



Will



No wonder Jimmy looks worried! What young man wouldn't, with such beauties in his life as Olivia deHavilland, top—and tops in the Stewart heart, these days; and—harking back—Rosalind Russell, above; Eleanor Powell, Sonja Henie, Marlene Dietrich, Virginia Bruce, and, at left, Loretta Young.

Hollywood's most eligible bachelor has dodged the glamor girls—so far. When will one of them catch up with him?

By Elizabeth Wilson



LEAP Year Get Jimmy STEWART

Decorations by Leonard Frank

THE hottest young man (well, *please*, don't be rude) in Hollywood today, and tomorrow and tomorrow, is the heart-whole, fancy-free Mr. Jimmy Stewart. Ever since "Mr. Smith," "Destry," and "The Shop Around the Corner," every movie producer wants Jimmy for his next picture. Every Hollywood hostess wants Jimmy for her next party. And every glamor girl wants Jimmy for her next husband. He's big potatoes, that guy.

Now when a glamor girl decides to do a little plain and fancy snaring it's mighty hard for a mere male to resist. What with beauty, fame, fascination and wealth to back her up she usually gets her man quicker than the Northwest Mounted can say Jack Robinson. Just look at all the eligible Hollywood bachelors who were grabbed off last year—Tyrone Power, Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, Nelson Eddy, Brian Aherne, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and more recently William Powell—and wonder how in the world such a popular and attractive young man as Jimmy Stewart ever managed to escape! Confidentially, the glamor girls wonder, too. One of them confessed that she even resorted to moonlight, pink champagne, and a Strauss waltz, than which there is nothing more potent, but Jimmy only said, "Don't you think we had better go inside? It's getting damp. These California nights, you know."

When it comes to popping the all-important question Jimmy does as neat an off-to-Buffalo as has ever been seen in these parts. But he does it with such a casual, wholesome, schoolboyish charm (Jimmy off the screen is just the same as Jimmy on the screen) that Miss Movie Star doesn't realize that she has been done out of a proposal until weeks later. If he had lived in Dickens' time he would have been called the Artful Dodger.

Well, 1937, 1938, and 1939 were just years, as years go. But 1940 is something else again. 1940 is Leap Year. This year it is perfectly proper (and you know we

wouldn't do anything that wasn't perfectly proper in Hollywood, worse luck) for the girls to do the proposing. They can have a swing at popping the question. And if you think the girls aren't going to take advantage of Leap Year, you're crazy. There'll be more passes going on than in a Notre Dame football game. Poor Mr. Stewart.

In a vain effort to find a loophole for Jimmy, I did a bit of delving into this Leap Year business and dug up the following in the Encyclopedia Britannica.

"Leap Year (otherwise bissextile): The name given to the year containing 366 days. The astronomers of Julius Caesar, 46 B.C., settled the solar year at 365 days, 6 hours. These hours at the end of four years made a day which was added to the fourth year. The English name for the bissextile year is an allusion to a result of this interposition; for after February 29 a date 'leaps over' a day of the week.

"Of the custom for women to woo during Leap Year no satisfactory explanation has ever been offered. In 1288 a law was enacted in Scotland that: 'It is statut and ordaint that during the rein of hir mayden ladye of bothe highe and lowe estait shall hae liberte to bespeke ye man she likes, albeit he refuses to taik hir to be his lawful wyfe, he shall be mulcted in ye sum ane pundis or less, as his estait may be; except and awis gif he can make it appeare that he is betrothit ane ither woman he then shall be free.' A few years later a like law was passed in France, and in the 15th century the custom was legalized in Genoa and Florence."

If it's been going on since 1288 there's no hope of stopping it now. Poor, *poor* Mr. Stewart.

Well, really, I wouldn't give a plugged nickel for Jimmy's chances of remaining a bachelor. Somebody's bound to get him this year. I wonder who? Well, gather around, and let's look 'em over. Ever since he came to Hollywood in 1935 (remember (*Please turn to page 82*))

Listen, Boys!



four in the morning till dark. I milked the cows, fed the hogs, followed a plow, husked lots of corn, and loaded hay, did all the things that had to be done. But things are done differently now. Tractors do all the work. I never realized how farming in general had changed till I tried to buy a one-horse mowing machine for that little twenty-acre place of mine in the Valley. I couldn't get one on the Coast. In Los Angeles, San Francisco and other cities they didn't carry such a thing, so I had to send all the way to Indiana for it. This is the day of tractors, and as I said . . ."

And as I suspected, the adroit Gable was confidently covering up in the soil of his avocation, dodging behind new-fangled mechanical contraptions, taking any turn he could find to throw me off the sentimental track. What I wanted to know about was that boy back on the farm and how he had got to be the biggest man in motion pictures.

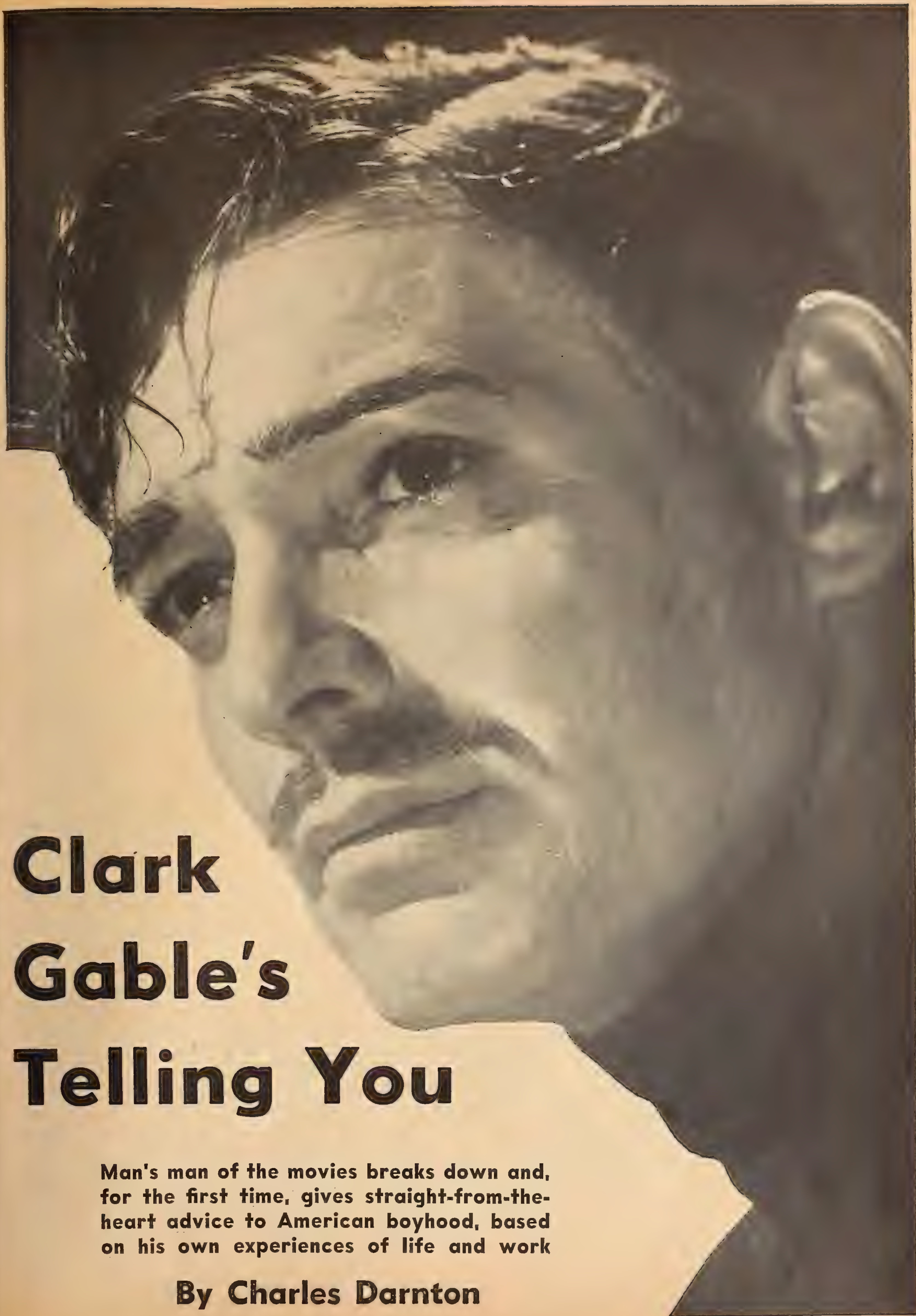
Clark lunged into his (*Please turn to page 88*)

Gable is a man's man—and a woman's man, too, as we don't have to tell his devoted femme following. His advice, in our story, is of real value to every man, woman, and child—he's the one Hollywood star they'll all listen to! Below, in character for his rough rôle in "Strange Cargo." At left, a scene with his co-star, Joan Crawford.

A STRAINING team, its driver dragging at the reins and lurching afoot through the whirling dust, was hauling a heavy, jolting cart over a rut-scarred road. Now, there was nothing in this simple scene of "Strange Cargo," so far as I could see, to attract any particular attention. Yet Clark Gable, sitting on the side-lines of the outdoors set, watched it steadily. Then I noticed that, though looking at what was going on, he seemed to be seeing beyond it, peering at something that really wasn't there, gazing at a picture framed in the years.

Of course, you'd never in the world get Clark Gable to own up to anything so sentimental as a fond reverie in broad daylight. Still, the nostalgic light in his eyes gave him dead away. When I wondered (out loud) whether he saw anything of his country kid self in that workaday scene, he jerked his head around as if caught in the act and, with a defensive smile, brought out: "Well, you know I was raised on a farm in Pennsylvania and worked on one in Ohio till I was seventeen. And it really was work—from





Clark Gable's Telling You

Man's man of the movies breaks down and, for the first time, gives straight-from-the-heart advice to American boyhood, based on his own experiences of life and work

By Charles Darnton

"SAFARI"

Love and Adventure
in Darkest Africa

Starring

**DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr.,
and MADELEINE CARROLL**

**COMPLETE
FICTIONIZATION
BY
ELIZABETH B. PETERSEN**

LINDA held the huge bath towel around her slim, naked body with one hand and the phone in the other trying to avoid Fay's quizzical glance as she whispered "Charles," in that special way.

"But I'm not dressed," she glanced down at her bare legs, listening to the man's urgent voice. It promised so much, that voice, it always promised so much, except the one thing she wanted to hear. "No, dear," the playful warning came, whispered so many times that it held just the right degree of ardor and withdrawal, "Fay's here." She laughed in the quick way she knew he liked. Then, "Mmmmmmmmm, so do I," she said.

She didn't look at Fay as she put the phone down and crossed the cabin floor to the porthole, leaning her head against it so that the warm wind and

the sun blew through her hair, making its bright gold more of a miracle than ever. Back of her, back of the porthole and the yacht and the water, lay that first glimpse of Africa, the Baron Charles de Courland's Africa. His voice was possessive even when he spoke of continents.

Fay looked at her. "You didn't mean a word of it," she said. "Not a single, solitary word."

"I didn't say anything," Linda protested.

"Your voice did," Fay said quietly. "Your voice said you love him."

"That's what I want it to say," Linda shrugged.

"You don't love his ribs, Linda," Fay went on. "You may be kidding him, you may be even kidding yourself. But you can't fool me."

"I'll be happy with him," Linda was almost defiant now. "And I'll make him happy too!"

Fay picked up a cigarette. "And what about Bill Jeffrey?" she asked. She knew the question would hurt, but she had to ask it. Somehow she had to reach that girl who had loved the young aviator and who had crashed when he had crashed. The Linda who had been poor and hadn't minded it. The Linda who would have snapped her fingers at the lux-



Cast and Credits of "Safari" on next page

The weird beat of the tom toms, the uncanny prophecies of a native chief enthrall the beautiful LINDA (Madeleine Carroll) and the two men who love her: BARON DE COURLAND (Tullio Carminati) and JIM (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.). Through exotic jungle days and breathless African nights Jim leads them on safari, and they feel the thrill of tropic romance.

**Madeleine Carroll plays Linda.
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., enacts
Jim.**

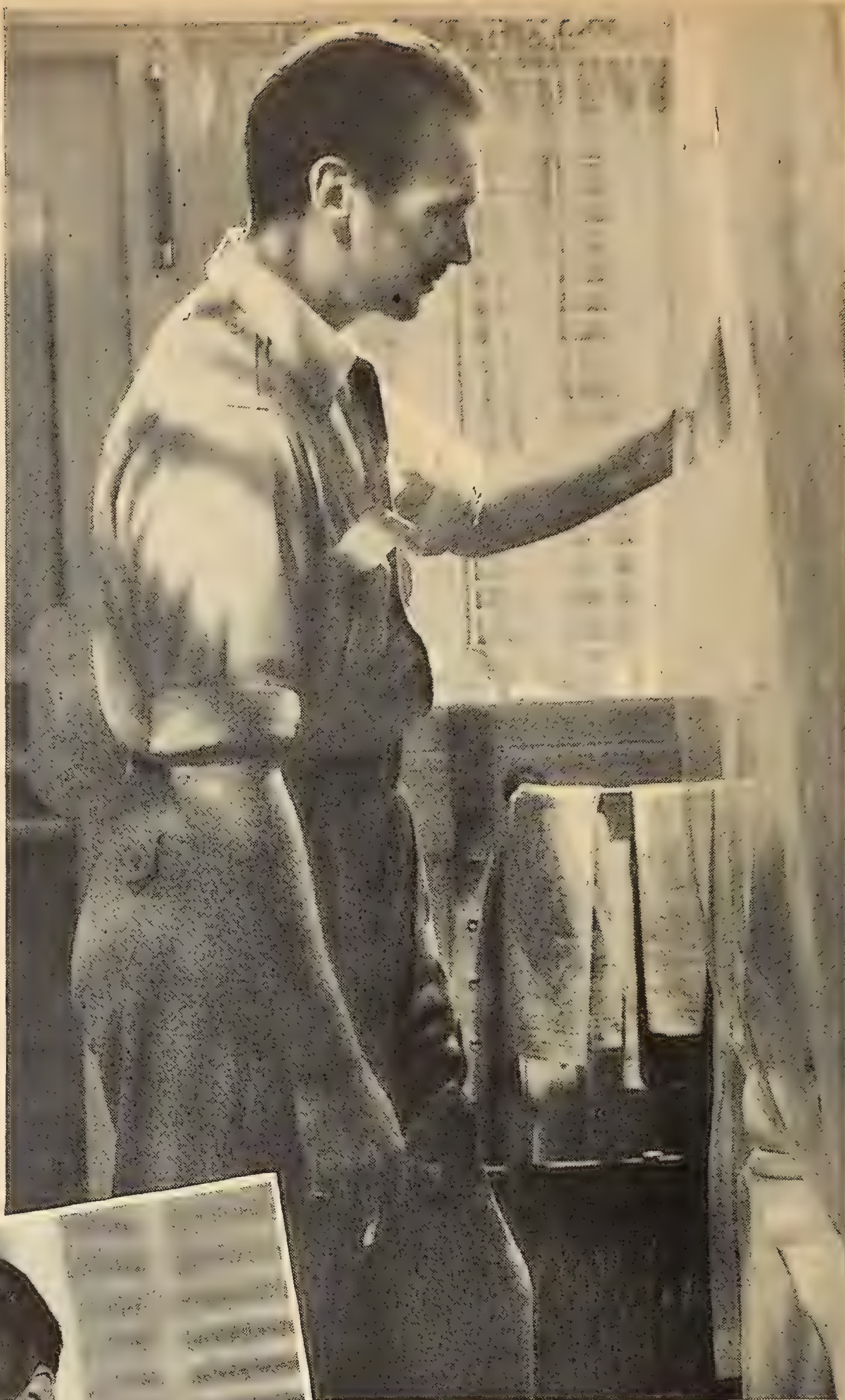
**Tullio Carminati is seen as the
Baron Charles de Courland.**

Directed by Edward H. Griffith, "Safari" is based on a story by Paul Hervey Fox. Screenplay by Delmar Daves. Copyright 1940 by Paramount Pictures, Inc.

ury she was reaching for so eagerly now, who wouldn't have given a second thought to the Baron's wealth, to his jewels and his yacht and the great town house in Paris and the castle in the chateau country. "Bill's dead," Linda said. But her eyes looked the way they did that day he had sailed off to Spain, fighting for a cause he had believed in, the way they had looked that day she had held the copper box holding his ashes in her hand. "Bill was turmoil and tempest, Charles is peace and security. He's got an office and a home, not an airplane. And I'm done with action." Her voice took on a hardness foreign to it. "I've earned peace and security, and I'll make Charles a good wife to get it."

"If and when he asks you!" Fay said flatly. "Which he won't. A man asks a woman to marry him only because if he doesn't he's afraid someone else will beat him to it. And there won't be anybody else as long as you wear that big sign on your chest, 'no poaching, private property, signed Charles de Courland.' You should have stayed home, made him at least wonder. I suppose you'll even go on this filthy safari with him—if he asks you."

Linda laughed. "If it means that I get



Left: LINDA said, "You've never had a chance to miss me, have you, Charles? Maybe that's a good idea. I'll not go. You see, I want to be missed!"



Charles, even the jungle! Why not?"

She dressed in the dinner gown he had selected the day she had promised to come on this trip with him. The heavy white silk clung to her body, outlining the curve of her slim hips, the length of her legs, the tender swell of her breasts. And the gold embroidery on the short jacket pointed the truer gold of her hair as the sapphires dotting her diamond bracelet accented the deeper blue of her eyes.

Even knowing her beauty, Charles couldn't help that quick intake of breath as he saw her lying on the rounded couch following the curve



Above: Here in the wilderness, LINDA had found faith. Somehow, with JIM holding her in his arms, the fear was gone and only the ecstasy remained.



Above: That night LINDA heard a knock at her cabin door. Jim came in. "Just wanted to make sure your mosquito netting was sound," he explained.

of the yacht's stern. He sat down beside her and Linda leaned her head against his shoulders.

"How quickly it got dark!" she said.

"This is Africa, there is no twilight here."

"I think I like your darkest Africa," she mused. "It's beautiful at night, warm, gentle—"

"You will like it in the daytime, too." The man smiled and his eyes darkened. "It's primitive. Midday in the jungle there's not a sound. The world seems hardly to have begun."

When he talked like this, fascinating her with the witchery of words and the caress in his voice, she wondered why she did not love him. It should be so easy to love Charles. Not because of his power, not for his wealth, but for the man himself. He was handsome in his dark, sardonic way and he knew ways of pleasing and of courtship. And yet. . .

"Sometimes it rains," the soft voice went on. "Then

comes the quiet of the dripping forest. Everything is green. And against the green the hibiscus reaches out with red lips, as rich and red as yours."

His lips moved slowly over her face, touching first her eyelids, then her mouth. For a moment she was breathless, shaken with the practised expertness of that kiss.

"It's been a year, and you still like to kiss me," she whispered.

"Immensely." The man straightened. "Come with me on safari, Linda. I would miss you terribly if you did not come."

Suddenly his words made her wonder. Her eyes speculated as she looked at him. "You've never had a chance to miss me, have you, Charles?" she asked. "Maybe that's a good idea. I'll not go. You see, I want to be missed!"

Assurance rushed over Linda. For the first time since she had known him Charles was unable to mask his emotions. He looked baffled and disappointed.

She still felt that power when they went ashore for dinner. Her evening gown looked as out of place in the cheap restaurant that was the small coast town's only boast of a night club, as Fay's sophisticated dinner dress and Charles' faultless white mess jacket, but she was glad she had worn it when she saw the young man in the shiny dress suit leaning against the bar, his arm flung carelessly around the old Scotchman in the frayed kilts. He was tall and straight and young and there was something about him, maybe the clear gray of his eyes, maybe the set of his jaw, maybe the hardness of his cheekbones, that made her think of another man and another Linda.

"I wonder if he can read?" she whispered to Fay as the Baron arranged for a table.

"Read?" Fay looked at her bewildered. "Now what would he—"

"The poaching signs," Linda said as she walked over to the chair the Baron was holding for her.

She couldn't help that rising (*Please turn to page 76*)



How a pampered beauty was awakened to grim reality, so that now she understands your problems, and ours! Revealed here in Merle Oberon's own frank, uncompromising words

As Told To
Liza

Why I Changed My Manner of Living

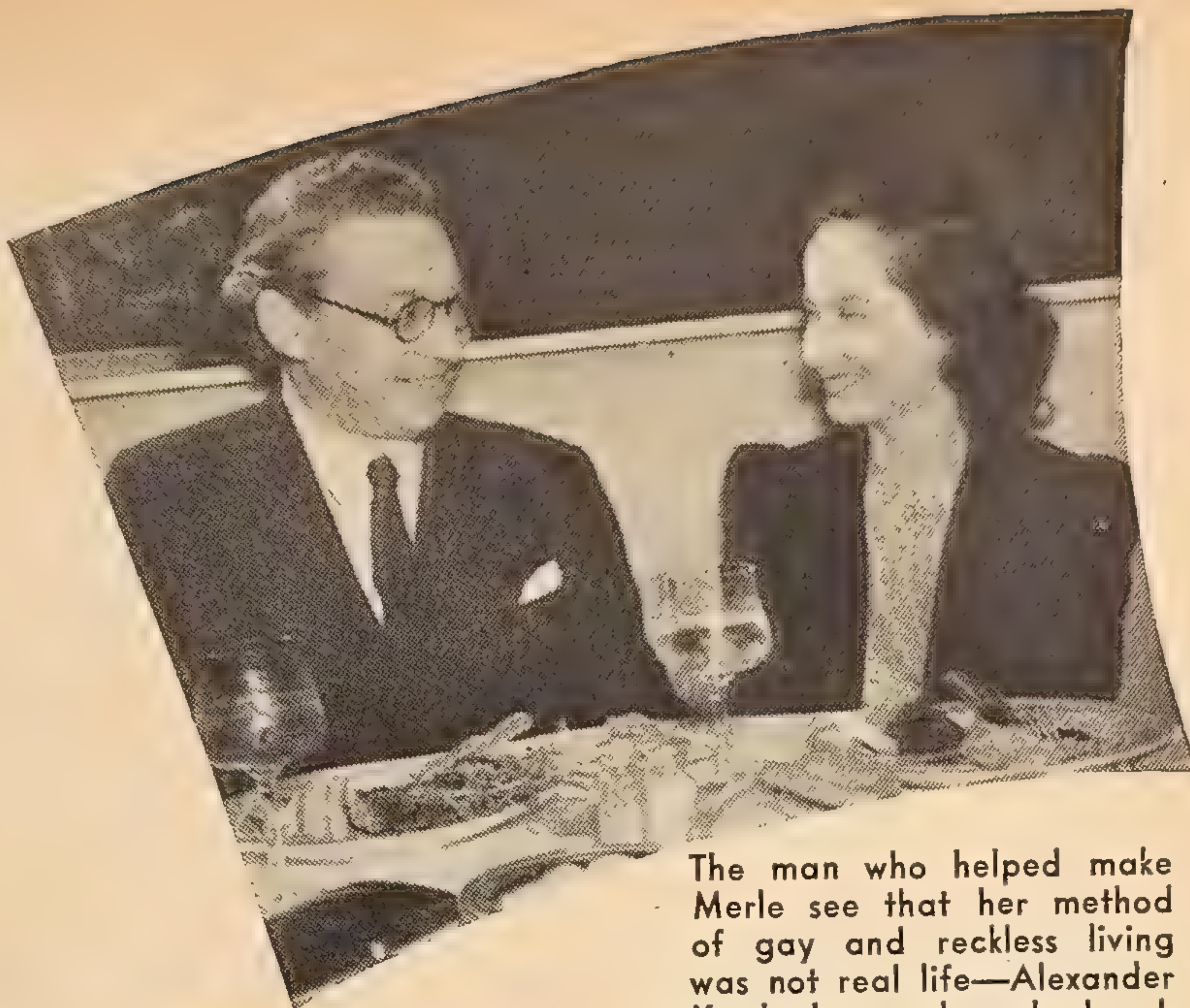
By *Merle Oberon*

WRITER'S NOTE: *If I ever saw a glamorous creature, living only for the moment, it was Merle Oberon. Her passion for diamond bracelets, fur coats, exorbitant baubles, and clothes that shrieked of bold simplicity made her the pampered darling of the jewelers and couturiers on both sides of the Atlantic. Her house in London, a charming, feminine house, with softly shaded lamps, deep rich rugs, and exotic flowers, was the thing, I believe, she loved most in life. When she left Regent's Park for vacations in the South of France, or for pictures in Hollywood, she traveled luxuriously with her staff of servants. In Hollywood she lived in the millionaires' strip at Santa Monica, where she entertained lavishly. Her rare gift of being able to create a carefree gaiety made her one of the most popular of Hollywood hostesses. But strangely enough, the outstanding characteristic of glamorous, party-loving Merle was one of sympathy and understanding. I never knew a person with such a really great understanding of humanity. Some day, I said, it will do her in. And when I met Merle, a few months ago, after her return from Europe, I knew I was right. She had changed. And she had changed her manner of living. No more of this living, gaily and recklessly, for the moment. Perhaps it was because she had married Alexander Korda, England's great producer, and a brilliant man. Perhaps it was something else too. But let Merle tell you.*

HOPE it isn't because I am silly and self-centered—I like to think that it is because I am very feminine—but I have been accused, and by my best friends too, the wretches, of being a thoroughly extravagant person. "Merle, that one," I've heard them say, "she's bought herself another fur coat. She needs it just about as much as she needs an igloo." But I must say I never let their chatter bother me. I loved being extravagant. I loved buying things. I loved possessions. I could afford them. So why not?

You see, there was a time in my life, when I was rather a shy and sensitive little girl in India, that my mother and I were so poor that we couldn't afford to buy anything. Not even the essentials of life. Much less those pretty little trinkets, the satin slippers with amazing high heels, the lovely dresses with gay colored sashes, and those precious compacts, with sections for powder and rouge, that I gazed at so wistfully in the shop windows of Calcutta. All the other little English girls at my school, daughters of British army officers stationed in India, had big allowances, and every day they flaunted some extra special "treat" in my face that I would have given my soul for. With typical childish cruelty they never failed to rub it in that I was a poor relation living on the bounty of my relatives. What an awful lot of dreadful little snobs they were! And I tried to snub them right back. But the day I heard them refer to me as "shabby gentility" it nearly broke my spirit. If there was anything I hated it was shabby gentility. I could have clouted them.

My father, an officer in the military service of the British Crown, died of pneumonia three months before I was born on the Island of Tasmania. He left my mother a small inheritance which she was persuaded to invest in a business which failed shortly after, leaving us practically penniless. My uncle, also an army officer, and my aunt invited us to live with them, and except for two years when mother and I visited my god-mother at Bombay, we lived with my aunt and uncle, first in Tasmania and then in Calcutta, up until the time I was seventeen. Now I certainly do not wish to appear ungrateful. My aunt and uncle, far from being well off themselves, were most kind and generous to us. They had to deprive themselves of many a luxury so that I might go to a private school, and that my mother might



The man who helped make Merle see that her method of gay and reckless living was not real life—Alexander Korda, her producer-husband.



Rare scene from Merle Oberon's very first film—"The Broken Melody," with John Garrick, directed by Korda.



In her latest picture, "We Shall Meet Again," Merle shares the spotlight with Pat O'Brien and George Brent.

pour tea with the other army wives. They were really so sweet and so considerate. But nevertheless what we accepted was pure unadulterated charity, as those little brats in my class would never let me forget.

I loved Mummy dearly. There was just the two of us, and we were very close. I knew she worried constantly over that bad investment that had made poor relatives out of us. I could see the pain in her eyes because I didn't have all the (Please turn to page 84)

MY TELEPHONE rang late one night. It was John Garfield. "Come on over," he said. "I want to talk." And talk he did—most of the night. "People out here in Hollywood think I'm crazy," he vouchsafed. "Maybe I am, but *I* don't think so. I think it's only that I don't fit into the scheme of things. I didn't want to come out here in the first place. I said 'no' to the talent scouts and offers of tests for four years before they talked me into it.

"I've been out here two years now and I wish I had never come. With one exception every one of the pictures I've been in has been a hit—but it isn't enough. They've all been cut to a pattern—except 'Juarez,' and I hadn't much to do in that. It seems to me since I'm here I have spent practically my whole time wrangling with the studio—and yet, if I work in pictures, I'd never want to work for any other studio. I told you a year ago I'd never scrap for money—only for parts. I was only on my second picture at the time. I've thought of that conversation many times since then and wondered if that would be how it would really pan out. As I went from one picture to another, hating all of them, it seemed to me if I *had* to work in pictures I should be getting some of that big dough for doing it. But almost every row I've had with the studio has been over parts



GARFIELD BREAKS LOOSE!

No longer handcuffed by Hollywood, dynamic actor returns to stage. Read his real reasons here, in exclusive interview

By S. R. Mook

and only once has the matter of money entered into it.

"When I came out here I had a clause in my contract stipulating I could go back to the stage any time I pleased, providing I gave them sixty days' notice. I took less money than I could have got in order to have that clause in my contract. But when I started to avail myself of that clause—when I gave them the sixty days' notice—like a fool I let them talk me into signing a new contract. I waived that clause and let them insert another stating I could go back to the stage every other year for five years and both years the last two years. There were several reasons why I signed the new contract. In the first place, after I served notice I couldn't find a good play. It was late in the season and there weren't many plays going into production then. None of those that were in work fitted me—or, rather, I didn't fit them. Then the baby was only a few months old and it seemed selfish to subject her to the rigors of a New York winter when she could just as well have the benefit of this mild California climate her first year. Lastly, they offered me

almost twice as much money as before. So I signed.

"But no sooner had I signed than I wished I hadn't. I could have told them I wouldn't go back to the stage just then and still kept my freedom. But I sold it for a mess of pottage—or a pot of gold—or whatever you want to call it. Anyhow, this year I'm privileged to do a play and, boy, *I'm going to do it!* People are always coming out here and talking about longing to get back to the stage—but they never go, and after the first year or two you hear them mention the theater less and less frequently. Well, here's one whom Hollywood isn't going to get!

"Maybe it sounds pedantic or sophomoric, but I came out here with ideals and I'm still clinging to them and fighting for them. I said a while ago that being in hit pictures wasn't enough. The pictures have been successes but none of them have been *important* pictures. I don't want parts that you just walk through, flip a few wisecracks, act tough and let it go at that. I went into the theater because I wanted to *act*—wanted a chance to express myself. In almost every (Please turn to page 96)



Salute
to Spring!

Hollywood, always ahead of the rest of the world in fashions and fancies, rushes the swimming pool season with Ilona Massey, the beauty of "Balalaika," the first to dive in.





Willinger, M-G-M.

Bill's Bride

Those of you who are curious about the new Mrs. Powell will be interested in watching for her in the forthcoming Eddie Cantor picture, "Forty Little Mothers." The former Diana Lewis comes of a theatrical family. Her only previous important picture job was with Frank McHugh in a film called "The Girl Said No." But this girl said Yes—as what girl wouldn't with the handsome Bill Powell doing the proposing?

It could only happen in Hollywood—the swimming pool romance of William Powell and Diana Lewis! Bill had never met the 21-year-old actress until he found her "borrowing" his pool as a setting for publicity pictures. Such a decoration, he decided, must be made permanent, so after three weeks' courtship Diana became his bride, and the pool and the luxuriously furnished home now belong to the little intruder, who has succeeded Carole Lombard as the third Mrs. Bill Powell.




A LITTLE

Oh, Ann Sheridan! How
can you be so calm, cool,
and collect? We admire
your beauty but we wish
you'd live up to your bill-
ing and be a real star.
Maybe your new film, "It All
Came True," will turn out
to mean just what it says.


MORE "Comph" PLEASE!



Close harmony by Hope and Crosby, who are buddies in real life and on the screen. They're upsetting Dorothy Lamour's dignity in their latest comedy, "Road to Singapore," and what their serenades might do to thaw Miss Sheridan's statuesque poise on opposite page is a question for the Will Hays office.



Robert Preston has lost his shirt but won stardom! This young whirlwind co-stars with languorous Lamour in "Typhoon," big Technicolor thriller



Tropical temptress
Dottie Lamour would
like to say so-long sa-
rong, but must please
her public—so she's the
lure in Paramount's
latest melodrama

Storm Warning!

WATCH OUT FOR "TYPHOON"

Now We It's

That divinely
Silly Season
that poets talk
about is upon
us — as if you
didn't know it!



The theme is the same old Love—but in "The Primrose Path" you'll be seeing a "New" Ginger Rogers, with darkened tresses replacing her former Titian locks: that Hedy Lamarr influence again! Top left, a realistic love scene between Ginger and her leading man, Joel McCrea, against a background of down-to-earth docks and the good old reliable ocean. This film marks a decided dramatic departure, as well as a changed coiffure, for the star. There's little glamor, but loads of atmosphere in her strong new vehicle. At left, another love story—this one light and gay and frothy, a new version of the trusty musical show, "Irene," with Anna Neagle starring, and Ray Milland opposite.

KNOW

Spring

Hollywood,
mirror of the
world's emo-
tions, rushes
new romances
on to screens



What more ideal setting for young lovers than the "campus" of a summer dramatic school? "The straw-hat theater" has become an important part of American life, and Deanna Durbin's producers take notice of the fact in offering their star in "It's a Date." Top, screen conception of a "rehearsal" of young thespians. The close-up above shows Deanna with Lewis Howard, the brilliant young actor whose first film role, as the selfish scion in "First Love," brought him to prominence and the coveted part opposite the singing girl. Right, tender scene between Brian Aherne and Laraine Day from "My Son, My Son!" Edward Small's lavish picturization of Howard Spring's best-seller.





Bachrach

Cary Grant

Together again! Cary Grant and Irene Dunne, who scored such a hit as a team in "The Awful Truth," are reunited in "My Favorite Wife," a sprightly new comedy

Irene Dume




MOST-IN-DEMAND YOUNG MAN

Richard Greene, the debs' and the dishwashers' delight, is so popular that Hollywood producers yell for him—and put him in two pictures at once! On this page, Dick pretends to resist the wiles of fair Vera Zorina in "I Was An Adventuress." Now see the facing page.



The selfsame Mr. Greene, all done up in sideburns and frills for "Little Old New York," goes gallant as he bends over Brenda Joyce's pretty hand in the 1940 picturization of the famous play. Veteran movie-goers may remember the first film version, starring Marion Davies.





Rival of Melvyn Douglas for the screen affections of Jean Arthur in "Too Many Husbands": Fred MacMurray, who obviously is convinced that he is not the one-too-many in this case.

**WHO
THREE'S A**

Newest version of Hollywood's
infernal triangle: Fred MacMur-
ray, Jean Arthur, Melvyn Douglas



In this corner, Mr. Douglas, fresh from his amorous fencing with Garbo in "Ni-notchka," is just as certain that he is first in the fickle heroine's heart. Who wins? You'll have to see for yourself.

**SAYS
CROWD?**





THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

From "The Dark Command"

Remember John Wayne and Claire Trevor in "Stagecoach"? You'll see them together again in Republic's thrilling new Western, "The Dark Command."



Pals!

Jane Withers and Gene Autry teamed, for the first time, in "Shooting High."



HARDLY anyone noticed the slim young man in cowboy clothes who sat, shoulders hunched, slouched in the last row of the neighborhood theater on the outskirts of Hollywood, one wintry day in 1934. The young cowboy was a disappointed fellow, desolately so. He had had his chance at movie fame, in fact he just had finished his first movie rôle in a serial, and he was so disgusted with the result that he was sure it was his last. He was afraid, yes, afraid with the fear of failure. This was his last day in California, and he hoped he never again would have to face such disgust in himself. Earlier that day he had sat in a projection room and agonizedly watched himself try to hit a new low in screen acting. Heck, he should have known that radio was his field and should have stuck to it!

Now as he sat leaden-hearted in the darkened theater he watched unfold on the screen a Shirley Temple picture. In the Temple film was Dorothy Christie, who had played the leading lady in "The Phantom Empire," the serial which he had just finished. She had suggested to her "leading man" that he try to catch this picture, "Bright Eyes," because "the youngster I play the mother of in the picture is great. She'll be a sensation, just watch

Here Gene Autry reveals the unexpected story behind his co-starring with Jane Withers—of a chubby girl's inspiration which led to a radio singer's becoming the world's most popular cowboy entertainer

By Sam Adams

and see. She steals the picture."

So Gene Autry, the radio star who had come unwillingly to Hollywood, and who had branded himself the world's worst screen personality that day after seeing his first picture, stopped in to see "Bright Eyes." He had come across the theater as he walked the streets of Film Town, deep in the philosophic misery failure engenders. And there on the screen he watched a little girl named Jane Withers blast her personality winningly into the audience. He watched this youngster, an unknown like himself, battling to take full advantage of her opportunity.

Autry gazed around him, at the audience enthralled by a new screen personality, not good-looking, but different, new, individual. He recalled the story Miss Christie had told him, of the struggles, the courage and perseverance of mother and child to win a place in Hollywood, of playing charity benefits while awaiting THE chance. He could just feel the enthralling emotion of watching a star being born, there in the darkened theater.

Gene clenched his hands. A little kid could do it, was doing it right before his eyes. It required courage, it required talent, it required the *(Please turn to page 97)*



ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS—RKO-Radio



NOT just another movie—but a rich, satisfying, deeply moving emotional experience for every American man, woman, and child. You will be hearing more about John Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath" than about Robert Sherwood's "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," but do not let all the ballyhoo blind you to the greatness of the latter film. Where Steinbeck is realism, Sherwood is poetry, expressed in the nobility of a great man's message. Where "Grapes" is pure vigorous cinema, "Abe" is a slow-moving, literal translation of the stage play. But both have their place, at the top of your must-see list. It is Raymond Massey's performance of the Great Emancipator rather than Sherwood's own cinema treatment of his play or John Cromwell's sympathetic but uninspired direction, which makes this picture great. One of the two or three great portrayals of our time, Massey's Lincoln is human, tender, understandable, yet always the man of tragic destiny. We trace his career from the log cabin in the Illinois wilderness to the train which will take him from Springfield to Washington to be President of the United States. The final scene of his farewell speech is so affecting it is perhaps irreverent to note that the hymn sung by the citizens is an enormous plug for "The Grapes of Wrath." Ruth Gordon's *Mary Todd* is a bitter and brilliant portrait. Truly a triumph!



Reviews of the best Pictures

by

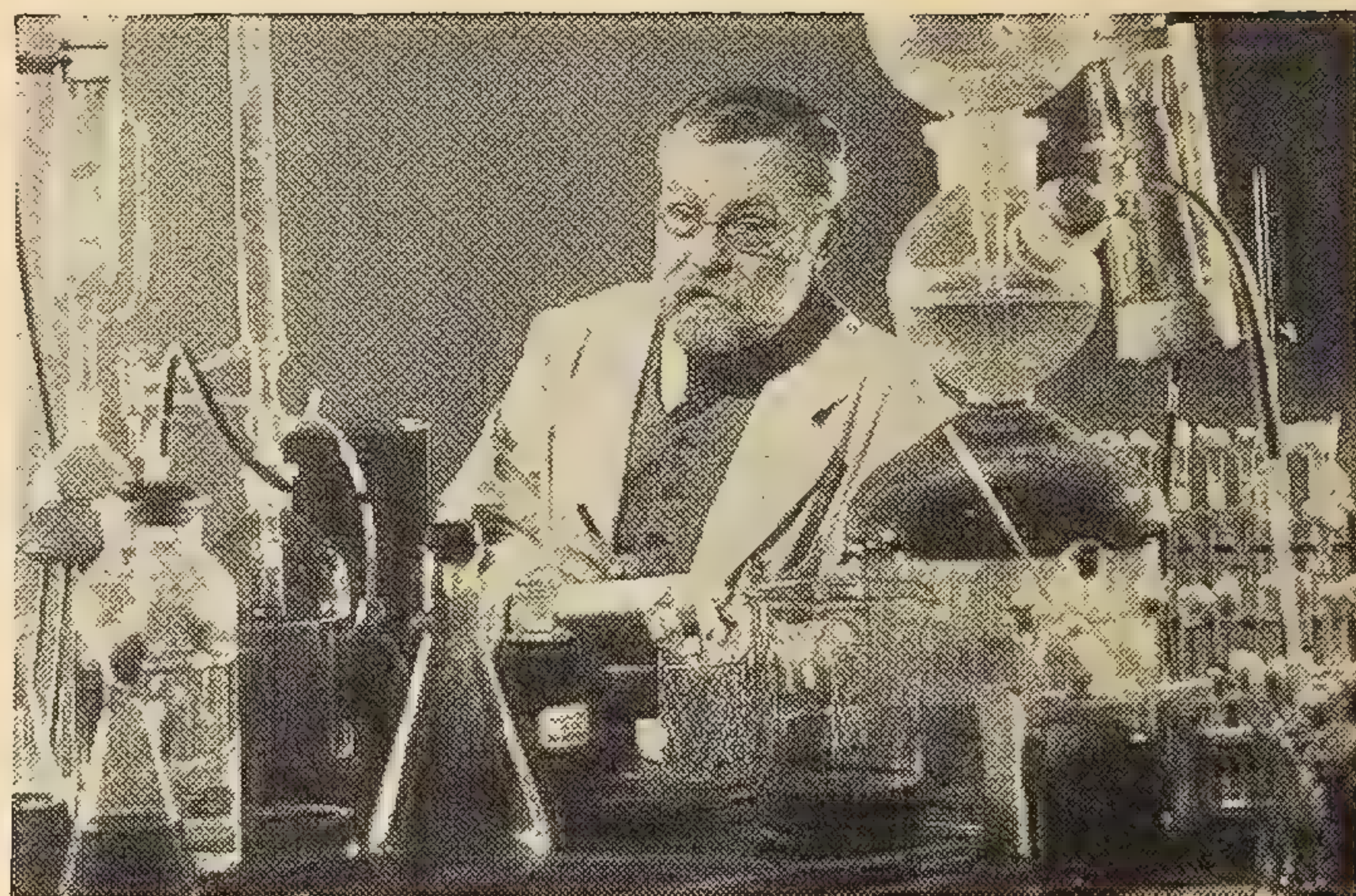
Delight Evans



THE BLUE BIRD—20th Century-Fox



FINE entertainment for every member of the family, with the possible exception of that smarty-pants older brother or uncle who thinks Maurice Maeterlinck "dates" and that Shirley Temple does, too—and will try to sneer you out of the whole thing. But don't let yourself be intimidated; go right ahead and see "The Blue Bird" and it may even make you a better boy or girl. I wouldn't know so much about that, but I do think it is well worth your time and admission money. It's a big and brilliant show, all in dazzling color, directed with taste and enacted with intelligence. Children will love it even when they don't understand the fantasy—they'll squeal with terror along with *Mytyl* (Shirley) and her little brother, *Tyltyl* (Johnny Russell) when the kids are caught in a spectacular forest fire; they'll love the merry-go-round, the pony, and the dolls in *Mr. Luxury's* lavish house; they may nap a bit during the glimpse into the Future with the unborn babies frisking about—but for the most part "The Blue Bird" will be one gorgeous treat. Of course you know or guess that Shirley's search for the blue bird of happiness begins, and ends, at home; and her weird adventures duly teach her to appreciate Mummy and Daddy. Meet a mean Miss Temple whom you'll like very much. Every big and little girl in the audience will want to adopt Johnny.



DR. ERLICH'S MAGIC BULLET—Warners



A TRULY fine picture, with Edward G. Robinson giving the best performance of his distinguished career in the thoughtful rather than robust rôle of a great scientist, *Dr. Erlich*. Those who seek sensationalism will not find it in this film, for it is a dignified treatment of a delicate theme which in less restrained hands might have been grimly sordid. As directed by William Dieterle and portrayed by Robinson and a splendid cast, it is a powerful presentation of the life and work of the Berlin doctor whose enlightened spirit and unrelenting battle against disease made him one with Pasteur and other great men who have helped alleviate mankind's suffering. Erlich's concentration on laboratory research in defiance of routine rules, his self-sacrifices of worldly gain and health, his discovery of "606" after heartbreaking effort, his eventual triumphs over intolerance and disease—all this is fascinating and even exciting material which is fully realized by the inspired direction and the flawless interpretation by star and supporting players. Ruth Gordon gives a touching performance as *Dr. Erlich's* devoted wife. Otto Kruger is excellent as the great doctor's best friend. But it is Mr. Robinson, with fine sensitivity, perfect restraint, and tender imagination, who makes "Magic Bullet" the notable picture it is. May he never play another gangster!



PINOCCHIO—RKO-Radio



WANT to be lifted right out of the doldrums into a fresher, brighter, more beautiful world? Then go to "Pinocchio," Walt Disney's second full-length animated cartoon masterpiece. Meet the appealing little wooden puppet, *Pinocchio* himself, who becomes by degrees a real little boy; *Jiminy Cricket*, his "conscience," and Disney's most energetic cartoon character since *Mickey Mouse*; *Gepetto*, the lovable old toy-maker who creates not only *Pinocchio* but the most enchanting collection of music boxes and clocks you've ever seen; *Cleo*, the flirtatious gold-fish; and—most adorable of all—*Figaro*, the captivating kitten. You will take all these to your hearts as you have the earlier Disney delights; but you will find more wonders in this, his newest picture, than ever before, even in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." The technical strides accomplished by Disney and his miracle-workers will astound you. For sheer beauty and magic, most of the scenes leave you breathless, notably the undersea paintings. There is joyous charm, real pathos, tender humor, sly sophistication; there is terrific excitement, too, when *Pinocchio's* adventures lead him to Pleasure Island and finally into a thrilling battle with Monstro, the whale. You'll be talking "Pinocchio," whistling its tunes, and marvelling at its amazing pictorial effects.



THE GRAPES OF WRATH—20th Century-Fox



MOST-DISCUSSED movie of its day just as John Steinbeck's novel is most-discussed book, "The Grapes of Wrath" marks Hollywood's coming-of-age. The movie capital is justified in pointing with pride to this picture—for the fidelity with which it has been produced, for Zanuck's daring in producing it at all. When he purchased picture rights to the book, there was talk that he had no intention of filming it. When he went ahead, there was still more talk that even with John Ford directing the result would be a compromise. Sour grapes! There have been no concessions to so-called "popular" taste in the cinematic version of the *Joad Family* epic, yet crowds are standing in line to see it. Let's have no more nonsense about moronic movie fans. The plight of the under-privileged as symbolized by the dust-bowl people does not make for glamor or "amusement," but audiences are spell-bound by the truth and tenderness and—yes—the beauty of this picture. Dynamically directed by Ford, magnificently photographed by Gregg Toland, the perfectly cast players seem to live the story of the *Joads*, with Jane Darwell as the heroic *Ma* and Henry Fonda as *Tom* perhaps the most poignant performers, though Charley Grapewin, Russell Simpson and John Carradine are realistic as *Grampa*, *Pa* and *Casy*, and Dorris Bowdon is a sympathetic *Rosasharn*.



MY LITTLE CHICKADEE—Universal



JUST for good, clean fun—and not too clean, either—"My Little Chickadee" is one of the "important" pictures currently on view. Among all these "significant" films, it bursts forth with abandon and one object: namely, to provide belly laughs and plenty of them. It succeeds—to the complete satisfaction, I hope, of everybody, except a few assorted blue-noses probably jealous of W. C. Fields, who prefers another color. Anyway, it's a Fields day for Bill, and a big time for the girl of the golden West, as they pursue adventure, amorous and otherwise, in a Western frontier town of the 80's. Mae plays *Flower Belle*, big city gal who captivates a masked bandit, the crooked boss of Greasewood City, the upright young editor of the *City Gazette*—and *Cuthbert J. Twillie*, that great lover and card-sharp, W. C. Fields. With all his personality, *Twillie* can get no closer to his innamorata than the keyhole to her door, despite the fact that he has bestowed his heart and hand upon her. When I tell you that the high spot of the picture is a case of mistaken identity involving a goat, you'll understand why I can't tell you any more about the plot. It's enough that la West is back, Fields is at his best, and all's right with the world—as long as we're watching these two. The other actors don't matter—although Joseph Calleia strives valiantly to be a really sinister bad man.



THE FIGHTING 69TH—Warners



AS AN antidote to "The Blue Bird" there's "The Fighting 69th," which that mythical smarty-pants uncle of yours who couldn't be dragged to a Shirley Temple picture will probably consider *the* Best Picture of the Month. It's a good, strong melodrama, all right, with nary a woman to be seen even in the dreams of the all-male cast. Based on the war record of New York's crack regiment in the world war, the story takes the soldiers from Camp Mills to No Man's Land, with all too graphic scenes under fire in the front line trenches. Considered technically, these war scenes are among the most spectacular ever filmed. It is in the dramatic department that "The Fighting 69th" fails to impress as it might have done—due chiefly to the fact that James Cagney in the most outstanding rôle plays as ornery a character as a screen writer has ever devised. That Cagney plays the part as written—a thoroughly despicable coward who causes the death of many of his comrades—is a tribute to the actor's artistic integrity; but his regeneration through the efforts of the 69th's chaplain, Father Duffy, (Pat O'Brien) is accomplished too late to win sympathy even from the most soft-hearted in the audience. It's O'Brien's best acting job in a long time. Jeffry Lynn has a few memorable moments as the poet, Kilmer. George Brent is a stolid "Wild Bill" Donovan.

(MORE "BEST PICTURES" REVIEWED ON PAGE 95.)



SCREENLAND GLAMOR SCHOOL

Edited by

Anita Louise

What's new, from head to toe, for
You to wear this Spring? Let
lovely Anita Louise tell you
as she models the latest in
frocks and frills, hats and shoes

Photographs by Richard Marks



When Anita Louise selects clothes and accessories she proves her right to the title of Best-Dressed Ingénue. Opposite page, she wears an evening gown of French blue faille with yards of material in the tremendous skirt, over an old-fashioned blue taffeta hoop. Large picture above, the 1940 version of the shirtwaist frock in lavender silk. With this sports dress is worn a nun's cap of deep lavender jersey. Inset, luncheon ensemble of brown print on white background. Gowns designed by Hattie Carnegie.

Shoes by JOLENE



The shoes above are adapted to all day-time wear. Top, splendid for spectator sports. Right, proving it's possible to be smartly as well as practically shod. Shoes by JOLENE.



For Spring travel, Anita suggests the travelling suit, above, of blue and white monotone silk print dress topped by a navy blue wool coat. Her pill-box hat of blue felt has a tulle snood. This suit, and the evening gown on opposite page, are exclusive with Hattie Carnegie.



Very, very new! Emphasis on the 1914 hobble-skirt effect with low hip drape, this evening gown of green and purple print on white background. The jacket of matching print is decorated with vertical stripes of sequins in colors matching the print, and features the new long jacket length.

MORVELL



POINTS OUT YOUR FUTURE DESTINY



ONE of the most likely youngsters to come to the screen in many a day is William Holden, who did such a splendid job in "Golden Boy." His luck is no accident, however, for Bill was born in the fire Sign of Aries, which includes everyone born between March 21 and April 20 of any year. This is one of the most successful signs in the Zodiac. It ruled over the great stars of the past including Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, and Ruth Roland. During the past year or two, Aries has once again risen on the horizon, and is bringing financial success and artistic acclaim to those born under its stimulating vibrations.

As a general rule, those born in this intellectual sign struggle for many years before finally winning recognition. It should be remembered that Holden had already been struggling for some time in Hollywood before he was given his first big chance in "Golden Boy." Now he has won well-deserved recognition and should go on to even greater heights in his future screen work.

If YOU were born in the fire Sign of Aries, you have creative and musical ability. You should seriously consider studying music, art, or singing and dancing, even if it is only for your own amusement. If you are interested in a screen, stage or radio career, your sign assures you that you can readily attract a great measure of success in the next three years.

The one pitfall that most Aries persons must beware of is making an error of judgment in romance or marriage. This sign is over-emotional, impulsive, and given to outbursts of temperament. It often causes its subjects to be undecided as to what course to pursue in love or marriage. It is vitally important that the love life be happy; otherwise those born in this creative sign are despondent and unhappy.

A very good example of this is the case of Joan Crawford, who was born in the Sign of Aries. Miss Crawford has made every effort to find happiness in

Joan Crawford's chart shows she'll be very much in love in 1940, and Norvell foretells marriage for Joan the latter part of the year.

YOUR HOROSCOPE SENT FREE!

Send for your Free astrology chart. Norvell has made some startling predictions about Hollywood stars and his advice has helped them overcome many obstacles. Find out what Norvell predicts for you. Send for your 1940 horoscope now. Fill in coupon and send it with your self-addressed, stamped envelope to NORVELL, Box 989, Dept. H, Hollywood, Cal.

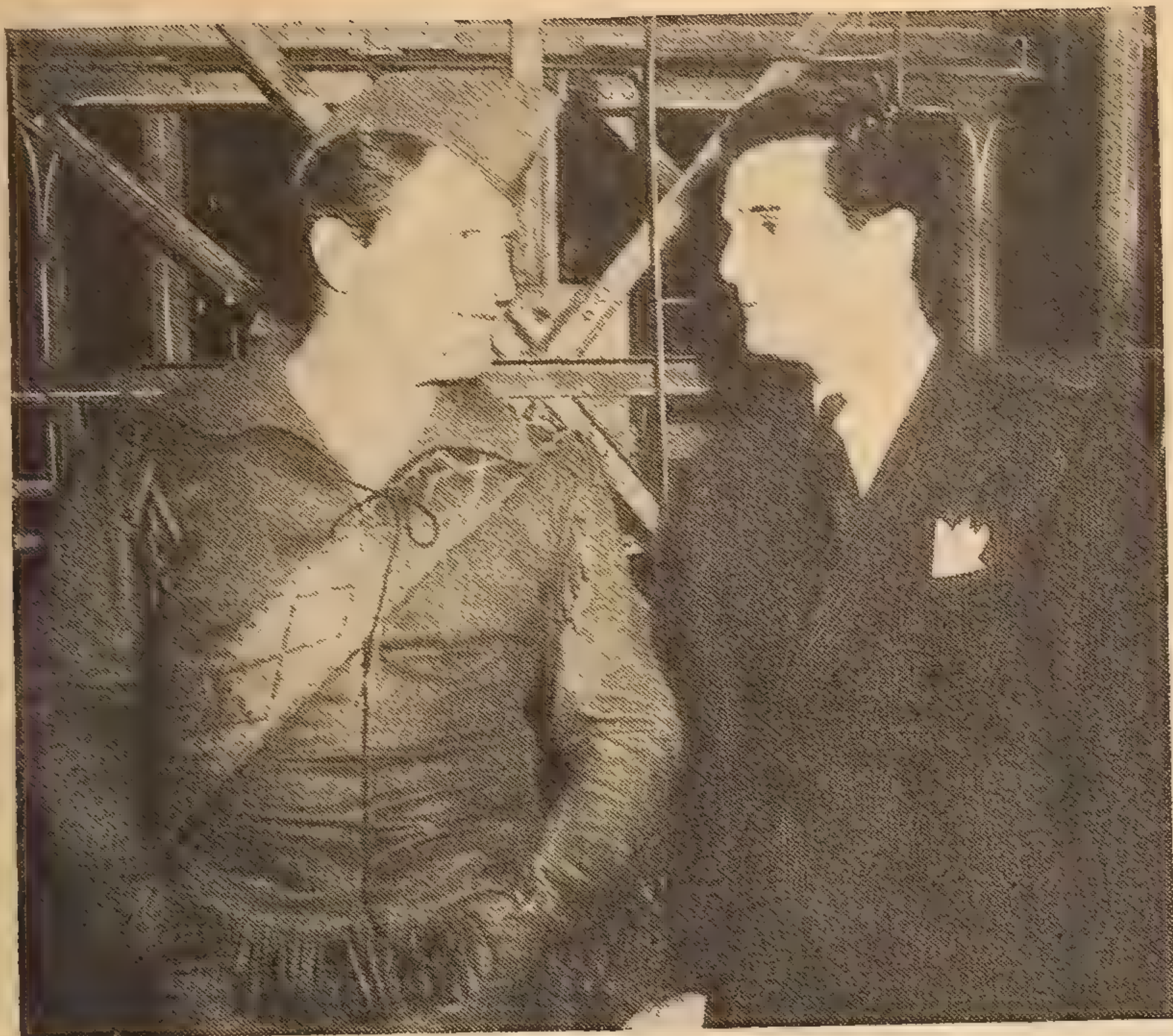
Please send me NORVELL'S 1940 Horoscope. I enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope.

MY NAME IS

MY ADDRESS IS

CITY STATE

MY BIRTHDATE IS



Norvell, who makes interesting and enlightening predictions for the screen stars, points out your future destiny, too

Norvell says Bill Holden's luck is no accident, for Bill, below, was born in the Sign of Aries. Spencer Tracy, also born in this successful sign, will continue to be a great star. Spence's shown, left below, with Norvell, as he looks in "Northwest Passage."



again. The time? It is not far distant, for the romantic vibrations of Venus are bringing that important event very close in her life. It should be no surprise to anyone to see Bette marrying in 1940 a man with whom she is very much in love. It could be a prominent actor or director. Her chart shows that Bette will be happy in this marriage, and devote more time to a home life than she has in the past. Although there are warnings in health for this charming star, she should be able to overcome such influences and go on to good health in the future.

All Aries persons do not divorce, however. When they marry persons born in signs compatible with their own, they can find supreme happiness in marriage. A very good example of an Aries star who has been happily married for many years is Spencer Tracy. Although Spencer has had all the usual complications that come to most actors in Hollywood who are so busy with careers, he has kept his head above water. He is one of the most simple, direct, and honest persons in the entire movie industry. He is industrious and spends hours on end to develop himself further in his profession. Not only has his career been typical of his sign, but he has been strong enough to overcome the influences of his sign and make his marriage a happy and successful one. He will continue being a great star as long as he chooses, and there is no danger for Spencer in the future of anything disrupting his home life.

A word should be included here about talented children born in March or April in the Sign of Aries. Such children develop artistic talents early in life and should be trained in music or acting. A very talented youngster who has outgrown child rôles is Freddie Bartholomew. Freddie was born in Aries, and his early talents were typical of the average Aries youngster. If your child comes in this section of the Zodiac and shows creative talent, do not suppress it, but help him or her develop it fully. Such a child should become outstandingly successful in life.

John Howard, who made such a great success in "Lost Horizon," was also born in (Please turn to page 70)

love and marriage, only to find bitter disillusionment and unhappiness. She has created a new personality, built a brilliant mind, a cultured background and a career that is the envy of every star in Hollywood, but still her ruling planets have doomed her to an unfortunate romantic life. Will this beautiful and talented star be able to find love happiness this year, or is she jinxed by some malefic planet in her horoscope? According to Miss Crawford's birthdate, she will be very much in love during the first half of 1940 and she is inclined to a marriage some time in the latter part of 1940. She has already met the man and marriage is not far off. Will Joan Crawford find happiness in this marriage? Yes, she should be supremely happy, for I feel Joan has at last gained the mental balance and poise necessary to the attainment of happiness in any situation.

Aries-born can learn very valuable lessons by studying the lives of the film-great born in the same sign. In this way, mistakes may be avoided and a happier life plan may be worked out. A very wonderful example of the great heights to which Aries can rise is the amazing career of Bette Davis. Early in her career a famous producer called her "that skinny little hen," and said Bette Davis had no sex appeal. Had the producer known astrology, he would have realized that at the time of her birth Bette received special dispensations from the stars that etched her career in fiery letters for all to see in the heavens. Born with the Sun in Aries, and other conditions right in her horoscope, Miss Davis could not be kept by anything from coming into the cycle of complete and outstanding fame she has so far attained.

According to her horoscope, Bette Davis will marry

BROTHER RAT'S CAMERA BABY

Wayne Morris' new son
and heir must share hon-
ors with his camera hobby

By Ruth Tildesley



"THE first thing we should show you is the baby!" cried Wayne Morris, before I was halfway up his front steps.

"But the nurse won't let us," put in Bubbles (Mrs. Wayne), laughing indulgently. "Does that woman have us terrified? He's sleeping, the lamb, and it's as much as life's worth to interfere."

"He's the world's most beautiful baby, absolutely *individual*—you should see his chest!" said the proud father.

"He's just like any other baby, but we love him," contradicted the baby's mother.

Wayne closed his hand before her eyes so that she dodged backward, when he caught and kissed her. "His name is Bert deWayne Morris III, same as his father



and grandfather, and he's the impetuous kind. He barged into the world weeks ahead of time, so his New York grandma couldn't get here and had to telephone five times the first day in her agitation."

"Jane Wyman and Ronnie Reagan sent six telegrams congratulating practically everybody," giggled Bubbles. "Jane is the baby's godmother and almost more excited than we are."

"The Stu Erwins sent a musical cradle filled with baby roses and on top of it was a small pair of white boxing gloves marked 'Kid Galahad II,'" went on Wayne.

"Wayne has been making pictures of him ever since we got home, but you have to worry about light in his eyes, so it's not easy," contributed Bubbles. "We haven't a nursery yet. When the baby was born he hadn't a single thing to his name. I'm superstitious. I've known girls to get all ready for a baby and then something happened. So Grandma Morris had to scramble to the shops and send stuff out for approval, and the baby's living in a guest room, temporarily."

I had gone out to talk about candid camera pictures, and I mentioned my object, hopefully. "Oh yes, Wayne gave me a camera for my birthday, and he uses it himself; that's how we discovered a camera fiend in the family. He buys me gadgets for my camera—a thing to tell how strong the light is, and a set of colored shades you put on when you are looking for clouds or working on the water—"

"Those are filters, gal, filters!" broke in Wayne. "It's all very scientific. According to the picture, you select your colored filter. It's a piece of colored glass or gelatin to be placed over the camera lens—"

"And no matter which color you use, the pictures are all alike," teased Bubbles.

"A dark, yellow filter brightens greens and cuts down the haze in a distant landscape. A red filter makes a blue sky almost black. A medium yellow darkens blue," recited Wayne. "An orange filter—"

"They are all mine, but I never get the chance to look at them—"

Wayne's eyes danced. "Darling, I have a surprise for you!"

"So have I for you. So has the baby, no doubt, for both of us."

"Mine is wonderful. You'll love it," he insisted.

"I don't like the way you say that. What is it?"

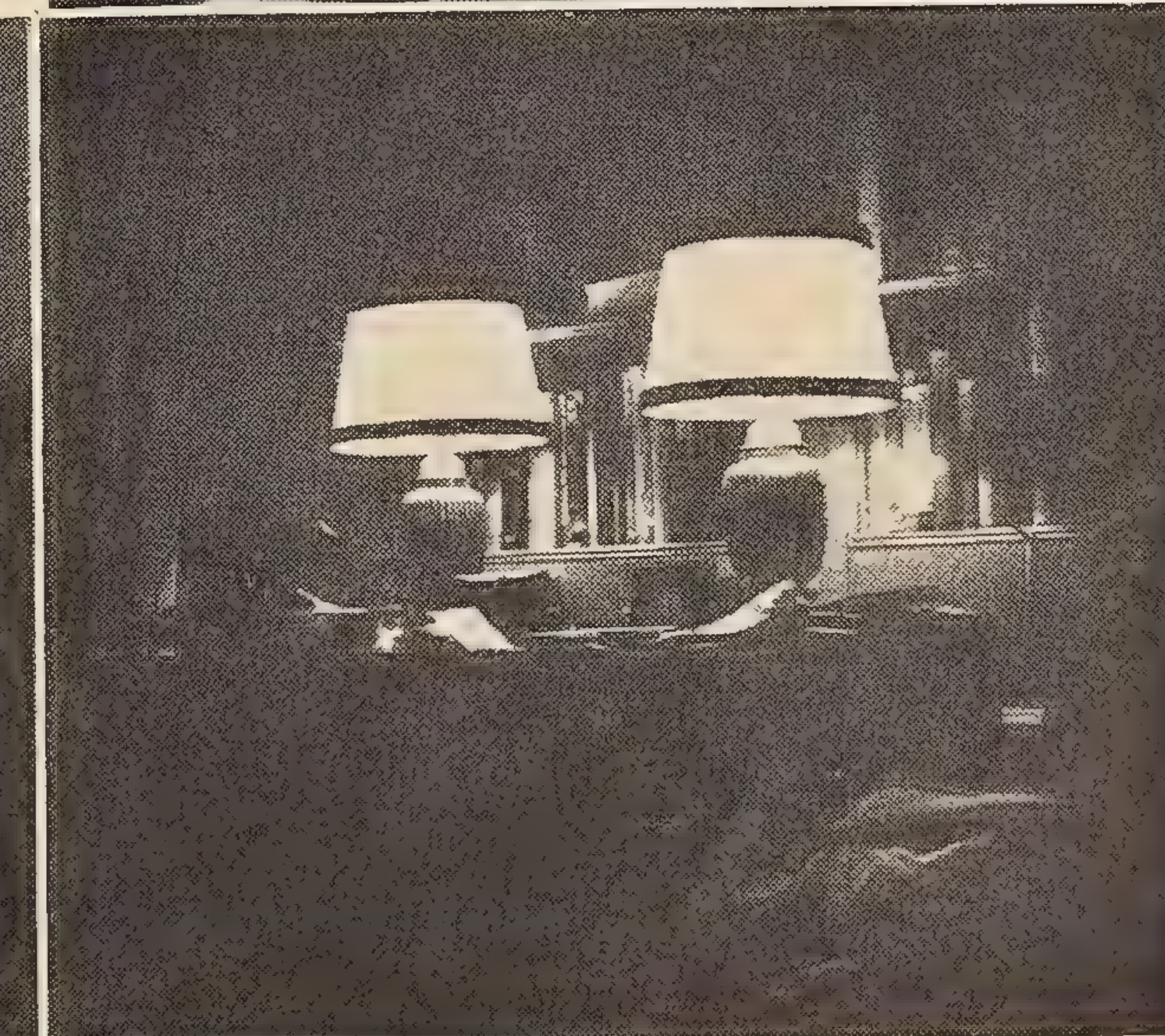
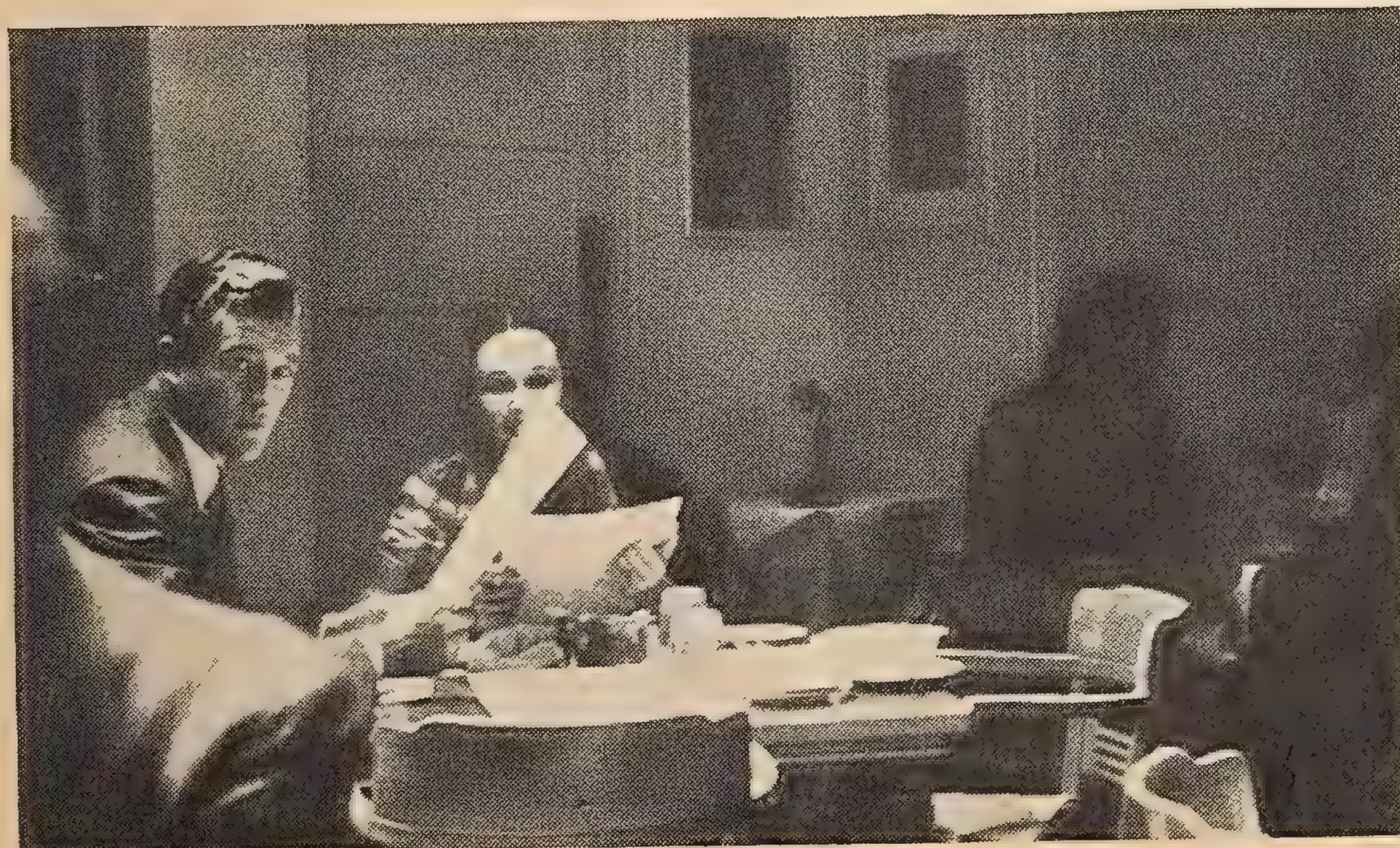
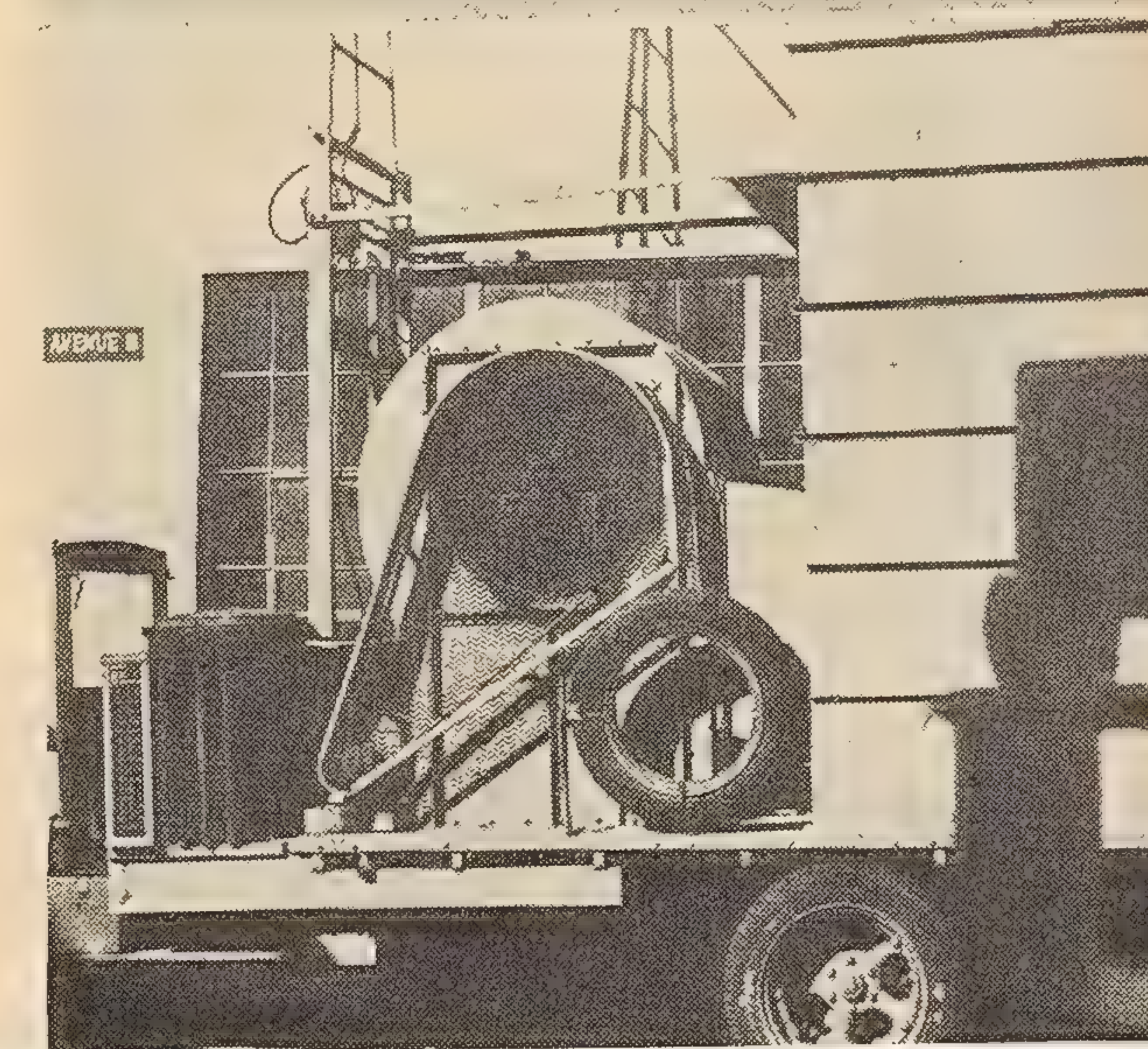
"Some of the boys are coming in for poker tonight!"

"Lovely! Then I'll have the baby to myself."

"The nurse won't let you have him long. You can play with your camera," he offered, winningly.

"Wayne is the sort of photographer who comes along and snaps you whether you want him to or not," confided Bubbles, "he has one of me asleep, and one (*Please turn to page 90*)

Facing page, the candid Morrises: Bubbles, Wayne, and Bert deWayne Morris III. Close-ups of the young mother and father by Wayne himself. On this page: top, decorative study of Bubbles; her artistic hand; machine at Warners Studio; night picture of Wayne's library; and, below, Dennis Morgan and Lya Lys in studio commissary—all photographed by Wayne.



Bergman Is Back!

First great foreign star since Garbo who was made by the fans and not by advance ballyhoo, lovely Ingrid returns from Sweden to play "Joan of Arc" in Hollywood

By Dora Albert

YOU made her a star! You, and you, and *you* created her. You're responsible.

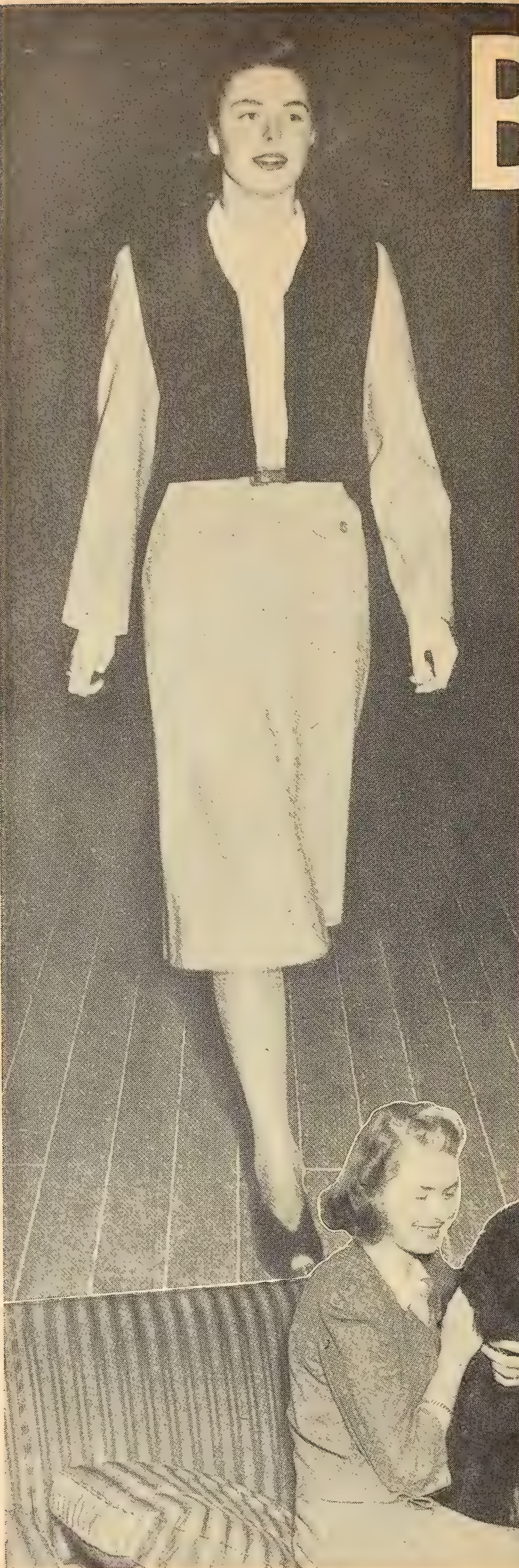
That's why Bergman is back! If you had not liked her, Ingrid would probably have gone back to Sweden—and stayed there. Today everyone who saw this girl as the accompanist who first gave in to and then gave up Leslie Howard in "Intermezzo," is talking about her. She is the first great foreign star since Garbo who was made by the fans and not by advance ballyhoo.

"SHE GAGGED THE PRESS DEPARTMENT," the headlines in a national picture magazine ran. When I asked Ingrid Bergman if that was true, she nodded. "I did not want to have a lot of publicity sent out about me before I made a picture, and then maybe I would be a big disappointment to people. I was afraid American movie-goers might not like me, and in that case, a lot of publicity about me would be very foolish. I was very glad David Selznick agreed with me that there should be no publicity unless people liked the picture."

Now that Ingrid is a success, she talked! To myself, as SCREENLAND's representative, she gave one of her few magazine interviews. She is such a sensation that after five months spent in Sweden, she has been rushed back to America to play "Joan of Arc." There is no doubt in my mind after meeting Ingrid that she will be exactly right for the rôle. For she is as simple and natural a person as the famous Maid of France was. When

I met Ingrid she was wearing a little sports dress consisting of a white blouse with tiny red and blue stripes and a black skirt. She had on very little make-up. There was nothing artificial about her good looks. She has a piquant nose, very honest-looking eyes which the publicity department says are hazel but which looked like dark blue to me. She

says they're usually bluish. Some people swear her eyes are gray. It must be that they change in different lights, when she wears different clothes. Her hair, which photographs dark, is actually blonde—not that horrible golden tint which most actresses have to effect because



it photographs well, but a slightly dusky blonde.

You never saw anyone so honestly surprised about her own success—this in spite of the fact that she was one of Sweden's biggest motion picture stars for six years. "I'm so surprised I'm a success in an American picture, 'Intermezzo,'" she told me. "I'm just gasping. It seems like a dream. It's a *good* dream! I was afraid of coming to Hollywood. After all, so many big foreign actresses have come to Hollywood, and then they have gone back home again. Often they have had to stay home, because their first Amer-

You acclaimed her opposite Leslie Howard in "Intermezzo," below. So Ingrid Bergman forsakes her native Sweden for more Hollywood films. Facing page, Ingrid arrives—and pets a gift pup from an admirer.



ican pictures were failures. People don't trust you if you have a failure for your first picture."

I couldn't help thinking how right she was. Remember Anna Sten, and the terrific furore that was raised over her a few years ago? Remember how for months we kept hearing about this wonderful siren who was known as Samuel Goldwyn's "million dollar gamble"? There was no detail of her life in Russia which we didn't hear about. Tons of publicity were printed about her. After all, hadn't one of the biggest and wisest producers in Hollywood decided that she was going to be a success? We decided otherwise. She came out in an epic called "Nana" which bored the living daylights out of us. In it she postured and posed, wept and suffered, and appeared in 50,000 close-ups. The public didn't like her. She made more pictures. Still we didn't like her much. The Goldwyn theme song soon became "Anna doesn't live here any more."

Sigrid Gurie was handed to us on a Norwegian platter. As everyone knows by now, although she had actually spent many years in Norway she was born in Brooklyn. The personality she revealed in "Adventures of Marco Polo" was as phony as the legend of her birth in Norway. She gave a good performance in "Algiers," but so far, Sigrid is no box-office honey. And even the astute Zanuck failed when he tried to create a new star out of a French pout and an alliterative name—Simone Simon.

Naturally, Ingrid Bergman did not mention the names of any of these foreign motion picture stars who had

failed. But just as naturally, she knew all about them.

"I hesitated a long time before coming to Hollywood. For about the past four years, agents from the different motion picture companies have approached me to make an American picture. They offer contracts to everyone a little above medium. But I was getting good parts; I was afraid if I came to Hollywood and got one bad part it might spoil everything."

About three years ago Ingrid appeared in a Swedish picture called "Intermezzo," playing the same rôle she was later to play in America. The man who played opposite her was Gosta Ekman, who is known as the Swedish Charles Boyer. Seeing her in this Swedish picture, American producer David Selznick, of "Gone With the Wind" fame, became interested; sent Katherine Brown, his story editor and right-hand woman, to try to persuade Ingrid to sign up. Right from the start Ingrid and Katherine liked each other. One of the reasons Ingrid decided to come to America was because she believed that it would be easier to work with Miss Brown and the producer she represented than with any other Americans who had offered her picture contracts. For it is always easier for a foreign beauty to work with people she knows, likes, and trusts. Then, at least, when she comes to a strange land, she does not feel entirely friendless.

Besides, as she explained, "I heard Leslie Howard was going to be in the American 'Intermezzo.' I was glad. I knew no picture with Leslie Howard in it would be bad. So I came to America."

It wasn't so easy to leave (*Please turn to page 92*)

HERE'S

If it's gay or giddy, poignant or picturesque—then it happened in Hollywood! And you can read all about it here, as our news sleuth catches up with the glamor girls and boys in and out of the studios

Hollywood actresses give you infinite variety. See, left, Miriam Hopkins as a pioneer American dance-hall girl in "Virginia City." Miriam sings and dances as she leads a chorus number in her co-starring film with Errol Flynn. Maybe she won't relish the reminder, but "Li'l Georgia" Hopkins started as a chorus girl herself. Now, at right, look at Dorothy Lamour! She too leads a chorus number in her latest film—"Dance with the Devil," in which she plays opposite Tyrone Power. She's cutest hitch-hiker we ever saw. How about you?



DESPITE the fact that Myrna Loy and Rosalind Russell might have become bitter enemies, they are, instead, the best of friends. At the time Roz came to Hollywood it was made very plain that M-G-M signed her to discipline Myrna. Naturally, the girls should have been at each other's throats constantly and the gossips tried to make us believe they were. But Roz has too keen a sense of humor, and Myrna is too genuine a person to feud with anyone. They entertain each other and even discuss their rôles. Roz kids Myrna by telling her that every script she is given to read is full of notes in Myrna's handwriting to prove that Myrna had first crack at it. Myrna reminds Roz that in the days of Siren Loy that couldn't have happened because she rarely saw a script, she just did what she was told. Secondly, Roz wouldn't have been any competition then because no one, according to Myrna, could have been as histrionically awful as she; yet audiences seemed to love it.

CHARLES BOYER values the special French imported toupee that he wears in "All This and Heaven Too" so much, that he has a special guard to keep an eye on it at all times. . . . It's been teased about that Bob Hope may have to call off his contract with Paramount because he can't spare them any time from his heavy booking of free benefits. . . . The latest come-on angle to drum up capacity business for shops about Hollywood is to place this sign in a conspicuous place in their parking lots. "This space reserved for Miss Greta Garbo's car." . . . That portrait you'll see of Tyrone's supposed mother in a scene in "Dance With the Devil" is none other than Ty's real mother, Patia Power. He insisted on her picture rather than a make-believe mother.

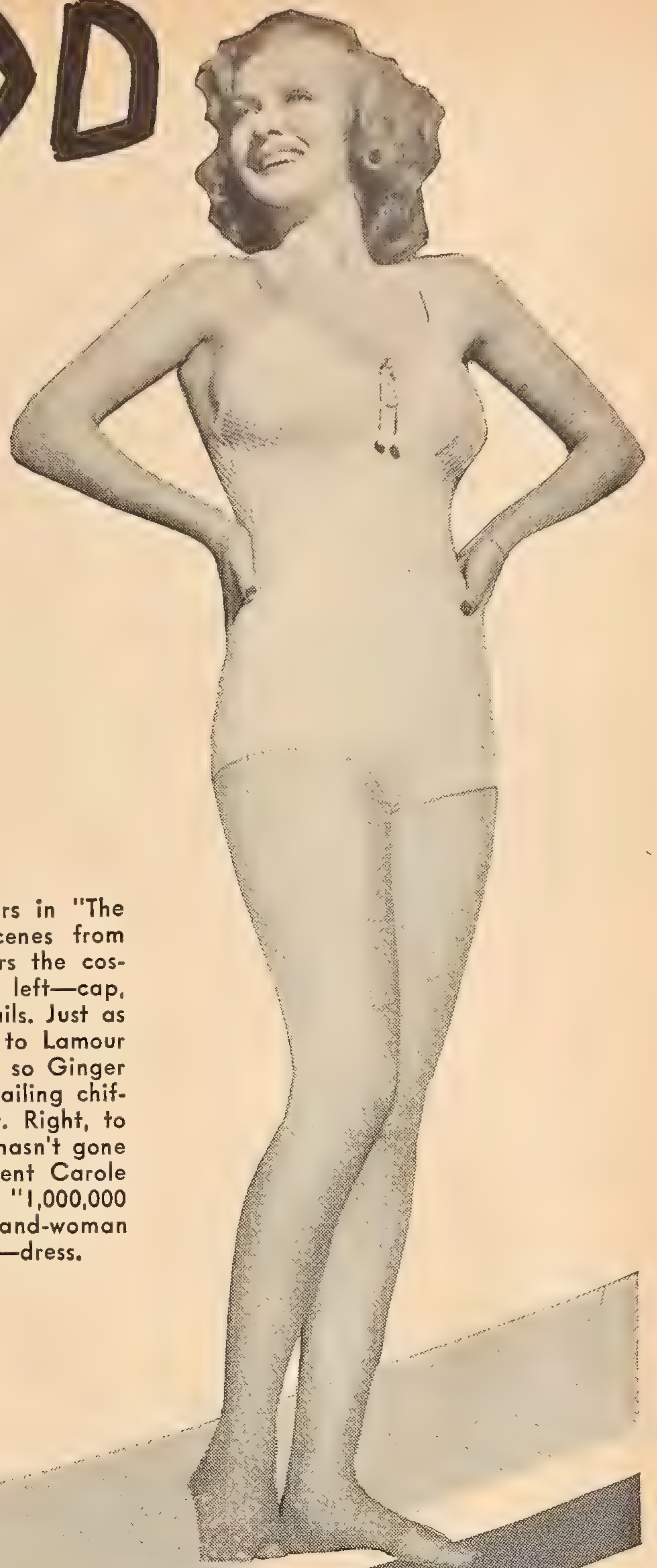
IRENE DUNNE was being so elegant on the set of "His Favorite Wife." Her calm, cool eyes smiled benignly but aloof. Everyone on the set from prop men to extras felt a little of her extraordinary ability to appear untouchable by everyday existence. Cary Grant thinks Irene is tops but he gets a fiendish delight in shattering the illusion of her grandeur. He waits until the dignified, middle-aged tourists on the set go into a trance over Irene's aplomb, then he walks up, slaps her on the back and in a loud voice asks, "Well, Irene, old gal, how's your itch today; it doesn't seem to be bothering you so much right now? Have you been putting on the bear grease and sulphur ointment I told you about?" Irene just has to howl.

HOLLYWOOD

By
Weston
East



No glamor for Ginger Rogers in "The Primrose Path." In many scenes from her new picture Ginger wears the costume in which she is seen at left—cap, sweater, old boots, and pigtails. Just as any old costume looks good to Lamour after her service in a sarong, so Ginger was delighted to exchange trailing chiffon for this ragamuffin outfit. Right, to prove that every glamor girl hasn't gone haywire this season, we present Carole Landis, sex appeal star of "1,000,000 B. C.," Hal Roach's caveman-and-woman spectacle, in modern—er—dress.



HERE'S one for the book. It seems incredible, yet Ida Lupino swears it is true. She has a roughly drawn sketch to prove that her grandmother, the mother of the famous Stanley Lupino, Ida's father, had an uncanny power to see into the future. Ida feels that in herself she has some of her grandmother's psychic power. Many times she has divined things that later have actually happened. In her grandmother's case the outstanding fact that Ida can prove with the drawing, is that this woman foresaw the present day need for gas masks and, what's more, designed one that is curiously like the millions being manufactured in England today. Ida considers her grandmother's prognostication and sketch priceless.

YOU'VE heard for years about Crawford's plans for a crack at the stage. In a weak moment Joan has, at last, signed herself away in writing to an irrevocable contract to appear on the boards. She is going to do a walk-on rôle in a one-act play that she wrote herself. Joan got herself into the situation because she perpetrated a rather shrewd bribe. Small Joan LeSueur had to have her tonsils removed and balked at the ordeal. So her famous aunt and benefactress wrote her a little note assuring Joan, Jr., that if she went through the ordeal Joan, herself, would write a little play and act in it with her in the now famous Crawford little theater. Joan, Jr., snapped her up at her written word. Aunt Joan had to write the play and now Joan, Jr.'s friends at her dramatic school are all angling for a rôle.

GEORGE RAFT is, without question, the most impeccably dressed "convict" on the screen. His penitentiary uniforms are always tailored in triplicate so he can skin into fresh outfits at regular intervals. . . . Canny Garbo swung a money-making proposition out of selling her famous old limousine to the studio transportation department for a prop. She got a better deal than if she had turned it in on a new car. . . . John Payne bet a newsboy that he could sell as many papers as the boy could. Now John's friends are getting free papers. The lost bet made John buy the boys' entire supply for two weeks. . . . The diamond bracelet that new husband, Walter Wanger, gave Joan Bennet has the town's eyes bugging. The bauble is a cluster of alternate golden and brown diamonds set, simply, against a cord of brown silk. . . . In Bill Powell's new design for living there still remains a pathetic remembrance of the past. Bill tucks Schnapps, Jean Harlow's dachshund, into an especially made dog bed each night.



Louella O. Parsons, America's ace feminine film columnist, was feted while in New York on her personal appearance tour. Here's Louella telling America's top-flight comic artists a thing or two about the movie colony. Left to right: Jimmy "They'll Do It Every Time" Hatlo, Cliff "Polly and her Pals" Sterrett, and pride of Ogunquit, Maine, Miss Parsons, and Otto "Little King" Soglow.

MARGARET SULLAVAN is as canny as she is stubborn. She will admit, on questioning, to being slightly more "firm" in her decisions than the average woman. Miss S. has tenacity that is beautiful to behold, and wise to stay away from. Maggie was determined to get her daughter a beautiful white pony for her birthday. The horse was up for sale at an auction and Maggie was outbid repeatedly. That didn't stump horse-fancier Sullavan. She found out which stables had bought the horse and started a little private dickering. The horse was sold again, not to Maggie, and sent to the northern part of the state. Maggie started her maneuvers all over again, and finally met with success, and now that white pony is tethered in the greenest pasture Miss Sullavan could find for him. He belongs to her little girl, Brooke Hayward.

THERE are many amusing stories of how and why our movie favorites happened to become actors. Many stars, of course, are in Hollywood today because of their determination since childhood to become great thespians, and to make a lot of money and be famous. It isn't the case with Bill Gargan. He went on the stage for the unique reason of proving that his brother, not himself, could be a success. The Gargan family thought the stage the height of nonsense as a career, but the youngest son lived only to perform behind the footlights. Bill recognized his fierce determination and gave up his job as a garage mechanic to help him succeed. He intended to prove his point and quit. His brother needed an accomplished dancing partner to get a job a notch higher than being a hoofer in the chorus. Bill stepped in where he should have feared to tread and answered the purpose. But, today, it is he who is the success, and it is his brother who has never fully realized his ambition.

MICKEY ROONEY doesn't care who knows it—he collects perfumes. The more exotic the scent the better—for his collection. . . . Another unusual quirk for a Hollywood headliner is the fact that Gene Autry's horse, when out on personal appearances, has his hoofs manicured daily—with lacquer. . . . Hedy Lamarr really started something by wearing that one diamond clip the size of a marble in the part of her hair. All the girls are doing it now but they're not limiting themselves to diamonds.

THERE is a young, sleek dance-hall Romeo somewhere in Los Angeles whose temperature is probably back to normal now, but who certainly will be a long time remembering his short-lived dance romance with a gal who certainly deserved all the compliments he strung her way. It was Thursday night at an amusement beach dancing casino and the hot swing band had the teen-aged enthusiast as taut as a piano string. He had been eyeing a tall girl whom he thought should be able to dance well. Finally he sauntered over and asked her to dance. She accepted after a few mumbled words to her companion. They got out on the floor and went to town in great style. "Say, you're not a bad dancer," the youth said. "I could teach you a few of my tricks and then I bet you and I could win the dance contest they have here in a couple of weeks. Let's have another dance together and talk it over." They danced. The youngster went right on praising the girl. Finally he announced that he knew they would be a cinch if they entered. "What's your name?" he asked. The girl answered, "Eleanor Powell." The boy stopped dead in his tracks, blushed to his ears, stammered a muffled, "I beg your pardon," and fled. Now Eleanor wants him to know that she thought he was a pretty good dancer himself.

WELL, the town can expect some more of those shenanigans that get to popping when Jimmy Stewart and his closest pal, Johnny Swope, the camera fiend, get together. Johnny is here snapping pictures again and he's putting up with Jimmy in his rambling home in Beverly Hills. Johnny's last visit garnered him some of the most unusual photographs ever to come out of Hollywood. These days you can't help but bump into Johnny in the most unlikely places. You're liable to find him under your table at a night club, or have him pop out at you from behind your newspaper in the morning. Jimmy is always on hand, too, getting the subject in the right pose for Johnny to snap. These two have probably had their faces slapped more times for trying to get "interesting" shots than any other duo of photographers extant, but it doesn't seem to dampen their spirits. The last time I saw Johnny Swope he was lying flat on his back on the stage of the Earl Carroll Theater trying to snap "interesting" pictures of the chorus rehearsal. Too bad, Jimmy couldn't be there that day, he had to work.

AT A recent preview some of the less fortunate girls were being very catty about Fay Wray because she arrived with Cary Grant. The new combination put everyone on the qui vive. There was a lot of tch-tching about those two pulling a hilarious gag to attract attention. Nothing was farther from the truth. Their predicament was laugh provoking, but quite necessarily so. Leaving the theater they were mobbed and couldn't get to the car of friends who brought them, so a young high school couple came to their aid and offered the vacant back seat of their jollop which was parked near-by. They were accepted gratefully. The kids picked them up at the curb and Cary and Fay jolted and jerked to an amazing take-off from that swank affair. The ancient machine rattled and wobbled along to the whooping hilarity of the preview crowd. Once out of the jam, Cary gave the kids his most genuine thanks and appreciation. "Don't thank us—you couldn't," they chorused. "This has been the red-letter day of our lives. You'll never know what a thrill this has been. We'll never forget it."



In 1905 the "younger generation" looked like this—at least according to the forthcoming film called "At Good Old Siwash," with William Holden and Bonita Granville.

BETTE DAVIS felt that there was something familiar in the voice from the bungalow next to hers at La Quinta when she was at the desert. Miss Davis didn't know whom it belonged to but a number of times during the day a woman's rich voice would boom out from next door and ask Bette to send the two dachshunds, who had squirmed into her patio, back to their home if they were annoying her. Bette couldn't see who she was talking to but she assured her that the visiting dachshunds were getting along famously with her own two Scotties. Each time the concerned voice hailed Bette she assured its owner that the whole Davis family loved dogs and everything was just fine. After three days, at a dinner party, Bette learned that the voice of the mysterious neighbor belonged to Katharine Cornell who was in the desert for a short vacation. Upon their meeting Miss Cornell confessed that she knew Bette lived next door to her but she admitted she was too shy to make herself known—not wishing to intrude on Miss Davis' privacy. Bette pooh-poohed all that sort of reticence and soon the two girls were comparing acting notes and ripping apart the rôle that Bette will soon do on the screen, and which Miss Cornell did so magnificently on the stage in "No Time for Comedy."

YOU can forget all those rumors about George Brent marrying Bette Davis, or for that matter, anyone else. He has made it plain that when his present contract with Warners has run its course, sometime next year, he will shake the dust of Hollywood from his feet—at least long enough for an extended vacation. Marriage is conspicuously absent from his plans. Not long ago he very quietly sold his hide-away house in the desert. And, more recently, he has rid himself of his large home in Coldwater Canyon and now he is living in a small bachelor apartment. When I say small, I mean only room enough for himself and his dog. He will never own a large home in Hollywood again, which automatically means he will never marry a Hollywood actress. George will start doing the travelling he's always hankered for by taking a South American trip after he finishes "We Shall Meet Again."



35 years later! Bonita and Bill, aided by the studio make-up wizards, grow old gracefully in this yarn portraying the life and times of typical American collegians.



Mickey Rooney plays young Tom Edison and Virginia Weidler his devoted sister Tannie, in M-G-M's faithful film interpretation of the great inventor as a boy. "Young Tom Edison" is the picture which will probably establish young Rooney as an authentic character actor rather than a brash kid. It will be followed by "Edison the Man," with Spencer Tracy as the logical choice for the adult rôle.

TRAVELLING about the country somewhere there is a big surprise trying to catch up with a young man by the name of Richard Whorf. This young fellow is at present touring with the Lynne Fontanne and Alfred Lunt stage company. The surprise that soon will reach him is a "note" from Tyrone Power. Ty would like to be present when his friend gets it. A short time ago Whorf visited Tyrone on his set and they posed for a picture together. Although the picture was shot on a negative four by five inches, Whorf asked Tyrone if he would have it enlarged so that he could hang the evidence of their meeting in his den at home. Ty said he would. After Whorf left, Tyrone had the picture enlarged to five by seven feet, glued to a heavy piece of wall board, packed in a heavy wooden crate and shipped to his friend. The box will eventually catch him at some theater where his company stops to play.

VERA ZORINA'S and her husband George Balanchine's lives aren't just one long beautiful dance sequence. Not by a long shot. They both, grudgingly, have to take time out to squeeze the necessity of everyday living into their schedules. Although, just between you and me, I've heard confidentially that life with the Balanchines is, under any condition, a beautifully esthetic experience. Their art isn't turned only at a moment's notice. They live with it all the time. I've been told that a dancer's whims are startling yet beautiful to behold. Zorina is very apt to spring from the deep comfort of her chaise longue, execute a neat but tricky *pas de seul* routine, leap the dining room table, freeze into a chin-on-shoulder stance only to announce it is time for her shower. The Balanchines live in Mary Pickford's home in the Outlook district, and their absorbing annoyance at the moment is teaching Hollywood about art and the dance.

IT HAS always been true that Los Angeles, including Hollywood of course, has been the coldest in-the-flesh show town on earth. We're supposed to be so surfeited with a vast collection of famous personalities in our every-day lives that it's unthinkable for us to pay money to see someone perform on the stage. However, this is not the case with Jeanette MacDonald's approaching concert appearance. Her mid-April concert was completely sold out by inquiries at the theater by the first of February. That April appearance in Los Angeles will be as memorable to Jeanette, in a way, as a concert she sang in the East which was attended by a sixteen year old girl who had never walked alone in her life. This admirer of Jeanette's strove and struggled through a series of operations that were to make her walk. And then she, herself, chose to use her medically given gift for the first time to go and hear Jeanette sing.

THE technicolor experts and set designers at RKO had the most complicated task of their careers—all because of one little fancy dress. It really could be called the most costly gown in the history of motion pictures because before all the studio color experts got together and agreed on all points the cost of presenting Anna Neagle's Alice-blue gown in "Irene" had run up an amazing expense for RKO. That hand-me-down gown that Irene wore has become so vividly pictured in the public mind that its presentation had to be a triumph. You'll see the sequence on the screen in color. You'll see Hollywood's foremost color expert's version of Alice-blue, and the most unusual color photography ever seen. The blue gown will dominate the scene. The only other stand-out color in the entire setting, so expensive to make, will be the flame of Anna Neagle's red hair. Every other trace of color has been scientifically subdued.

Spring Lines

A slim waist, rounded hips, a sculptured bosom, are figure ideals

By
Courtenay Marvin

BEGIN this story with a regret—a regret that it cannot be long enough to outline a figure perfection routine for all types. For figure types vary as does the human skin or coloring. There are, however, certain basic rules that apply to all. And in pursuit of figure perfection, I list in what I consider the order of importance:

1. Diet
2. Exercise
3. Posture
4. Correct foundation garment

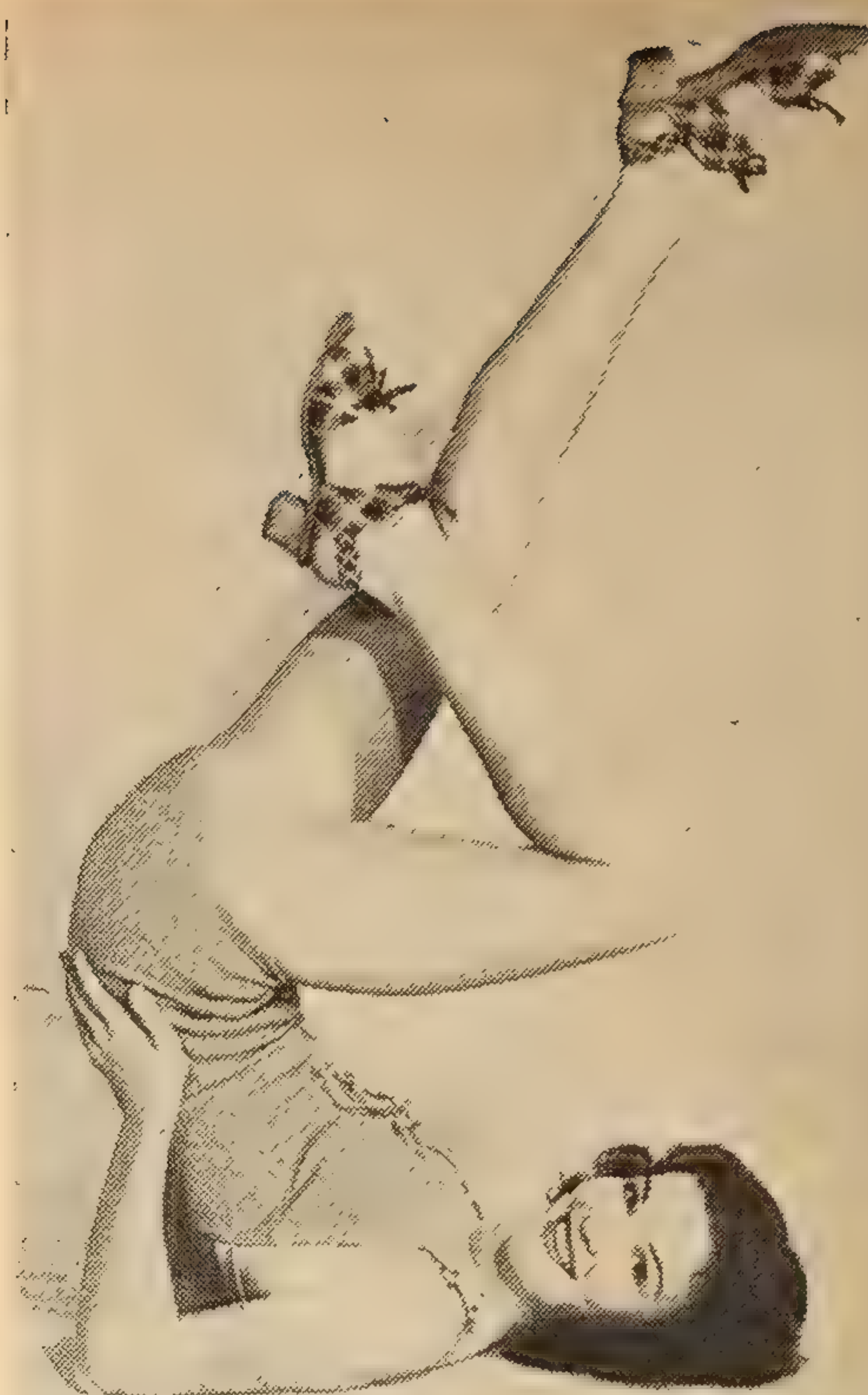
For weeks now, I have been seeing dozens of new girdles, foundations and brassieres. They are all designed to smooth out your figure, to give you a slim but not tiny waist, and many carry that waistline high and unbroken over the diaphragm. They gently round your hips. The brassieres are designed to give you a high, firm, rounded bosom. These are normal lines and beautiful ones, and it seems that with a little help from you regarding your person, they are not impossible of attainment, and so, I hope, here are some simple ideas to start you on the right track toward a Springtime, 1940, figure.

Fortunately, American women are out of the habit of drastic reducing. The toll in health, nerves and appearance proved too great. Hollywood found this to be true, too, and only last October, I wrote in this magazine a story of what strenuous reducing did to Ida Lupino. She went down, all right, in every respect, and the long, hard climb was regaining some of what she had lost. That included weight, health, nerves and her own self-confidence. That Ida has succeeded, you will soon realize when you see her in "The Light That Failed." Controlled eating habits are what we should strive for. This means a balanced, normal diet, and often it must include things we may not care for, like spinach and apples and lettuce, and it must eliminate, to some extent at least, cream pies and rich sauces and plenty of gravy. Vitamins are a

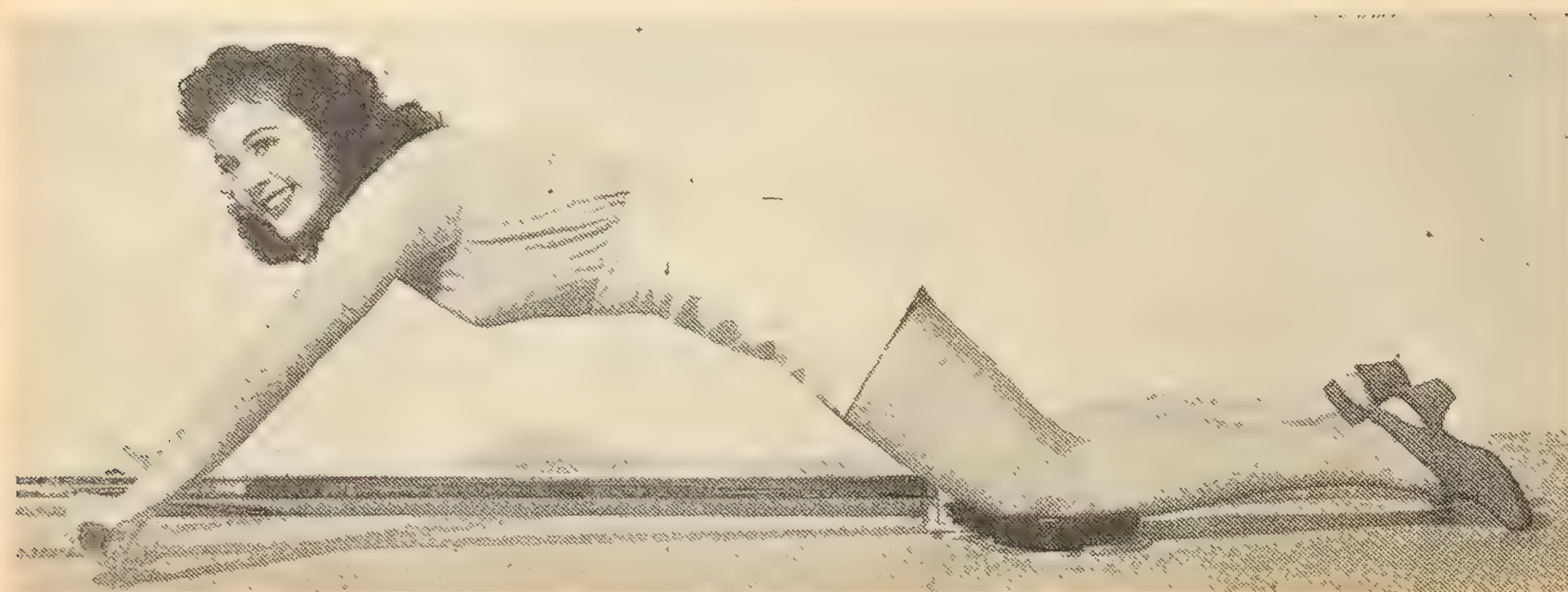
popular subject today, and there are few who do not have a pretty good conception of what food they need and what they don't. There are helpful vitamin supplements for those low in energy and general well-being, though these are not to be regarded as substitutes for food, but *supplements*—to enable you to get more value from that food. So, regardless of your present weight, I still urge sufficient food.

For the over-weight, starches and fats in excess can well be eliminated. Yet, it is (*Please turn to page 93*)

Peggy Moran believes in stretching, and her beautiful figure shows it. Right, she links fingers, pulls slowly back with muscles of arms and shoulders. Excellent for your whole upper torso. Below, Peggy demonstrates a new "tiger stretch" machine. She kneels on the pads, grasps the handles, plunges forward and lets her hips pull her back. Real waist-liner!



These bright girls combine beauty and fun. Above, Nanette Fabares does the bicycle movement for firming tummy, thighs and calves. Circle legs as if cycling. Left, Anne Gwynne takes big side bends for a slim waistline. Do slowly; make every muscle involved pull.



Screenland's Glamour Guides

By
Marina

Leap Year lures in favor of fashion! A sleek, young figure, hats to flatter and a bag and gloves for finish. See Store Directory, Page 87



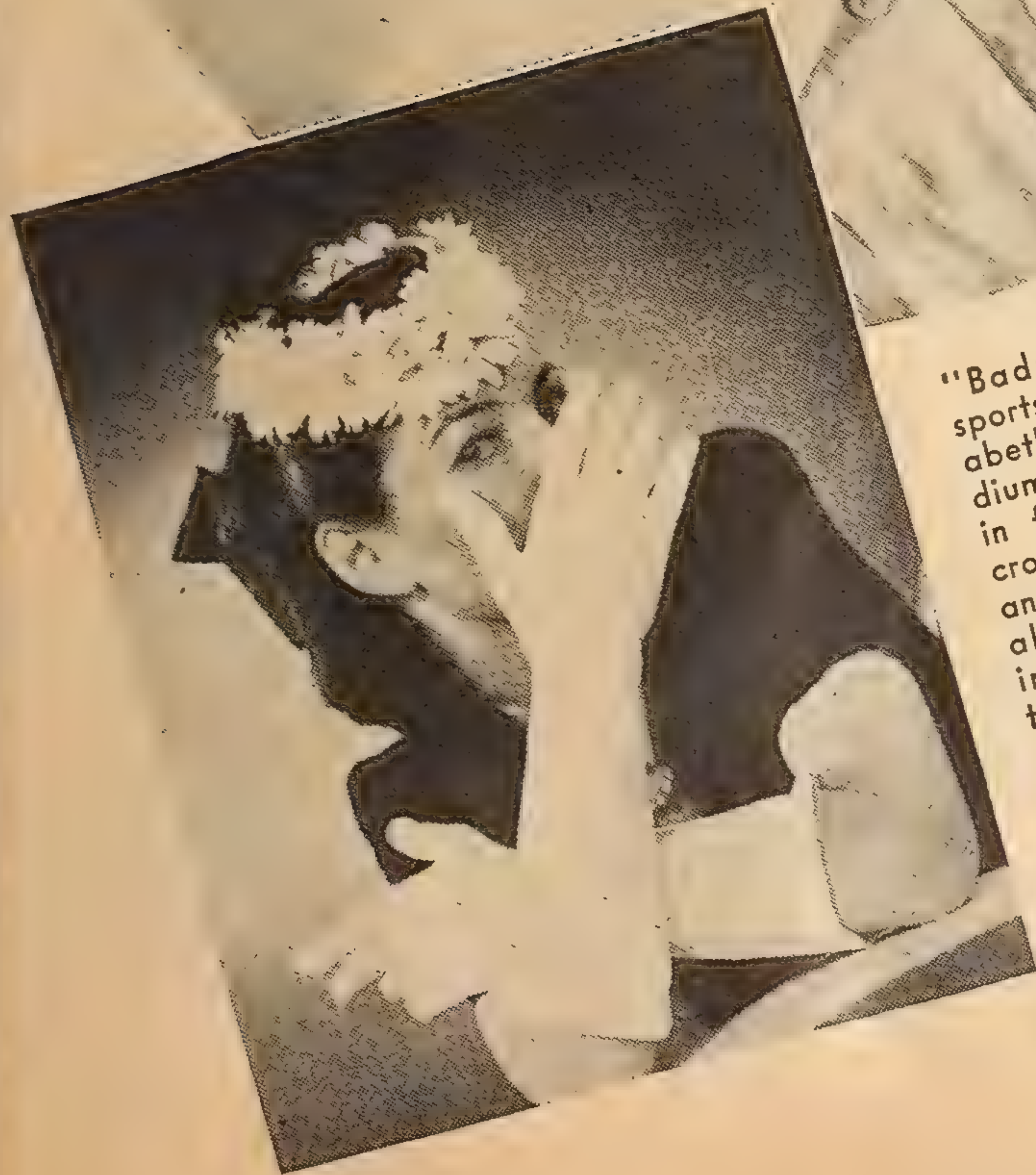
Lovable Brassiere of silk satin and imported lace. Stitched whirlpools cup and lift the bosom; wide separation delineates the figure, and satin Lastex is inserted to permit easy breathing. Shoulder straps have elastic bottom tabs. Tea rose, at \$.59.



"Badminton," felt spectator sports casual, designed by Elizabeth Hawes for Brewster. Medium-sized brim, down-swooped in front; rounded, side-crushed crown; grosgrain ribbon band and five sprightly feathers. An all-around good companion, in more than twenty pastel shades and about \$5.00.

Fresh, white Kaycrepe gloves by Kayser, designed by Natascha, with long, slenderizing tucks up back in zig-zag stitching. Kaycrepe is a brand new rayon fabric, with a rich, dull finish. Gloves, \$1.50. A provocative conceit of a hat is this wreath of daisies by Herman Plaut, and a crisp greeting to Spring. Perky black taffeta bow is poised on back elastic. This "gayer moment" hat is about \$3.95.

If it's red, it's smart this Spring, and this bag is red, though it also comes in black. It's a Leading Lady creation, and tops for \$1. Patent leather grain, polished metal frame and fine lining are details. A shape that's convenient to hug or swing by the handle. Here is your red accent for the red, white and blue vogue of Spring, 1940.





Governor Herbert H. Lehman of New York, Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien are pictured on the dais at the Waldorf-Astoria at the dinner for the cast of "The Fighting 69th," of which Jim and Pat are the stars. The dinner was tendered by the officers of the 165th Infantry, the old 69th of the New York National Guard.

some instances Libra, September 23 to October 22; and Scorpio, October 23 to November 22. Robert Taylor and Andrea Leeds are Leo; Deanna Durbin and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., are Sagittarius; Janet Gaynor and Linda Darnell are Libra; Hedy Lamarr and Dick Powell are Scorpio.

Those of you whose birthdates do not come in the Sign of Aries have varying fortunes for the coming months. To find out exactly what to expect from the stars during this month (March 1940), examine the section below dealing with your birthdate and find out what the planets predict for you.

Aries—March 21 to April 20

To what we have already said about Aries, we may add that caution should be used in finances. Watch your pocketbook, for you are apt to be extravagant this month and spend money carelessly. Also avoid breaking off a romance that may exist at present in favor of a new one. Those planning marriage at this time should carefully consider every angle, for finances might cause distress on the part of the loved one. The health should be protected on the 2nd, 7th, 15th and 22nd. The other days this month favor seeking employment, asking for a raise in salary, and work connected with offices, restaurants, women's wear, beauty parlors and creative activities.

Taurus—April 21 to May 20

Finances may cause concern at this time, but the Planet Jupiter promises relief around the 15th of the month. Be active in regard to business affairs. This month especially favors acting, singing, music, and dancing. The first two weeks of this month favor new work, or a change of vocation. You may have one or more opportunities to improve your business standing. It is wise to consider going to another city or state to live, for Uranus tends to transplant you to another environment at this time. Venus brings one or more romances; you may be called upon to make a decision, and an opportunity to become engaged should exist during the last two weeks of this month. A good month for home activities, entertaining friends, attending social functions, the theater, musical affairs, and out-

Norvell Points Out Your Future Destiny

Continued from page 59

the Sign of Aries. To date, Howard hasn't come into the complete fulfillment of his brilliant sign, but his chart shows that in 1940 he will make an outstanding picture that will establish him in the ranks of the screen's greatest stars.

Another Aries star is Wendy Barrie, who has not been given the real big chance of her career as yet. When Miss Barrie once has a rôle worthy of her great dramatic talents, she will soar to great heights of popularity. That chance is shown in her chart as coming in 1940.

Those born in Aries can readily see by examining these stars' lives that big things lie ahead of Aries persons. If this is your sign, do not be satisfied with the trivial things of life. Do not sit back and be content to remain in a mediocre position in life. What others have attained in life you, too, can attain. Set a high goal for yourself, and the amazing mental powers given you by your stars will help elevate you to an enviable position in the future!

There are many other screen stars who were born in this sign, but I will give brief predictions for only a few more of them. Sonja Henie was born on April 8. Although her name has been linked romantically with several young leading men, her chart shows Miss Henie will consider marriage toward the latter part of 1940 or during the first two months of 1941. That marriage can be happy if she chooses the right sign. Wallace Beery, born April 1, has better conditions in business, but must watch his health in 1940. Melvyn Douglas has happiness in marriage shown in his chart, and his career will continue successfully. Binnie Barnes, born March 25, will have a successful second marriage within one year's time, and may go back to England to make pictures at the end of the war. Walter Connolly, born April 8, will have good conditions in 1940, with one important rôle in a

picture that may win acclaim for him before the end of the year.

It might be interesting for those born in the fire Sign of Aries to examine the signs that are most compatible in love, friendship and marriage. Many times an unhappy union can be avoided by knowing the signs that are or are not compatible.

The best signs for romance and marriage are: Leo, July 23 to August 22; Sagittarius, November 23 to December 21st; and in



The stars who attended the dinner were besieged for autographs by members of the regiment. Here's Edward G. Robinson autographing programs and what looks like a napkin. Will Hays, next to Robinson, is also signing the boys' programs.

At Atlanta's World Premiere

An Ardent Horsewoman, Nancy often rides along the road which winds through long-leaf pines, magnolias and Spanish bayonets on the picturesque Southern estate.

Miss Nancy Calhoun, charming debutante daughter of Mrs. Andrew Calhoun, smiles from the porch of Tara Hall, which was restored for the plantation scene at Atlanta's "Gone With the Wind" Ball.

In Hall of the spacious Calhoun mansion, "Tryggvesson," on lovely old Pace's Ferry Road, Nancy and friends prepare to leave for the premiere.

She was a Belle of the Ball

We interviewed Miss Calhoun . . .

QUESTION: So many Georgia girls have "peaches-and-cream" complexions, Miss Calhoun. How do they do it? It's easy to see you have the answer!

ANSWER: "Well, really, I'd say Pond's 2 Creams are the answer—at least for me! Morning and evening I cleanse my skin carefully with Pond's Cold Cream to make sure every trace of make-up is removed. And before putting on fresh powder, I always spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream."

QUESTION: Do these two Creams do anything else for your skin?

ANSWER: "Yes, much more. You see, besides cleansing, regular use of the Cold Cream softens my skin and brings a warm glow, and the Vanishing Cream helps protect it against weather—smooths little roughnesses right away, too!"

We talked with Susan Medlock . . .

QUESTION: Isn't it a tough beauty assignment to hurry straight from a newspaper office looking fresh enough to "cover" a society party?

ANSWER: "No, because I always keep jars of the 2 Pond's Creams right in my desk—ready to freshen up my complexion in a jiffy. Pond's Cold Cream is just perfect for a thorough, easy cleansing. It leaves my skin feeling so sweet and clean—and soft! Then, before make-up, I use Pond's Vanishing Cream."

QUESTION: Do you mean you get a quicker and better effect with your make-up when you use both Pond's Creams?

ANSWER: "My, yes, and I'll tell you why: Pond's Cold Cream cleanses and softens my skin. Pond's Vanishing Cream is a different kind of cream—it's a non-greasy powder base that takes make-up smoothly—keeps it mighty nice for hours."

—She wrote it up

—**BOTH** ARE
SOUTHERN BEAUTIES
—AND **BOTH** HELP KEEP
THEIR SKIN LOVELY
WITH **POND'S**

Susan Jones Medlock, bright young reporter, originated the *Atlanta Journal* column called "Peachtree Parade" in which she records Society's doings.

Before the Premiere—Atlanta was alive with parties—Susan Medlock interviews guests on "new" 1860 gowns at buffet supper, while Mammy's serving old Georgia punch—"sillibub."

In a Box at the Ball, our reporter gets highlights for her column—rushes back to her office to meet the deadline with comments on the festivities.



SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

POND'S, Dept. 7S-CVD, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

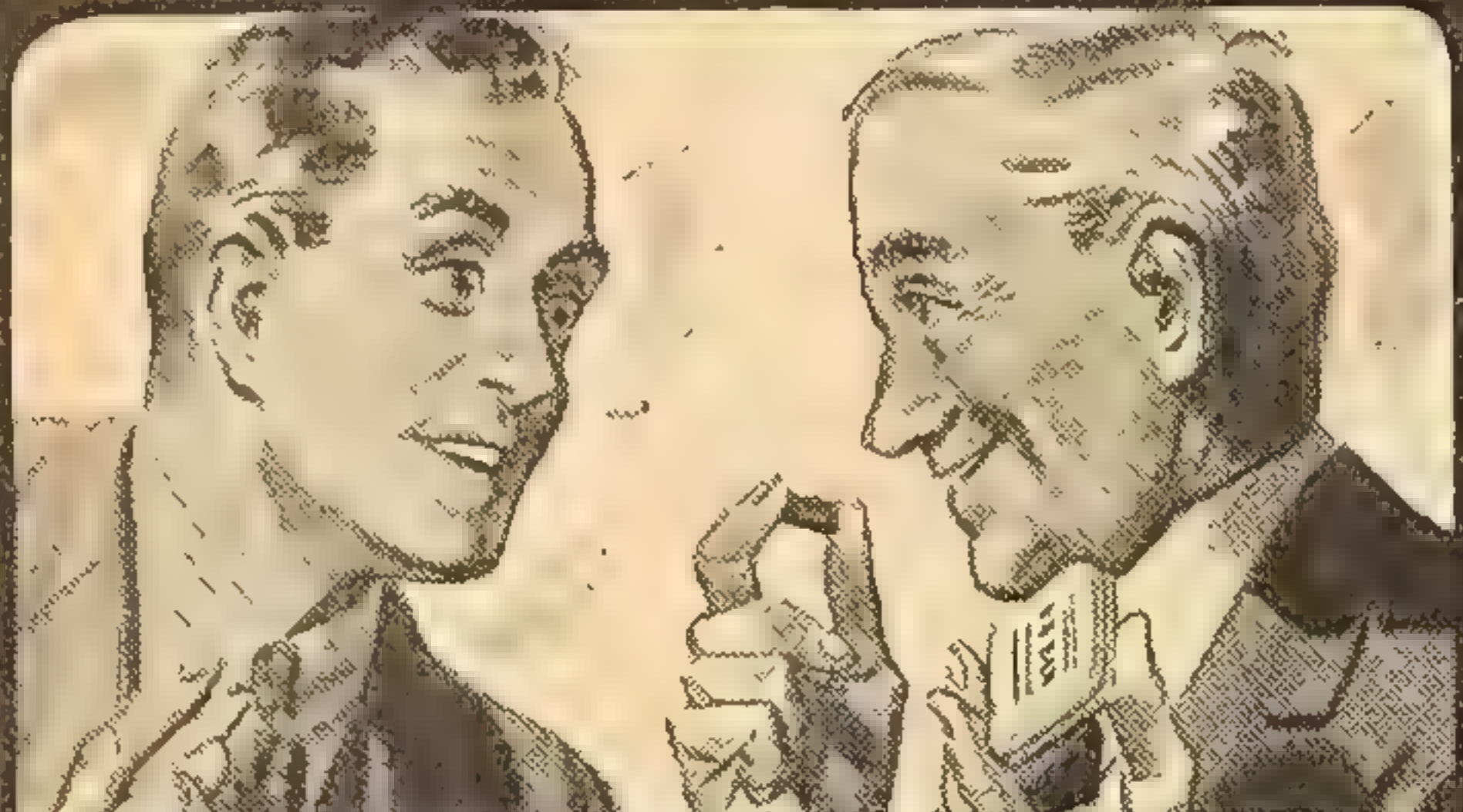
Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1940, Pond's Extract Company

EX-LAX MOVIES

Big Boy Takes a Tip!



BOB: Say, fellow... are you taking Ex-Lax? Thought that was for women and kids.

JIM: Wrong, Brother! I've been taking Ex-Lax for years. It fixes me up fine!



BOB: Oh yeah! Well, I'm a pretty husky fellow... I need a laxative with a wallop.

JIM: Don't kid yourself, Big Boy! Ex-Lax may taste like chocolate... but it's plenty effective!



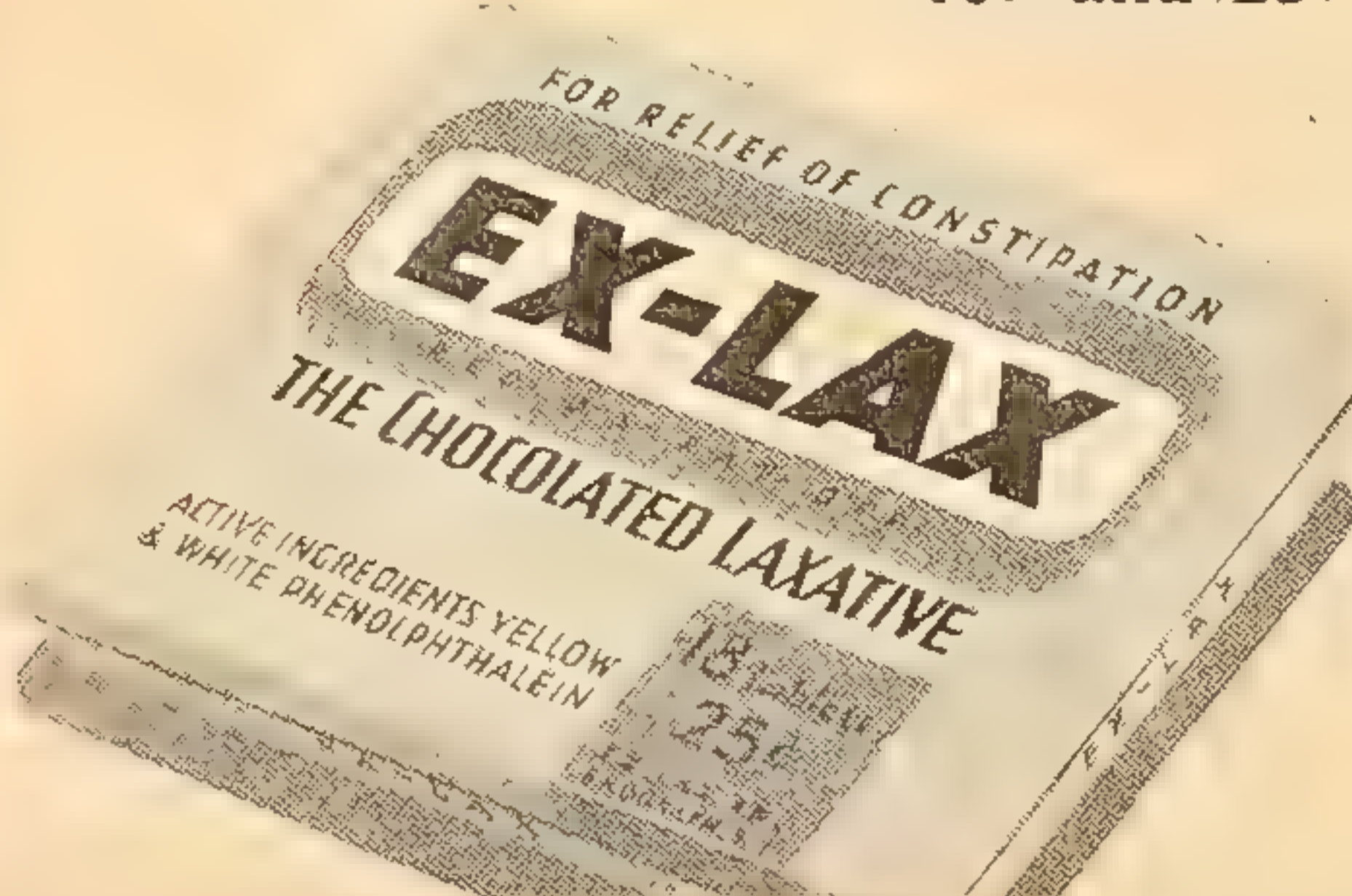
LATER

BOB: Thanks for the tip, pal! I tried Ex-Lax and it's great stuff!

JIM: Right you are! It's the only laxative we ever use in our family.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



door games. The end of the month will bring harmony in marriage and romance. Favorable days are: 1st, 3rd, 6th, 7th, 10th, 12th, 14th, 18th, 21st, 22nd, 26th and 28th. The other days are neutral and favor routine matters.

Gemini—May 21 to June 20

Varying vibrations dominate this month. Business is favored on the 11th, 12th and 30th, but the health must be watched during the balance of the month. Money may come from two unexpected sources. Avoid selling or buying real estate. The home may have dissension in it at this time. Quarrels should be avoided, and the temper should be controlled. The month favors sales work, teaching, nursing, clerical and secretarial work. Also good for meeting the public, handling money, and for restaurants, tea rooms and ladies' wear shops. Romance is favored during the second and third weeks of this month. Be careful to avoid being jealous, and do not let your heart rule your head, for you are apt to make a mistake you will later regret. Social affairs are under favorable aspects of Venus. Jupiter attends the home and brings more peaceful vibrations the last week of the month. A good time for engagements, courtships, marriages, but not favorable for separations or divorces. Children come under excellent vibrations at this time. The favorable days this month are 1st, 3rd, 5th, 6th, 13th, 16th, 18th, 22nd, 24th and 27th.

Cancer—June 21 to July 22

This month begins under somewhat adverse vibrations, but they can be overcome by a positive mental attitude. Attend to normal business affairs, but do not begin new ventures or make radical changes. Play safe rather than take chances at this time. Do not burden yourself financially and avoid debts. The month favors romance, and a new heart interest is likely under these vibrations. Meet members of the opposite sex and attend social functions. One or more prominent persons might seek you out. A good month to change your place of residence or move to another city or state. Relatives may cause some concern. Quarrels should be avoided in the home. Those married may feel a strain, and irritability might cause you to say or do something you regret. Be calm and poised; watch the health and diet; avoid vehicles on the 4th, 9th and 25th. The favorable days are: 1st, 2nd, 6th, 8th, 11th, 13th, 16th, 18th, 19th, 22nd, 24th, 26th, 29th and 30th.

Leo—July 23 to August 22

The first two weeks of this month favor general business affairs and finances. You

may get back some money owed you. A friend may help you attain a better position. Public work is favored at this time. The entertainment world attracts you and it is possible that you will have dealings with radio stations, motion pictures, or the theater. If you are interested in a musical or acting career, this month is favored, for your sign rules entertainment. Activities connected with travel should be avoided; for you profit from your present environment. In the third week of this month the health of a relative may cause mental distress, but it will prove to be less serious than you first thought. Your romantic life should be watched closely at this time, for temptations might exist to give up someone you love dearly. Do not act in haste but wait until better planetary conditions attend you before making a change. Health is generally favored for your sign this month. The favorable days are: 2nd, 5th, 7th, 10th, 11th, 13th, 15th, 18th, 20th, 23rd, 24th, 26th, 28th and 29th.

Virgo—August 23 to September 22

Favorable conditions should exist in your business affairs. A good month for you to seek employment, ask favors of superiors, or a raise in salary. It favors work connected with offices, investments, real estate, doctors' offices and hospitals, schools or public institutions. It also is favorable for branching out into an independent business venture such as a dress or millinery shop, beauty parlor, etc. Avoid arguments with the one you love this month, curb your tongue and temper and be a little more patient than you normally are. It is unwise to break off a romantic attachment at this time, for Venus and Mars are apt to cause confusion and bring unhappiness in love. If you are married, the home comes under some disturbances, and arguments should be avoided. Do not be jealous of the loved one, for your suspicions are, no doubt, groundless. A good month for redecorating and refurnishing the home, for moving to another location, or changing internal affairs in the home. The diet should be carefully watched as nervousness might cause mild forms of dyspepsia or other stomach trouble. Favorable days are: 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 11th, 14th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 22nd, 23rd, 25th, 27th, 29th.

Libra—September 23 to October 22

Favorable vibrations from Venus dominate the first half of this month. You will be inclined to overdo socially. Avoid nervous strain and get sufficient rest. New and interesting personalities may come into your life, especially friends connected with the theater or literary world. The vibrations favor creative and musical interests, enter-

Mickey Rooney liked Ida Lupino's style of "sales talk" so he bought out all her cigarettes at a recent charity affair even though Mickey doesn't smoke.



Len Weissman

“Have you ever wished for a BRAND NEW SKIN?

Well, you're going to get one!” says Lady Esther



Just beneath your present skin lies a Lovelier You! Help reveal your new beauty to the world with my 4-Purpose Face Cream!

EVERY SECOND that you live and breathe, a new skin—a new-born skin—is coming to life upon your face, your arms, your whole body!

Will it be more glamorous, asks Lady Esther? Will it flatter you—be soft and lovely—make you look more youthful? Yes, says Lady Esther, that new-born skin can bring you a new-born beauty—if—

If only you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you to free your skin from those tiny, invisible flakes of worn-out skin that must be removed gently before your new-born skin will be revealed in all its glory!

For these almost invisible flakes of old, worn-out skin can be the thieves that steal your beauty. They leave little bumps you can feel with your fingertips—keep your powder from going on smoothly—they can make your complexion look drab and dull!

Let my 4-Purpose Cream *lift that veil!* Gently and soothingly it wafts away each tiny flake—cleanses the very apertures of your pores—loosens embedded impurities—leaves your complexion softer—lovelier—more glamorous!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

All the better if he's a specialist on the skin. If you have a vitamin deficiency—follow his advice. He will be a strange physician indeed if he tells you to try and *push* anything like vitamins or hormones into your skin with your face cream!

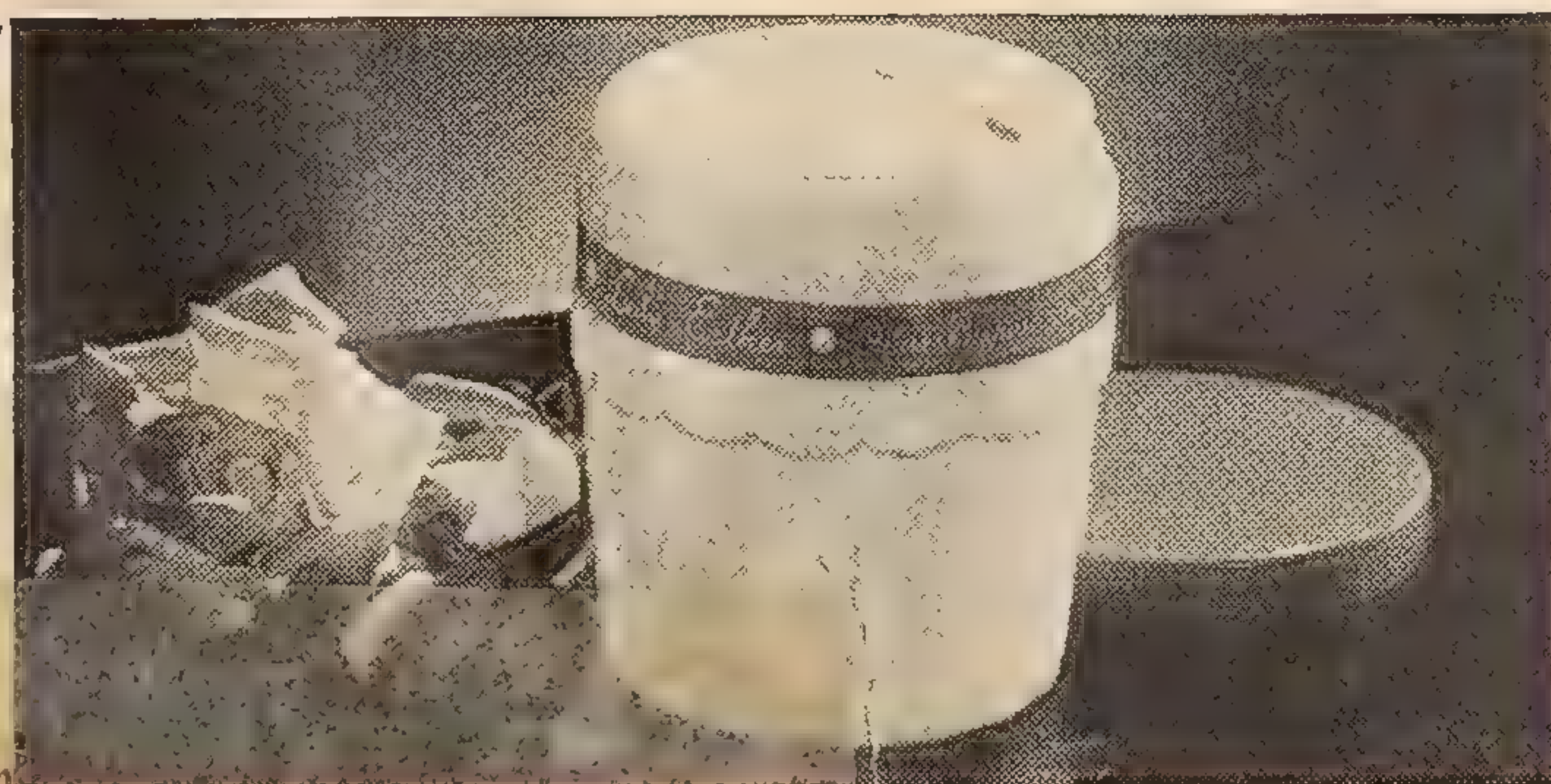
Ask him if *every word* Lady Esther says isn't absolutely true—that her cream clears away the dirt, impurities, worn-out skin, and accumulated grime concealing your new, young skin about to be born!

Then, try my face cream *at my expense*. Use it faithfully for thirty days. See what a *perfect* base it makes for your powder. See how it *does* help reveal your glamorous new skin—how it *does* help keep your *Accent on Youth!*

Please Accept Lady Esther's 10-Day Sample **FREE!**

The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is *constantly* wearing out—drying up—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!



(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (54)
LADY ESTHER, 7162 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

How to have EYES MEN ADORE



There I was—spending another Saturday night reading a magazine! I saw the words "Eyes Like Stars—try WINX."



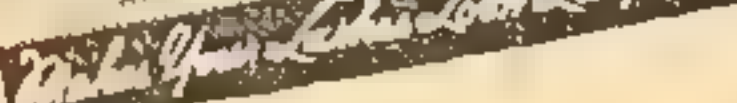
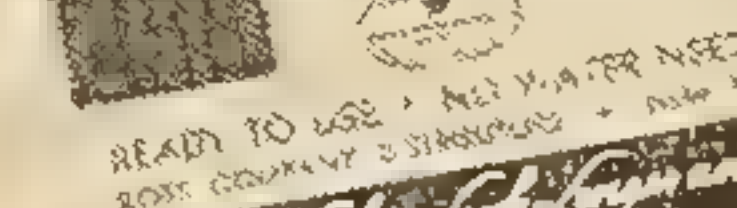
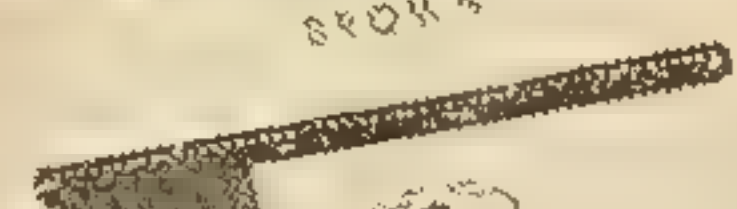
I bought some WINX Mascara and found it gorgeously easy to put on. My lashes looked *naturally* longer and darker!...



"Why didn't I notice those big, beautiful eyes before!" said Bob the next time we met. "How about a date for dancing?"



FOR LOVELY EYES



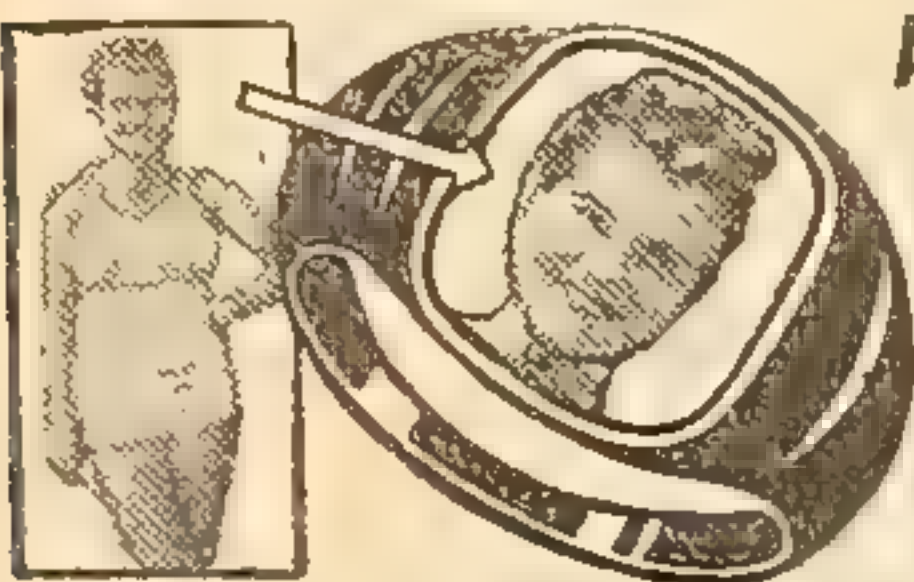
GET the new WINX Mascara, also Eyebrow Pencil, Eye Shadow, and Lipstick in harmonizing colors! Good Housekeeping Approved! In the new Pink packages—at 10¢ stores today!

Change to Winx
THE FINER QUALITY MASCARA

WANTED

ORIGINAL SONG POEMS any subject. YOU CAN write the words for a song. Don't delay—send us your poem for immediate consideration.

RICHARD BROS., 28 Woods Building, Chicago, Ill.



Amazing! Thrilling! Romantic!

PHOTO RING
ANY PHOTO OR PICTURE

reproduced permanently in this beautiful onyx-like ring. Will last a lifetime!

48c

(Expertly painted 10c extra)

The only Ring featuring the New Magnified Setting! (Photos returned.) Indestructible! Waterproof! SEND NO MONEY! Enclose strip of paper for ring size. Pay postman plus a few cents postage. If you send 48c we pay postage. Canadians: Send Money Order!

PHOTO MOVETTE RING CO., Dept. S-6, 606 Vine St., Cincinnati, O.

taining others in your home, or attending social functions, places of entertainment, etc. Work requiring detailed attention may need special efforts. Office routine, teaching, writing letters, legal matters and signing papers may engage your attention. Contact the public and use your personality, for opportunities may exist in the business world that may help you. Romantic problems may engage your attention, and your interest may be sharply divided between two persons in love with you. The month favors engagements, courtships, marriages. Do not act hastily in deciding against the marriage partner, if you are married, for you may be impatient and upset. Await calmer vibrations. Children and the home come under good vibrations for normal activities. Favorable days this month are: 3rd, 5th, 7th, 8th, 11th, 13th, 15th, 16th, 19th, 21st, 23rd, 24th, 27th, 29th.

Scorpio—October 23 to November 22

Jupiter favors you in the business world this month. New ideas you may have for promoting your welfare should prove most effective. Be aggressive and daring, see executives and officials, and do everything possible to call attention to yourself. The month favors work dealing with selling, nursing, medicine, drugs, secretarial details, radio, aviation, and the general banking and investment fields. The old environment may fall on you and a desire may exist to change your place of business. This is favored now. Be a little cautious in romance. You may change your mind about someone you thought you loved, or you may be jealous and suspicious under the rays existing this month. The Sun endows you with magnetism and you should be able to attract your true love at this time. Not such a good time for engagements and marriages, so await better conditions. Those married and unhappy should seek to solve their problems amicably. If everything fails and divorce is chosen, this month is good for beginning such action. Children and elderly persons come under fairly good vibrations at this time. Favorable days are: 1st, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 9th, 10th, 13th, 15th, 18th, 19th, 21st, 22nd, 25th, 27th and 30th.

Sagittarius—November 23 to December 21

As usual, business interests may dominate your life at present. Jupiter, your ruling planet, causes you to have finances on your mind, and you may be wondering if money will come to solve your financial problems, or if you will progress and advance in your work. This month favors positions that are executive in nature, and your mind is fitted for work where you can oversee and boss others. The dominating qualities you possess are apt to come in handy at this time, for unusual responsibilities may repose on your shoulders. The banking, investment, and insurance fields are favored. Teaching, nursing, and the artistic professions thrive under the rays from Jupiter and Venus. Romantic problems may be somewhat unsettled, for you may not have much time to think of love. Do not neglect someone who loves you, however, for you might regret it. Not a good month to become engaged or to marry. Better wait until more settled vibrations rule you. The home is under strong and positive rays, and problems can be overcome, if they exist. Favorable days this month are: 1st, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 8th, 10th, 11th, 13th, 15th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 23rd, 26th, 28th and 30th.

Capricorn—December 22 to January 19

Avoid worrying about your present state of finances. You have come out from behind a rather dark cloud and your business affairs may be somewhat slow in picking

up. Keep lugging steadily along, develop your creative talents, and prepare yourself for good things ahead. Money owed you should be collected at this time; avoid burdening yourself financially, and get out from under the load you have carried. Family worries should be overcome at this time, for Jupiter turns a kinder face in your direction. The month favors real estate deals, investments in stocks, and government bonds, and dealings with those in public office. Also a good month for buying and selling, for mechanical work, radio and aviation. Watch the health on the 1st, 3rd, 6th, 21st and 28th. The vibrations from Saturn may cause concern about some member of the family, but nothing serious is shown to result. Romance is under agreeable conditions. Those married should make no decisions about such matters as separation or divorce. Favorable days are: 3rd, 5th, 8th, 9th, 11th, 12th, 14th, 16th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 26th, 27th and 30th. The other days are neutral.

Aquarius—January 20 to February 18

Financial matters may occupy your attention this month. You may have spent too much for your own good, or debts may burden you. Budget your income, and live within your means. The month favors meeting the public, inventions, artistic and creative work, the theater, radio, motion pictures and literary work. If you are engaged in creative work, new and inspirational ideas which can be commercialized may come to you. The month favors romantic matters, and gives promise of more happiness in love. An old sweetheart may return to the scene, and some jealousy may be rampant this month. Avoid quarrels, and make no quick decisions about marriage. Attend dances, the theater, musical events, participate in outdoor activities, and entertain friend in the home. Some message that will give you great happiness may arrive by letter or telephone. Health problems might occupy the attention of a member of the family, but your health should be better. Favorable days are: 1st, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 8th, 10th, 11th, 14th, 15th, 18th, 19th, 22nd, 23rd, 25th, 27th and 29th.

Pisces—February 19 to March 20

The vibrations dominating this month are most favorable for personal and business affairs. You can begin to breathe more freely over money matters. Employment is especially favored and if out of work make applications to large corporations, or deal with employment agencies. It is wise, if you are working, avoid making a change, for changes are not favored at this time. Money may come through an outside source. Save and conserve rather than spend. Love affairs come under better aspects of Venus. You are going to have one or two chances to make changes, but should think it all over very carefully first, and be sure that you are not happy in the present romance. The first two weeks of this month are favorable for making a decision about an engagement or marriage. Those already married have more peaceful vibrations this month. Remember that many times those born in this sign have two marriages, so use caution in the solution of marital problems. The home and children are favored at this time. Favorable days are: 3rd, 5th, 8th, 10th, 13th, 14th, 18th, 19th, 21st, 22nd, 24th, 27th and 30th.

A Special Reading for Your Birth Sign

If you wish to find out more about what the heavenly bodies have to say about you and your destiny, be sure to consult your individual horoscope for 1940, as there are interesting and enlightening revelations from the Stars of each sign of the Zodiac.

She was a Jewel of a Wife...*with just one flaw*



She was guilty of the "ONE NEGLECT"

that mars many marriages . . . "LYSOL" helps avoid this

EVERYONE admitted that Mary was beautiful, charming . . . a perfect housekeeper, cook, and mother. Why should her marriage have turned out badly?

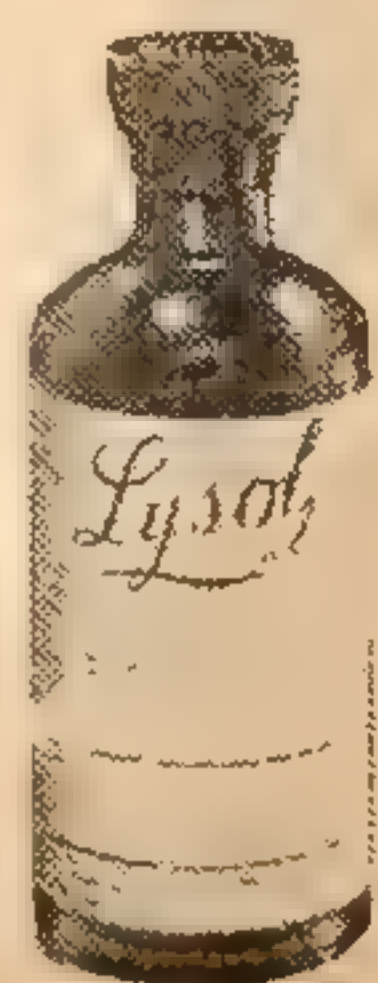
She had failed in just one thing. One neglect had robbed her of the daintiness her husband loved. Do YOU use "Lysol" for intimate cleanliness?

Even the most tolerant husband finds it difficult to forget or forgive a wife's carelessness about feminine hygiene. More women should follow the "Lysol" method. "Lysol" is used by thousands of doctors, nurses, clinics, hospitals. Probably no other preparation has been so widely used by generations of women for feminine hygiene. "Lysol" is preferred because . . .

6 Special Features of "LYSOL"

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2. **Effectiveness** . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic matter (dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).
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cause of low surface tension; virtually *search out germs*. 4. **Economy** . . . Small bottle of "Lysol" makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. 5. **Odor** . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use. 6. **Stability** . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it might be left uncorked.



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"Safari"

Continued from page 31



*If cleaning house
gets wearisome
try Flavor-Town's
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Tired? Jittery? Take the time to refresh and rest yourself with Beech-Nut Gum. Six delicious kinds. Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum and 3 flavors of candy-coated BEECHIES: Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin. Below is the "flavor" town of Canajoharie, N. Y., famous for Beech-Nut quality and flavor.



Beech-Nut Gum



sense of excitement when the two men came over to the table.

"Ah, guid evenin', Baron," the older man said. Jock McPhail may have become an African trader but the heather still blurred his Scottish tongue. "This is Jim Logan, who'll take you on safari."

"Jock's mistaken, Baron," Jim interrupted quickly. "I've told him I'm not going. You'll have to get another boy."

"I've always made such decisions for myself," the Baron said testily.

"There's a first time for everything," Jim answered quietly.

Linda had never seen anyone stand up to the important Baron de Courland before.

"Sit down, Mr. Logan, at least join us for a drink." She smiled. "You know, you're rather a surprise to me. I expected a bearded giant covered with guns and pelts and things. Instead you show up in white tie and—"

Jim grinned. "White tie, white ants, and mildew. We were celebrating Jock's birthday."

"And it's a bitter hard mon you are, Jim Logan, to ruin that birthday," the trader put in quickly. "Upsetting my plans, like this."

"There are better things to do elsewhere," Jim said, and Linda found herself responding to the clean-cut American of his speech. It was so long since she had spoken to a man from home. "When I started out five weeks ago, Jock, I told you it would be my last safari. There'll be trouble in Europe. I've seen the papers. There'll be a war. Europe's ready for it."

"But you're an American," Linda said. "You'd have no call to—"

"America's a long way from China too, mom," Jock broke in bitterly. "But he found his way there all the same. Listen, lad," he took a pair of dice from his pocket. "Why don't you let them tell you? You've never lost on 'em yet."

Linda leaned forward. "Will you take a sporting chance?" she urged. "Let the dice decide if you take Charles on his safari?"

"Aren't you going?" Jim asked.

"I've been asked," Linda smiled. "Do you still want me, Charles?" And then at his eager affirmative she turned to Jim. "I'll go on one condition. That you let your dice decide whether you guide us."

Jim looked first at her and then at Jock. "What have I got to win?" he asked. "If I lose the boat sails without me. But I can't lose, not with these dice!"

But for once the dice failed him, and Linda looked triumphant as she made her point. So it was safari for both of them, for Jim, grim as he boarded the river boat taking them into the interior, for Linda, looking like a modern Diana in the khaki jacket and slacks tailored to Parisian perfection, waving goodbye to Fay.

Even that first day Linda began to feel the difference between the two men. De Courland snapping his fingers as easily at Wemba, Jim's boy, as he did at his own servants, seemed pettish against Jim's quiet authority. Men liked Jim. McPhail going with them as far as the trading post up the river loved him as he would a son and Wemba adored him with a dog-like devotion. That night Linda heard a knock at her cabin door just after she had crawled into bed. She sat up, the sheet pulled up around her neck as Jim came in.

"Just wanted to make sure your mosquito netting was sound," he explained as he went over to the bed and began rearranging the netting. "It's a little difficult until you get the swing of it and you

never know which mosquito's loaded with fever."

She was appalled at the way she felt. It was the way she used to feel when Bill was living and love was the only thing that meant anything. She felt her heart lifting as if it had wings, reaching to the throb in her throat and the eagerness in her eyes. "Jim," she called him back as he went to the door. "Not that it's any of my business, but what were you doing in China?"

"Well," his grin came a little sheepishly, "it seemed a good idea at the time. Susie and I just blew in." And then at the question in her eyes: "You'll meet her when we reach camp. Susie's my plane. I use it to spot game."

"And wars?"

The question came carelessly enough for all the turmoil in her heart. That man she had loved so completely that life hadn't seemed worth living when he died had loved planes too and felt the need of causes and wars. She mustn't allow herself to be hurt a second time. She must remember she was a new girl, born out of despair and loneliness, a girl who had need of nothing now but luxury and peace.

"Sometimes," Jim said.

"But what concern was it of yours?"

Linda was amazed at the bitterness in her voice. "I've known men like you! Somewhere, someone blows a bugle and because you've never grown up, off you go into death and destruction. Just so it's some exciting game where you can play hero shattering peace and security."

"Sometimes you have to fight for those things," Jim said quietly. "You see, I learned something once in a little village near Vienna. One day we were gay and happy. The next, a shadow fell across us and we didn't laugh any more. We spoke in whispers. And I don't like whispers. So I learned that liberty isn't a word to wear on your lips. It's a concrete possession to hold or to lose and it's as real as a loaf of bread. It's a possession to fight for. That's why I went to China and why I'll be going to Europe. Well, I guess I'll turn in, too. Goodnight."

He went leaving her to thoughts of a man long dead, to the fears for a man whose living had become vital to her. But she wouldn't admit that now. She was determined to tear the thought of him out of her heart. So she avoided him for the days it took the boat to reach the trading post. As they neared it the real Africa closed in on her. She hadn't thought it would be like this, so beautiful it took her breath away, so mysterious it fascinated her.

They heard the drums as they neared the village, the constant tom toms crashing like gigantic heart beats, and they went ashore in the blackness of an African night, the drums swelling to thunder now, the black faces gleaming around the fires lighted in their honor. They were given all the honors due to white chieftains. There were the ceremonial dances and the magic of the medicine man performing his mumbo-jumbo over glowing coals. Linda couldn't help her little gasp of fright as the weird man came over to her and holding up his hands muttered a chanting doggerel.

"He says 'tis well you took this trip for on it you'll find your heart's desire," Jock translated. "And you, Baron, you'll find the hunting good. He says you'll give and receive blood." He laughed. "He takes you for a cannibal, Baron."

Again the mumbo-jumbo, this time for Jim, who smiled grimly as he listened.

"That's not fair." Linda tried to laugh, her heart caught in fear at the seriousness of the man's face, the sharp thing in his voice that sounded like a warning. "We

couldn't understand what he was saying." Jock repeated the warning. "He said you'd pass through the valley of the shadow of death," He looked soberly at Jim. "But you'd come out of the shadow unscathed."

The drums outside weren't beating any harder than Linda's heart now. She felt the terror that was to deepen as the safari made its slow progress, native boys running ahead beating down the brush for the caravan to pass through. Two white men and a girl followed by a train of elephants, by native porters shouting their weird sing-song as they made their slow advance and followed by other sounds too, the shrill calls of bright plumaged birds, the distant roars of lions, the occasional laugh of a hyena. Then after days of the hard trek through the jungle came the first sight of the compound. De Courland lifted Linda down from the elephant she was riding and two native boys carried her to the clearing.

"This is my permanent camp," Jim grinned back at the smiling black faces welcoming him, "and here are my camp boys. Left to right, Dopey, Sleepy, Bashful, Doc, Sneazy, Happy and Grumpy, and the cook."

"I choose Happy," Linda smiled at the beaming black boy bowing before her.

"All right, Happy is your boy," Jim's smile approved her choice. "Your cottage is there. Sleepy will be your boy, Baron, and the next door is yours. This one is mine, if there's anything you need."

It was incredible how much they did need and how much they came to depend on Jim. He was like a magician conjuring wonders out of the jungle. Under his direction lavish food was spread before them, exotic wild flowers graced their table. They couldn't even take a bath without him for the collapsible tubs that had seemed

Telephones have a way of ringing at the most inopportune times, but Madeleine Carroll, as LINDA in "Safari," doesn't mind stepping out of a shower to answer the phone when BARON CHARLES DE COURLAND (Tullio Carminati) is on the other end of the line.



so practical in theory proved too collapsible in practise. A shower constructed by Jim out of bamboo shoots and water buckets seemed more luxurious here in the jungle than even the tile bath with its faucets of real gold had been on the yacht. So it was natural that Linda should turn to Jim, and at first his name on her lips, her eyes seeking him was a spontaneous thing without thought of guile. It was only when she saw de Courland's eyes blaze in quick jealousy that she

thought she might be able to use Jim in other ways too.

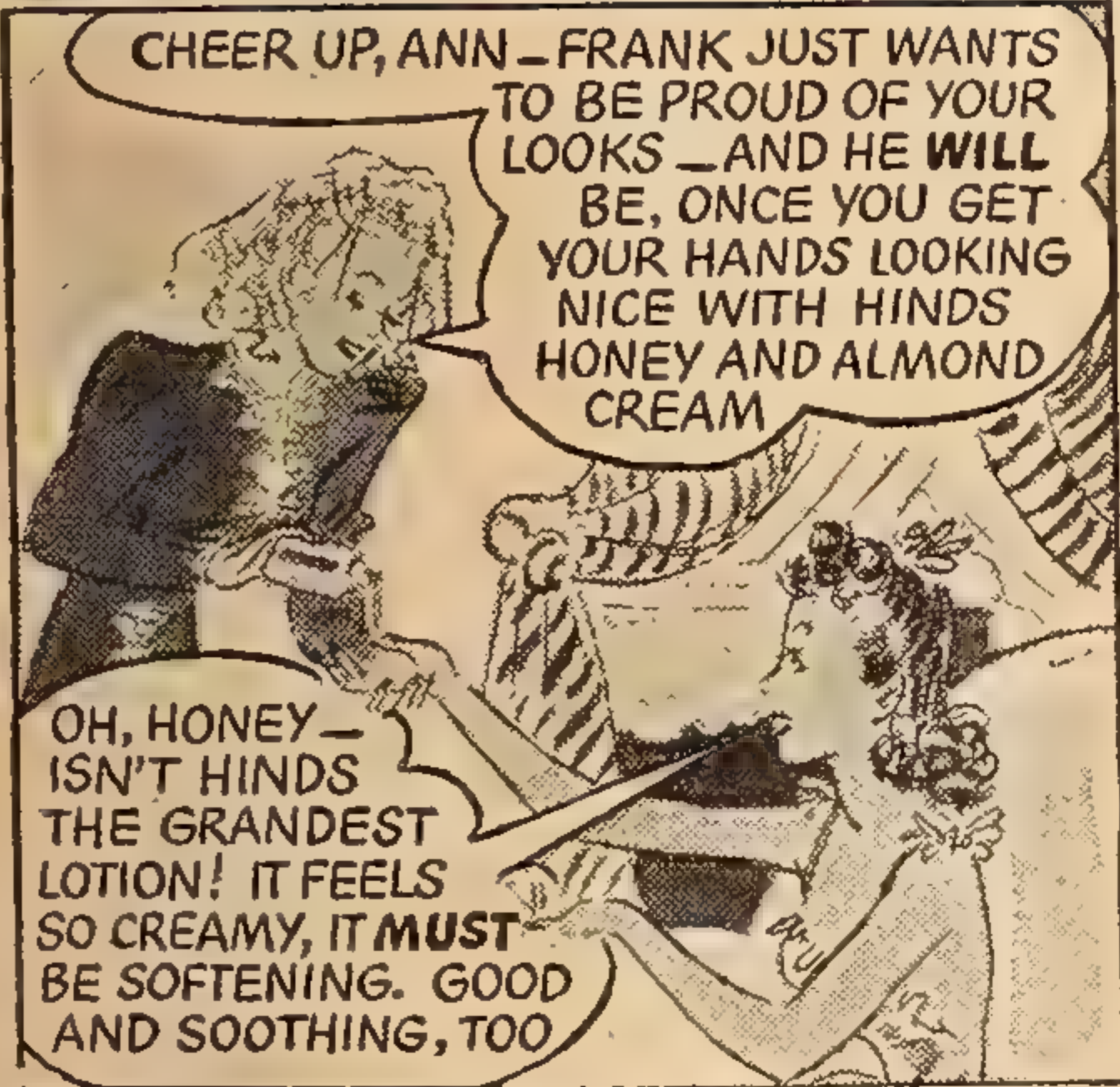
But she gave no hint of anything but eagerness to see the jungle from the skies that day she asked Jim if she could go along with him as he was leaving on a search for game in his plane. She had brought her moving picture camera and she was like a child leaning over in her seat behind the cockpit taking shots of the wilderness, of the herd of elephants stampeding below them, of the leopard

Honey

BEAUTY
ADVISOR

asks:

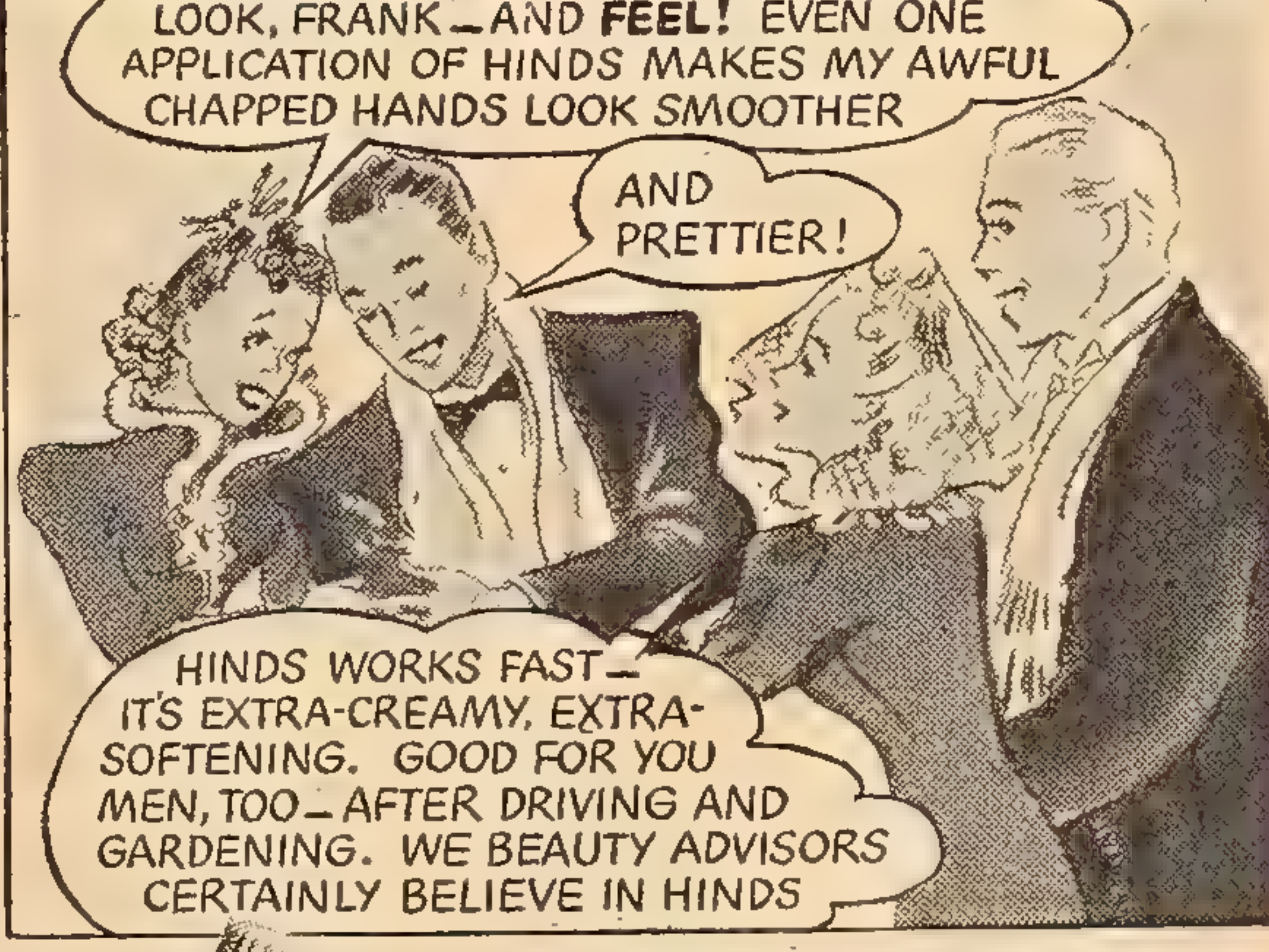
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HINDS FOR HANDS





Ann Sheridan, who finds crocheting the ideal form of relaxation, discards her "Oomph" for a crochet hook and some yarn.

crawling towards a water hole. And so well did she play her part that it was Jim who suggested they land so she could get some better pictures. There were so many shots she wanted to take and Jim followed her indulgently as she walked farther and farther away from the plane until at last she sank exhausted on the ledge of a high plateau. Still she kept up the pretence, rewinding her camera as she lay beside him in the tall grass. Suddenly Jim leaned over and took it away from her, his eyes hardening as he looked at the dial on one side of it.

"How long since you ran out of film?" he asked.

She had to tell the truth. There was something about Jim that commanded honesty. "About an hour ago," and then in quick apology, "you'd have made us start back if I didn't have an excuse to stay."

"It isn't my fascinating company?" Jim asked grimly, and then as she didn't answer, "that's what I thought."

Linda's fury rose to meet his. "All right," she challenged him, "I've been using you! You don't mind, do you?"

"So that's the idea! To make the Baron jealous. I don't like it, Linda. We don't use traps in my business."

"Look here," Linda rose to her feet in quick fury. "There's no reason to be insufferable just because—"

"Because you played me for a sucker?" Jim interrupted.

"I don't deny it," Linda flung the words at him. "You do a lot of fancy talking, fine big words about liberty and freedom. Well, I'm after my freedom too!"

"Freedom in chinchilla?" he asked, his sarcasm cutting his voice.

"It's as warm as flannel and much more comfortable!" Linda tried to laugh. "Charles is what I want and I'm what he wants, too, and I'm going to make him realize it!"

"All you want is a soft bed and thick carpets on the floor."

"I've had bare floors and worn-out beds," she followed as he started walking furiously in the direction of the plane. "Not that it's any of your business."

"You've done pretty well for yourself," he said bitterly.

"I have!" Linda gasped in her efforts to keep up with his long strides. "And I've done it by myself. Alone. Listen, my lofty friend, you know what you want clear enough. So go find yourself a place to

crack up. Find yourself a splash of blood on somebody's else's battlefield. No one's stopping you."

She stood shocked into silence as the sudden thunder sounded through the wilderness. Even thunder was more primitive, more fearful in the jungle. Jim took her hand and ran towards the plane pulling her with him. It was only after he had helped her in that he spoke again.

"There's one question I'd like to ask. Suppose I were in love with you myself?"

Linda was amazed at the excitement that swept through her. Then she saw his eyes, hard as they looked at her, his mouth bitter as he waited for her answer. "But that's absurd," she said.

"Don't get panicky, I'm not!" he answered her. "But suppose I were. You'd be playing two dirty tricks instead of one. One on the Baron and one on me. How tough are you? Would you have gone ahead?"

"Is that what you think?" she asked levelly. "All right, then. That's it."

She quailed before the rain striking



Dorothy Lamour has taken up crocheting because it rests her nerves. No, that's not a sarong she's making—it's a blouse.

from the sky, rain that crashed like a giant waterfall, and with it came the quick dark of the African night.

Jim turned to her. "You wanted to make him jealous, didn't you? Well, he'll be twice as jealous when we don't show up until morning."

"But we said we'd be back for dinner," Linda faltered. "Charles will—"

"I'm not thinking about Charles. I'm thinking about my plane. She's all the chinchilla I've got."

"Jim," Linda was trembling now, her voice husky. "I got us into this, I'm terribly sorry."

"It's all right." The man's voice was strained. "If you love the guy, I don't blame you."

Linda's tears came then, smarting behind her eyelids and tangling in her voice as she spoke. "That's what makes me feel so dreadful," she said. "If I loved him, I wouldn't be here, would I?"

They waited tensely through the night and then with the dawn the rain stopped and they soared to the skies again. De Courland was waiting for them as they swooped over the compound but Jim ignored him as he turned to Wemba who was running towards him, his face distorted in agony. It was about Happy, the boy

explained, his eyes lifted to Jim as if he expected he could perform a miracle. The Baron had taken him hunting the day before and sent him into the brush after a wounded leopard. And the boy had not returned.

Jim left and when he came back he carried the small black body in his arms and behind him came two natives with the leopard. "Happy finished your job, Baron," he said. "There's your leopard. I hope it's worth it to you."

Linda ran after him as he stalked away. "He's dead!" Her voice came appalled. "I can't tell you how bitterly sorry I am."

"It wouldn't have happened if I'd been here," Jim said roughly. "I wouldn't have allowed the Baron to send one of my boys to certain death." And he looked at her as if he hated her as the death drums began and the chants for the peace of the boy's soul swelled with the tom toms. Louder and louder they came, the drums and the harsh mourning voices, accusing her, tearing at her so that when the Baron suddenly decided to leave on a lion hunt she begged him to allow her to go too.

Jim checked her gun and gave it to her without a word. Only the drums sounded as they started off, closing in on them, even drowning out the shot from de Courland's gun as he aimed at the lion Jim had sighted. He missed, and the wounded animal turned a fantastic somersault before he vanished in the brush.

"What are your orders?" De Courland turned mockingly to Jim. "Shall I go in after him?"

"That's my job," Jim said bitterly.

Linda called to him but he did not heed her. He plunged into the brush and as Linda waited the world stopped and began again only when he came back, his arm bleeding from the gash in his shoulder. "The boys will bring in the lion," he said shortly as he stalked away.

Linda couldn't help hearing the furious argument in the Baron's cabin. "You wanted me to come out like Happy did!" Jim was saying. "Wouldn't it have been easier to take a shot at me when my back was turned? We're not hunting any more, Baron de Courland and we will be leaving this place in the morning."



Carmen Miranda, the Brazilian Bombshell who'll appear in "The South American Way," is proud of the afghan she has crocheted.

But de Courland's composure remained unshaken when he joined Linda at dinner that night. "I'm taking you back where we both belong." His smile gave no recognition of the blood spilled between them. "You'll be happy when we return to the yacht. Oh, Linda, you were wise. You said you wanted to be missed. Last night I missed you through the longest night of my life."

Linda turned away, but he caught her arm and held her back. "I want to marry you," he said.

It seemed incredible that she had ever wanted him to say that. "No!" she said. "You're not the same person who started on this safari. I'm not, either. Because of us that poor boy is dead. Because of us Jim might have been. I know you planned it, Charles. Now let me go. It's quite finished."

Without a word he turned, but Linda had seen his eyes and so she ran after him, picking up her gun as she went. The Baron's gun went off first, aimed at Jim's silhouette against his window. Then the other shot rang out, and Jim saw Linda standing there, the gun still smoking in her hand as the Baron glared at her, his hand pushed against the wound in his shoulder.

"You're a better shot than he is," Jim said after Wemba had helped de Courland back to his quarters. "He'll be all right, except for a sore shoulder for a while."

"I could have killed him!" Linda said tensely. "He meant to kill you!"

For a minute he couldn't believe she had said it. Then his smile came. "Remember that night on the river boat?" he said, his voice gentle now. "After I left you I dreamed of you flying through the sky. I guess I dreamed you were an angel, but your wings were made of mosquito netting. And I was flying after you in Susie." He laughed at the question in her eyes. "Oh, yes. I caught up with you. And the next thing I knew we were all tangled up in mosquito netting. It was quite a dream."

"I dreamed of you that night, too," Linda said. "And I've dreamed of you since. Always the same dream, you and Susie flying off to war. And then I wake up knowing that a bugle will sound somewhere and you'll be off. And I can't face that, Jim. I've had it once. I've held the ashes of a man I loved in my hands."

"But if there was no war?" Jim asked gently.

"What's the use? There'll always be wars," she whispered. "But if there wasn't—I'd tell you I love you more than I ever dreamed I could love any man. I'd tell you I wanted to stay with you always, here or anywhere."

"And if there were a war?" Jim persisted. "What would you say then?"

"I'd—" She hesitated trying to find the words to deny him, but when they came they weren't the ones she'd intended to say at all. "I couldn't face not being with you even then. Maybe there'd be work for me too. Maybe I could find it near you and the waiting wouldn't be too long."

It was almost as if she knew then, here in the wilderness where word had not yet reached them that the war had already come. But it didn't matter now. She had found faith. For as he took her in his arms she remembered the words of the fortune teller.

"You'll pass through the valley of the shadow of death but you'll come out of the shadow unscathed."

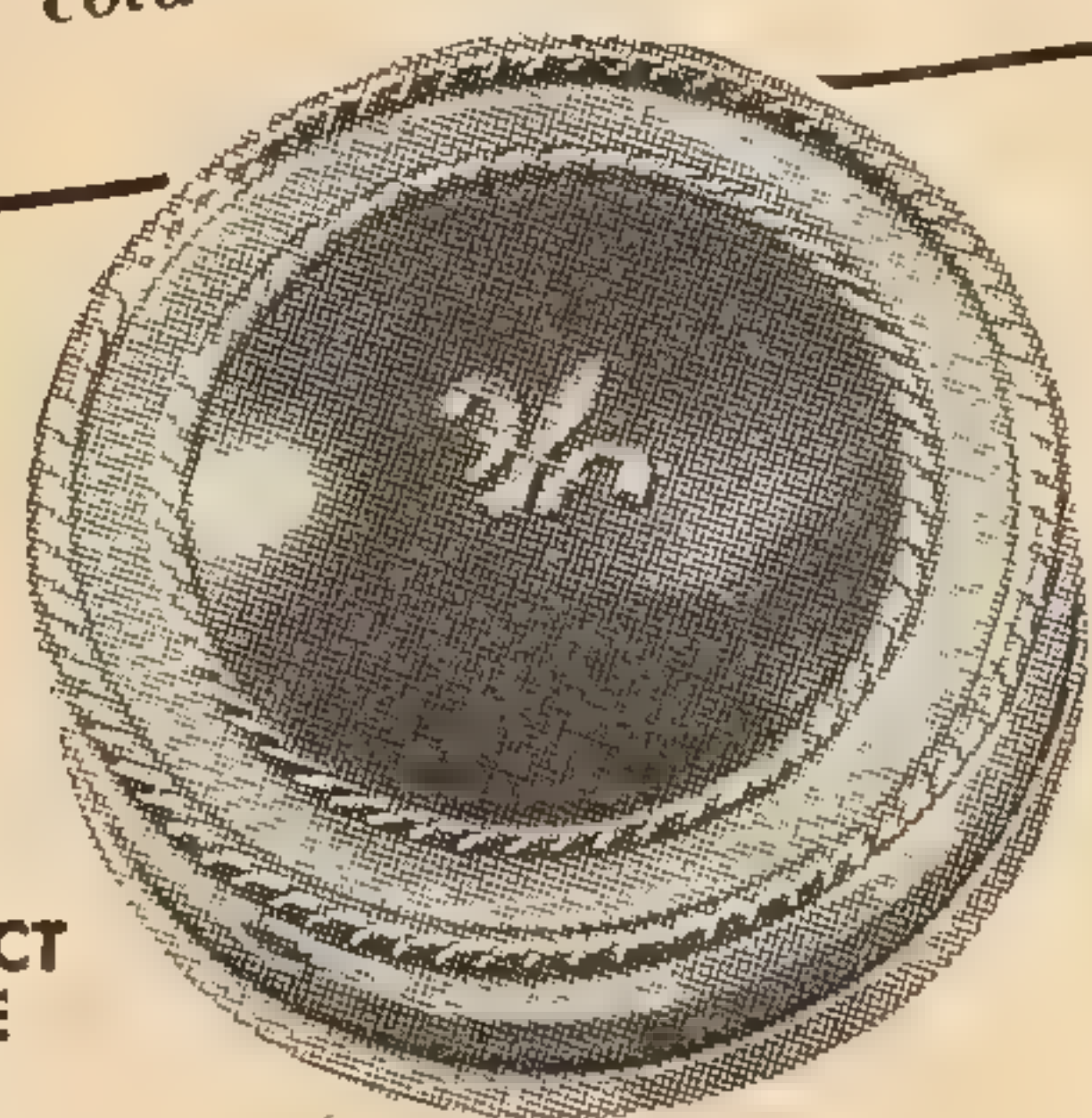
Everything else he had said had come to pass. This must come true too. For somehow, with Jim holding her, the words became a certainty and her fear was gone, so only the ecstasy remained, the ecstasy and Jim's strong arms holding her and his kiss eager on her mouth.

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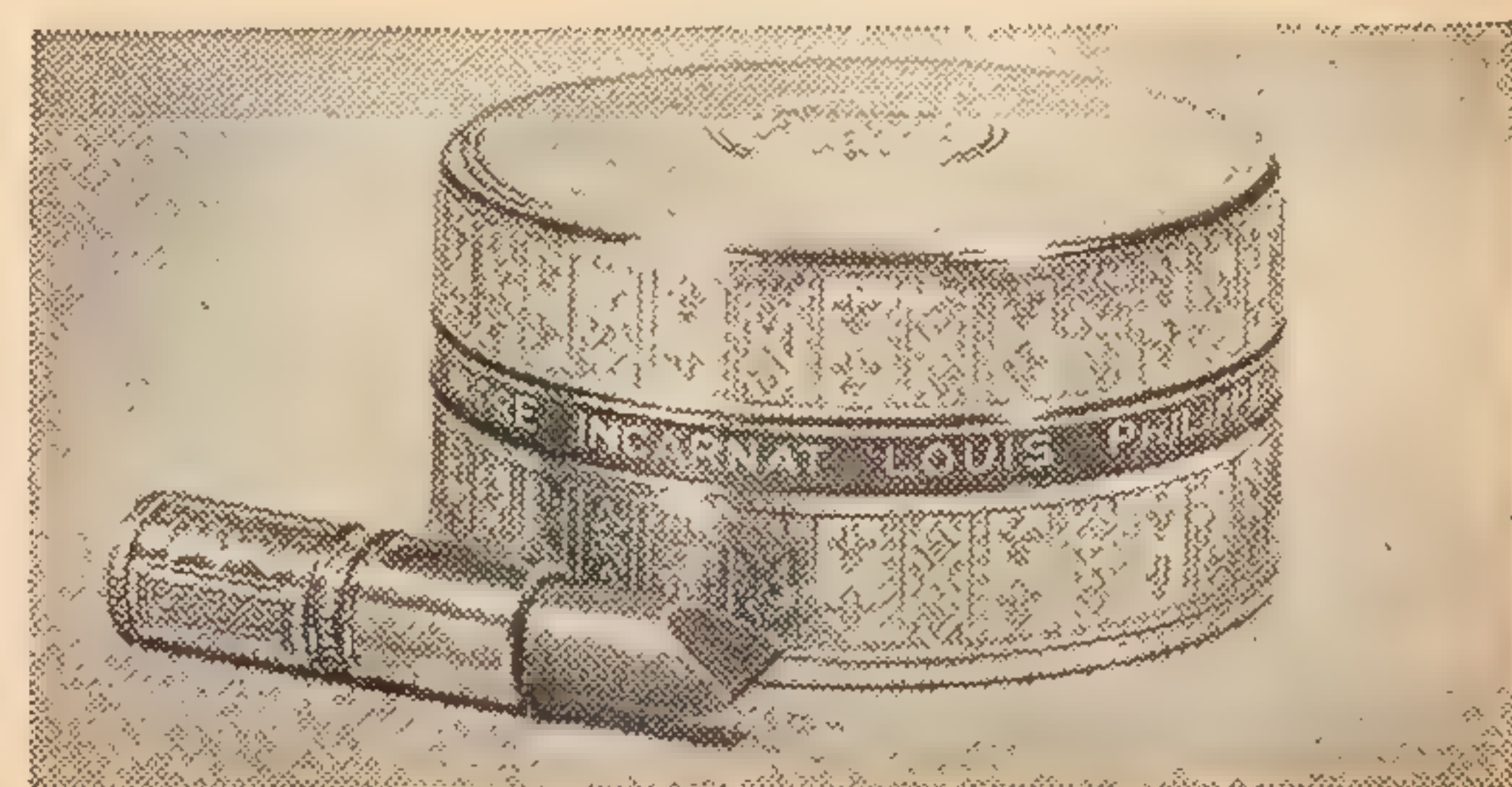
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Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 17

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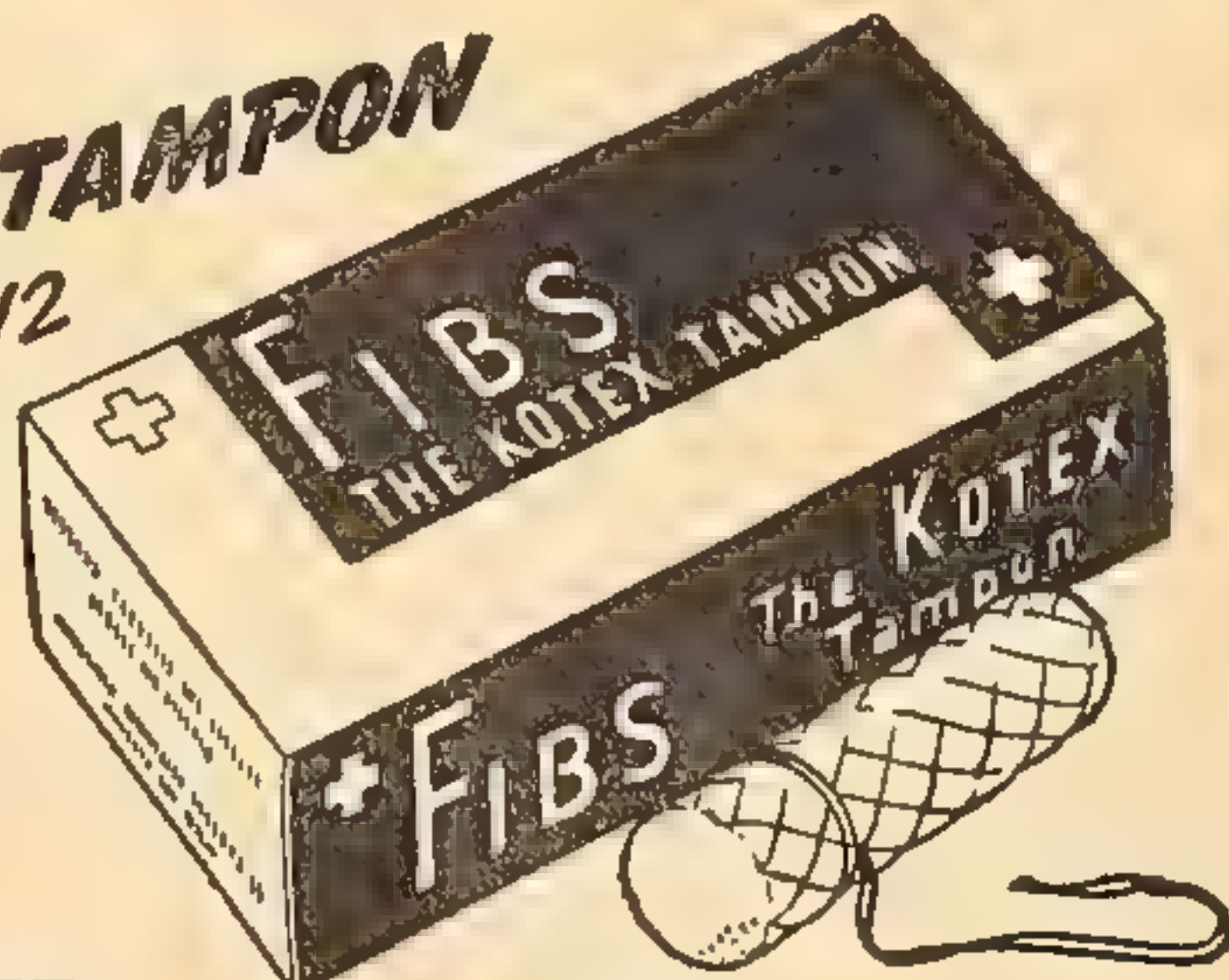
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happens to be in your ice-box when the guests drop in," she went on. "Sometimes Fred brings in a steak, just a plain round steak about half an inch thick, and we have what he calls 'steak wrap-arounds.'"

STEAK WRAP-AROUNDS

1½ pounds round steak
6 slices Hormel bacon
3 dill pickles
Salt
Pepper
Flour
2 tablespoons Spry shortening
¼ cup Heinz tomato ketchup
½ cup water
1 teaspoon Tastetone Worcestershire sauce

Cut steak into six rectangular pieces. Lay slice of bacon on each piece, then half a dill pickle. Roll up and fasten with toothpick. Roll in seasoned flour and brown in hot vegetable shortening in frying pan. Place in casserole. Make sauce of the ketchup, water and Tastetone sauce and pour over meat. Cover and cook at 350 deg. F. about 1 hour.

"For a light Spring supper that's different, try dandelion salad. Ever taste it? You must have crisp young dandelion plants, if it's to be good. Serve Crax Butter Wafers and Cheese Thins with this.

DANDELION SALAD

Cut dandelion in inch pieces. To 1 pint, add 3 hard boiled eggs sliced, 4 medium-

sized potatoes boiled with skins on (remove skins while still warm), 3 young green onions, cut very fine; cut 8 slices Hormel bacon in small pieces and fry till brown. There should be a good half cup or more. ½ cup warm vinegar, salt and pepper to taste. Combine all ingredients, mix well and serve.

"At our house, we're crazy about Roquefort dressing, so Cary keeps a big jar of it on hand in the ice-box; then if we want to scramble a meal together we can cut up lettuce and pour out some dressing and have a delicious salad. Cary always keeps a garlic and an onion in the jar, which gives the salad just enough flavor.

ROQUEFORT DRESSING

Break 1 cube (⅛-lb.) Roquefort cheese into ¾ cup olive oil and 2 tablespoons wine vinegar. Mix thoroughly with fork until dissolved. Serve with lettuce and cress salad.

When Ellen was in England, making "French Without Tears," the food she missed most was salad. "I love England and English people," she assured me, "but they simply don't know what salad means. Ask for it and you get one slice of tomato on a lettuce leaf, or maybe merely a lettuce leaf by itself. The whole time I was there I struggled along on meat and potatoes, mostly boiled, and mustard greens.

The one dish I enjoyed the most, and serve at home often, is a dessert, ice-



The film "Little Orvie" brings John Sheffield, kid star of stage and screen, and Ann Todd, whom you saw in "Intermezzo," together on the screen, but "puppy love" is what brings the two seven-year-old youngsters together after working hours.

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Evening in Paris

BOURJOIS

NEW YORK

cream with half a pear on it, topped with chocolate sauce. Another ice-cream dessert you can serve if you want to be fancy is this one: Lay a slice of ice-cream on a plate, cover with thin sugar wafers, cover the wafers with whipped cream and top that with firm ripe berries, sprinkled with powdered sugar. This is marvelous with red raspberries, but you can use strawberries, too."

Among the group who attend pot-luck dinners at the Wallaces are Robert Page (seen with Ellen in "Women Without Names," Virginia Dale, the Artie Jacobsons, and Bill and Margaret Pereira.

"Margaret painted my portrait, this one in my living room," Ellen showed it, proudly. "It was only her third portrait, and she has never had a lesson in her life. Fred paints, too, as a hobby. He did the three Oriental sketches in the rumpus room, first time he ever tried water colors. I *must* show you the rumpus room. We bought the house already built and had to take it more or less as it was, but we built the rumpus room ourselves. It was a narrow space of no possible use, but we moved back the wall looking out on the garden and added a lot of floor space."

The room is floored in deep blue congo-leum, with woven rag rugs scattered about. There are a comfortable couch and chairs, an open fireplace of white brick where the Oriental sketches are displayed, a red-topped white bar and low coffee table, especially designed for Ellen, and a whole wall of windows to admit sunshine. "We keep a fire burning here, even on summer evenings, because it looks so cheerful," she confided.

When all the contemplated changes are made in the house, the color scheme will be blue. "People tell me I'll get tired of it, but blue is my favorite color," Ellen observed. "You see, the halls and living

room are already in blue, and so is one bedroom, and we like them. Our own bedroom furnishings are blue and burgundy, but unfortunately the wall-paper in there is gray with a touch of peach. I loathe peach and I'm having it done over in cream with little bunches of blue flowers. My portrait, in the blue gown, was made right here in the living room, so when I sit on the couch it's like looking in a mirror."

By this time Ellen was curled up on the chintz-covered sofa where the portrait had been painted, her restless fingers playing with the "remote control" box that turns the radio from station to station or makes it loud or soft at will. "We take magic for granted in 1940," she remarked, after she had switched programs on and off for a few moments, "but somehow I'll never get used to it. In a way, it seemed like magic to find myself in England playing the rôle that all England cared about as much as this country cares about *Scarlett O'Hara*. The play had run for nearly four years and practically everybody had seen it and loved it. It had played in the provinces as well as in London. *Diana* was terribly important to them, and I could see them looking at me and thinking: 'How will you play *Diana*?' But they were awfully nice to me. Anthony Asquith, the director, was marvelous. I was used to the hurry and rush over here; I understand that everyone is busy and I don't mind, really, but it was flattering to have one's director come over and bow and say: 'Ellen, if you please, are you ready? Thank you!' instead of: 'Hey, get in the scene, you!'"

Ellen was born Terry Ray. She was even under contract to Paramount for two years by that name. "Then the producer decided to change my name," related Ellen. "It was St. Patrick's Day, and he is Irish;

so am I. 'Why not call her *Erin* for Ireland?' he suggested, 'and Drew, that's a good old stage name.' I was Erin Drew for two weeks, and then somebody said: 'Nobody knows whether Erin is a boy, a girl or a dog.' So they made it Ellen. I was glad of the change, because Terry sounds like a singer or a dancer, while Ellen is a good name for a dramatic actress, which I hope I shall be some day."

The Wallaces have a badminton court, which can be lighted at night, back of their walled-in garden.

"When we have guests during dry weather, we entertain them out there," said Ellen. "Then perhaps we come back to the rumpus room for a light supper, or, if it's warm enough, we serve cokes and sandwiches on the court. Which reminds me, there's a new kind of sandwich we've tried on them, called *Fairmont Sandwich*. Perhaps SCREENLAND readers would like to know about that."

FAIRMONT SANDWICHES

Work a small cream cheese until smooth, using a wooden spoon, and season with salt. Chop green and red peppers separately and wring in cheese cloth to remove some of the moisture. Mix one-half the cheese with some of the red pepper, the other half with the green pepper.

Spread 4 thin slices of white bread sparingly with butter, on the lower slice spread the green pepper mixture, cover with another slice of bread, on top of that spread a layer of the red pepper mixture, cover with another slice of bread, then more green pepper and the fourth slice of bread.

Fold in cheese cloth and press under a weight, then cut in thin slices downward.

This is no sandwich to serve impromptu, but is pretty and unusual. And we suggest Kraft Philadelphia cream cheese.

*I love to
kiss you!*

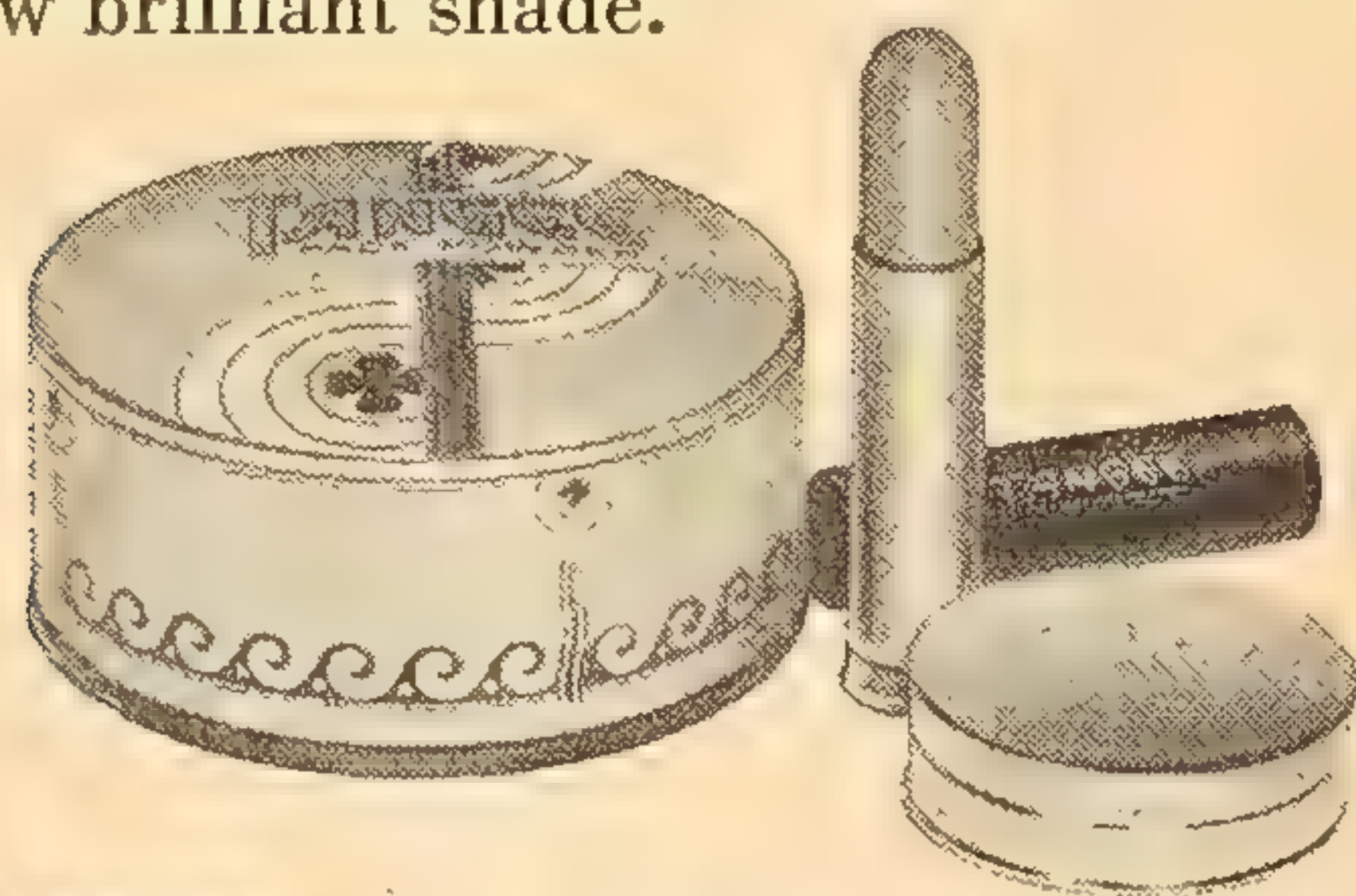


TANGEE
the Cream Base
Lipstick gives you
smooth, alluring lips

Don't let greasy, painted lips come between you and the man you love. Tangee lips are warm, soft and tempting, thanks to Tangee's special cream base!

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Ask for Tangee Natural today. Try Tangee's matching rouge, (Compact or Creme), and Tangee's remarkably delicate face powder. See how naturally lovely they look together. When you want more vivid color, ask for Theatrical Red, Tangee's new brilliant shade.



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TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

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Will Leap Year Get Jimmy Stewart?

Continued from page 25

when he played Jeanette MacDonald's no-good brother in "Rose Marie"? Jimmy has had more girl friends than any other ten actors bunched together. The Hollywood gals have always liked Jimmy; they like his slow, hesitant way of speaking; they like his complete lack of conceit; they like the way he dances, the way he puts his hands in his pockets, and the dry witty way he tells a story. They particularly like him because he isn't like an actor.

One of the first girls to go around with Jimmy in the old days before he started copping off acting awards was beautiful Virginia Bruce. Virginia had divorced John Gilbert and hadn't met Walter Ruben and she and Jimmy made a very handsome couple when they went night-clubbing at the Trocadero. But Cesar Romero sort of cut in there and Jimmy was next seen escorting Ginger Rogers, who had finally called off her marriage with Lew Ayres, to the better night spots. Ginger was never one for night clubs though and she gradually drifted into her little hermitage, and Jimmy and Loretta Young discovered each other. In 1936 Jimmy played the lead opposite Eleanor Powell in "Born to Dance" and so pleased was Jimmy with the imitation that Eleanor did of him in that picture that he started dating Eleanor and the Powell-Stewart romance was on.

Early in 1937 Jimmy did a revival of "Seventh Heaven" with Simone Simon, and maybe it was to improve his French, or something, but anyway Jimmy and

Simone were seen together at previews, parties and night clubs. Then Simone discovered Gene Markey and Jimmy re-discovered Loretta Young. In the winter of 1937 there had been sort of a "fruit-basket-turn-over" and the much-publicized romance of Tyrone Power and Sonja Henie had dissolved into thin air. Tyrone became the constant escort of Janet Gaynor who had just made a sensational come-back in "A Star Is Born." Jimmy called up Sonja and he and the skating girl did the Troc and the Clover Club and the Coconut Grove until Sonja had to go on her tour.

Early in 1938 Jimmy, who had become a camera fiend by then (it was radio and airplanes when he was a kid), was at Arrowhead with his pal John Swope taking pictures of the magnificent scenery when he ran into Rosalind Russell who was vacationing there, and the Russell-Stewart romance got under way under the lofty pines and was going pretty strong when Roz had to leave for England to co-star with Robert Donat in "The Citadel." Jimmy and Loretta re-discovered each other.

At the very gala party Mr. Mayer gave at the Trocadero in honor of Norma Shearer following the brilliant premiere of "Marie Antoinette" Jimmy gathered up courage to ask "the first lady of the screen" for a dance, which turned out so well that she invited him to dinner, and for months after that wherever you saw Norma Shearer you saw Jimmy Stewart. Why the romance, which had everyone in

Speaking of Jimmy Stewart's best girls, here he's shown with two of them—his mother and sister, Mary, whom he entertained in Hollywood for several weeks. They come from Indiana, Pennsylvania, Jimmy's old home town:



Hollywood speculating plenty, suddenly came to an end nobody knows—except, of course, Miss Shearer and Mr. Stewart. Anyway, Jimmy definitely gave up glamor girls for a while. And the Trocadero. And parties. After a bit of snooping on the part of various columnists it was discovered that Jimmy was smitten with one of the Earl Carroll girls. And a little beauty she was, too.

Loretta Young had a romantic upset about that time, and was feeling pretty low and depressed, so Jimmy started calling her up again, and again the lovely Loretta and the gangling Jimmy took a whirl at the night clubs. But Robert Riskin kept cutting in on Loretta, and anyway Jimmy had to go out to Universal to co-star with Marlene Dietrich in her come-back picture, "Destry Rides Again." "Well," everybody said, "Jimmy and Marlene will simply hate each other. He's not her type at all. And vice versa." But imagine everyone's surprise when Jimmy and Marlene suddenly appeared at the Beverly Wilshire one evening, danced every dance, and returned the next evening, and the next, and the next. That, indeed, caused considerable talk. And they do say that Marlene was very broken up when Jimmy ceased calling and suddenly left for a vacation in New York, all by his lonesome.

But he wasn't all by his lonesome long. "Gone With the Wind" had just opened in Atlanta and the cast of the picture who had attended the history-making Southern opening then flew on to New York for the more prosaic Broadway premiere. Olivia Melanie deHavilland was among those flitting from opening to opening. With practically the entire male population of New York ready to give their eye-teeth for the opportunity of escorting Olivia to the premiere, pretty Miss Melanie chose Jimmy Stewart. From the theater they went to the Jock Whitney party, and from there they went to breakfast in a Harlem night spot, where they fairly talked their heads off and decided they hadn't met anyone so much fun in years as each other. Jimmy, of course, was all for showing Olivia New York and they had a wonderful time taking in plays and night clubs. When they returned to Hollywood for the Los Angeles opening of "GWTW" they continued to have dates. One week-end recently it was announced over the air that Olivia and Jimmy were in Yuma getting married, but when the frantic reporters ran them down Olivia was in her home, and Jimmy was in his.

Jimmy, when cornered, will admit that he is perfectly willing to get married, that he hasn't a thing in the world against marriage, but that he would like to fall in love first. He has the home, he says, everything but the girl. (And the town full of them.) If he's feeling a bit reckless he will even go so far as to say that he is definitely in the mood for matrimony. But don't take Jimmy too seriously. Any guy who in a few years time has "romanced" with so many beautiful, fascinating women as Virginia Bruce, Ginger Rogers, Loretta Young, Simone Simon, Eleanor Powell, Sonja Henie, Rosalind Russell, Norma Shearer, Marlene Dietrich and Olivia deHavilland and never popped the question—well, he doesn't look to me like the eager to wed type.

He probably feels that there is safety in numbers. That he can go around with whatever girl is congenial—so long as she is congenial. And why get married anyway when he's being lionized and having so much fun!

But Caesar (not Romero, the other one) had his Ides of March, and Jimmy Stewart will certainly have his Leap Year.

THE EYES OF FASHION

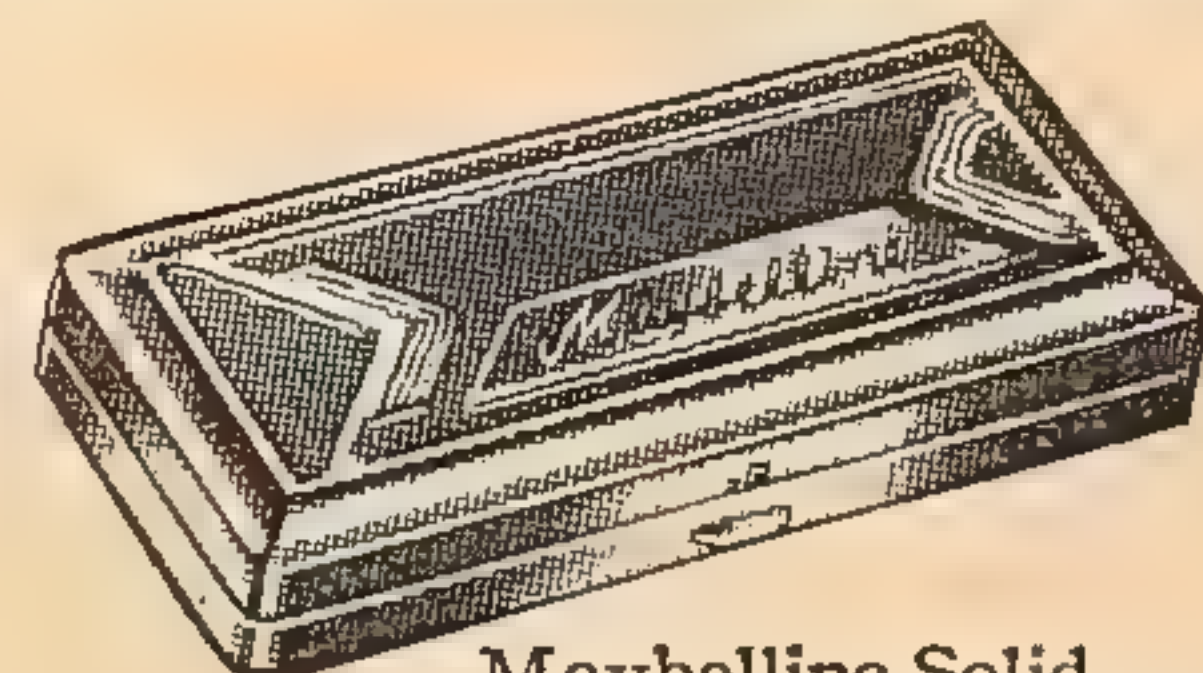
by
Maybelline

Costumes of yellow, chartreuse, rust, brown, green, or any of the deep "Woodland" colors call for Maybelline black or brown shades of Mascara with matching eyebrow pencil. The harmonizing shades of Maybelline Eye Shadow are Brown and Green.

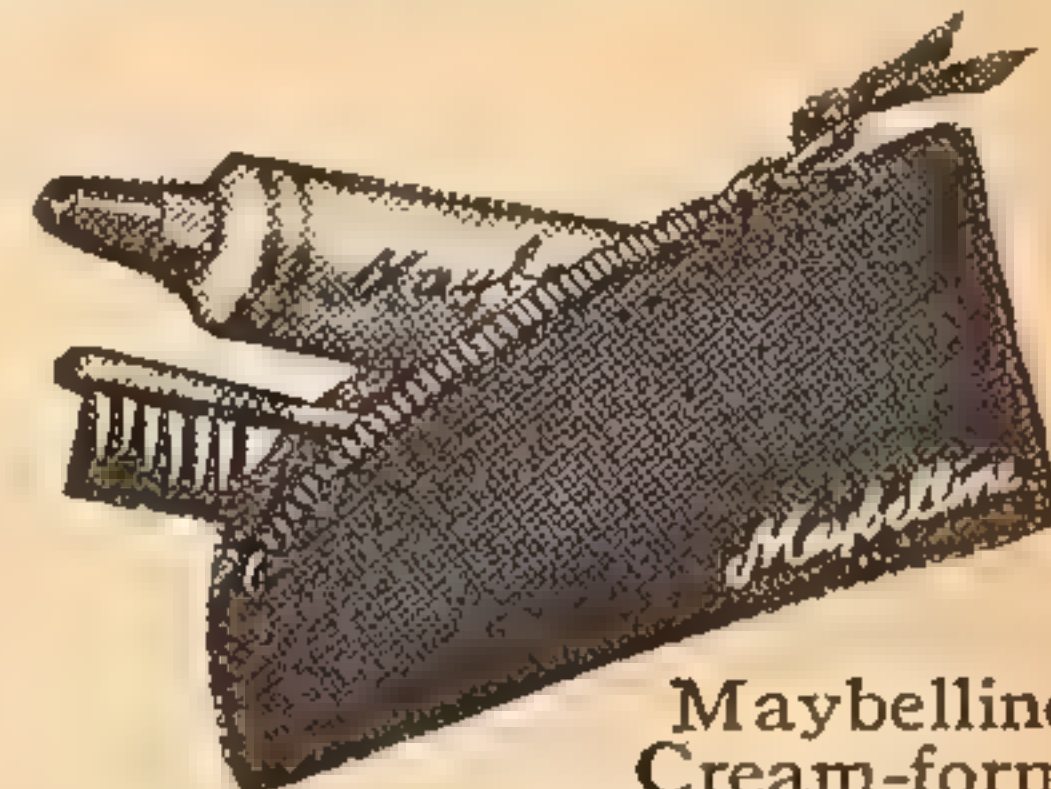
With blue, wine, black, fuchsia, all the purplish colors, wear Maybelline black or blue shade of Mascara and black eyebrow pencil, lightly applied. And to harmonize, Maybelline Eye Shadow in shades of Blue, Gray, Blue-Gray or Violet.

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Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (applied without water) in zipper case, 75c.



Maybelline creamy Eye Shadow in dainty pastel box.



Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil with point protector.

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Why I Changed My Manner of Living

Continued from page 33

silly little frills and playthings of the other little girls. But I believe it was being called "shabby gentility" that really made me make up my mind. "Some day," I screamed at the empty walls of my little bedroom, "some day I shall be rich! My mother shall have the most beautiful home in the world, with a new dress every day. I shall have diamonds and furs and servants to call me Madame and a car as long as a city block. I'll snub everyone. I'll have a home of my own. I'll have everything I've ever wanted. I'll never be called shabby gentility again." I cried all night.

India made me crave possessions. England gave me possessions. And something far more important than possessions: When I was seventeen my uncle was given army leave, and decided to spend it in France and England, and take me along. I was simply hysterical with joy. It was my chance to become an actress! Without anyone knowing it, and certainly not my mother, I had been planning for my future for a long time. I had devoured every word and every picture in the cinema magazines from England and America. I had heard often enough that I had an "unusual" face and I thought I might get by with it. As for acting—well, I had danced in the chorus of several amateur shows put on by the Calcutta Amateur Theatrical Society, and I thought I was rather good.

I'll spare you the details of my job-hunting in London. Suffice to say, my uncle, poor dear, couldn't cope with my determination to remain, so he left me with twenty pounds and my return steamship ticket, which I immediately cashed in. I haunted the agencies for months. I just about starved to death. But gradually I began to get better breaks. A dancing job at the Café de Paris, and a small part in a two-reel comedy called "Alf's Button." One day I was lunching in the studio canteen and wearing a green dress—a fortune-teller had told me that green was my lucky color—when Alexander Korda, England's most famous producer, saw me across the room and asked someone, "Who is the girl in green? She has an unusual face. Is there anything back of it?"

He arranged for me to have a screen test which resulted in my getting parts in "The Broken Melody" and "Wedding Rehearsal" and "Men of Tomorrow." Then came the wonderful part of *Anne Boleyn* in "Henry VIII." After the sensational success of that picture, both in Europe and America, I was established as a screen star. I sent for Mummy immediately and lavished luxuries on her that I hadn't even dared to dream of in the old days. And—I rushed out and bought myself a diamond ring and a mink coat! The more pictures I made, (and soon I was making them both in England and in Hollywood), the more money I had to spend—and spending money was something I found very easy to do. I had longed for years for my own home. So I bought the sweetest one I could find in London, and furnished it exquisitely, even if I do say so myself. I lived only for the joy of the moment. Yes, now that I think it over, my friends were quite right to criticize my extravagance. But I am certain they would have understood had they known that lonely, sensitive little girl in India.

After a year's engagement, my "boss" and I were married last July in very romantic surroundings, and I was as thrilled as a schoolgirl, and twice as giggly, I know. We were married in the *Mairie* in Vieux Antibes, right next to a market

place where they were selling fruit and flowers. It's awfully pretty, and romantic, this part of Antibes, and very old. My wedding dress was not what I would have chosen it to be, but I had no time to get one before I left London, and there wasn't much to choose from in the South of France. I carried a spray of orchids, orange blossoms, and lilies of the valley, and I thought the whole world was being run just for my convenience and happiness. After the ceremony, performed by the Mayor of Grasse, and what a dear, we went back to the hotel, drank each other's health with a glass of champagne, and then went down to the beach—or the rocks. I should say, as there is no real beach. I announced that I expected to spend the rest of my life with my husband on these rocks of Vieux Antibes—but a cable from the studios in London soon put an end to our brief honeymoon.

What a change Mr. Korda and I found in our beloved London! War was inevitable, they said. They were digging trenches right in front of my own house. I was told to have myself fitted for a gas mask immediately. Any minute the distant cannons might roar. Any minute London might be bombed from the air. I suddenly lost all interest in being gay and social and buying a new wardrobe.

War was declared. Mr. Korda immediately started production on a propaganda picture called "The Lion Has Wings," in which I played a part. A little something I was to do called "Manon Lescaut" was called off entirely. We were in no mood for *Manon*.

It is still too close for me to talk fluently about the things I saw, and experienced, those first weeks of the war. There were scenes that wrapped themselves around my heart and throat so tightly that I could hardly breathe. I saw babies in gas masks. I saw the children evacuated from London. I saw their mothers and fathers kiss them goodbye at railroad stations and fight magnificently to hold back their tears. I saw old women who had lost their sons in the last war now preparing to give up their grandsons to this war. I saw my friends drop their brilliant careers overnight, don the uniform of the private, and leave for the Front.

I shall never forget the horror of black-outs. The shrill sirens that sent chills of terror down my spine. The long frightening wait under the earth with a shivering char-woman on one side of me and a poor little crippled boy on the other. I shall never forget the moment that we heard over the air that the *Athenia* had been sunk, with hundreds of women and children drowned. I shall never forget the stark tragedy in Vivian Lubitsch's face during those tense hours before she heard her baby had been saved.

The English, as you know, are great ones to "carry on." And we were all busy trying to keep our chins up. Life will go on just as usual, we all said, and tried to be so terribly chipper about it. But I knew that life for me would never be the same. I suddenly realized the seriousness of living. I did not feel any urge to spend my days having my hair and nails done at beauty salons, lunching leisurely at the Savoy Grill, and dining late and luxuriously with friends at *Ciro's*. The things I held so important, the possessions I had attached so much value to, didn't matter at all now. Diamonds, furs, servants to call me Madame, a car a city block long, and other luxuries I once longed for sounded silly with a world full of suffering people.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

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NEW ODORLESS* CREAM safely REMOVES HAIR

Nair is painless...not irritating to normal healthy skin...no sulphide depilatory odor...economical...39¢ a tube at stores or from Carter Products, New York. **NAIR**

Along with the rest of London I became deeply interested in war work. I wanted to help people less fortunate than myself. I contributed to charities both in money and in time. I threw myself into Red Cross work, and will have you know that I am not so bad when it comes to rolling bandages.

Though it nearly broke my heart to leave Mr. Korda, I returned to Hollywood in the early winter to fulfill my picture commitments. This time I came without a staff. There was none of that movie star fanfare that had delighted my soul so much in my previous trips to America. I wanted to do everything as quietly as possible. I rented a small home in the most peaceful part of Bel-Air, a charming, quiet home with flowers and colorful chintzes, a home that reminds me of England. I used to think I couldn't live in Hollywood without a swimming pool. I find that I can live without one very well indeed. I find that I can live without a lot of things that once seemed so important.

In December Mr. Korda made a reservation on the Yankee Clipper and a few days later had joined me in Hollywood. I met him at the Glendale Airport, and there a most unfortunate thing occurred, but it taught me a good lesson. I know better now than ever to joke with the Press again. Mr. Korda and I were so stupidly happy to see each other that when he got off the plane I fairly threw myself into his arms and nearly stifled him with my kisses. A reporter chose just that moment to step up to us and ask, "Is it true about those divorce rumors?" And of course I, delirious with happiness, had to be flip in my answer. I said, "Yes, isn't it obviously so?" and planted another great big kiss on my husband's cheek. Poor Mr. Korda, trying to enter into the spirit of things, said, "We look as if we were going to get a divorce

Caught unawares by the camera-man's flash as he entered the theater lobby for the Stokowski concert, Adolphe Menjou was startled, but it didn't seem to bother Mrs. Menjou (Verree Teasdale). Leave it to a woman to act nonchalant.

Len Weissman



right away, don't we?" And that was all we thought of *that*—until the evening papers.

There it was, spread all over the front page, Miss Oberon admits that she is getting a divorce right away. I was sick. Mr. Korda was furious. We both denied it, of course, but the papers all over the country, and in England, too, were so busy printing divorce rumors that they had no time for the denials. My one fling at humor had certainly had dire results. I won't try to be funny again.

And, please, I want to state it here and now, Mr. Korda and I are not planning a divorce. We are counting the days until his business connections in England will

permit him to produce pictures entirely in Hollywood. When he returned to London, and right at Christmas time, too, which made it very sad for me, he did not want me to go with him as he thought it safer for me here. Since then production has started on my Warner Brothers picture, "We Shall Meet Again," and by the time that is finished he expects to be back in Hollywood.

It is my sincere hope that both of us can live in Hollywood, and make our pictures here. But if this is impossible, at the end of my present motion picture commitments, I shall join Mr. Korda in England. He is my one possession I can't do without

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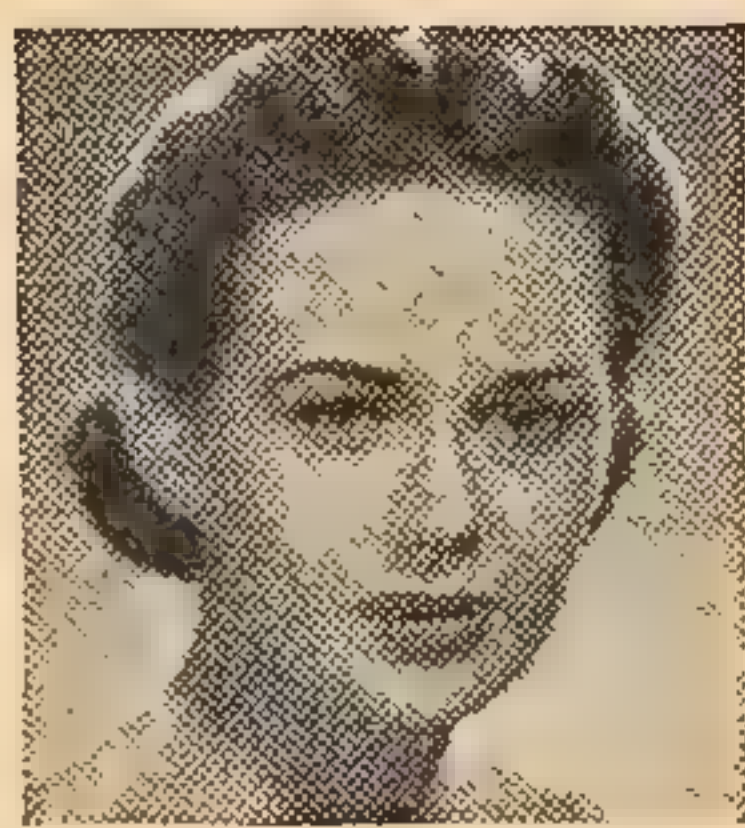
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How it works — Noxzema helps soften coarse, rough skin — its soothing medication aids in healing blemishes from external causes. Using Noxzema as directed retards the formation of blackheads — its mild astringents help shrink enlarged pores.

Massage Noxzema into the skin at night. In the morning rinse your face thoroughly with cold water and apply Noxzema as a protective powder foundation. Let Noxzema work for you 24 hours a day! Use Noxzema for one month and see if your skin isn't clearer, smoother, lovelier. For a limited time you can get a generous 25¢ trial jar for only 19¢. Get a jar today at any drug or department store.

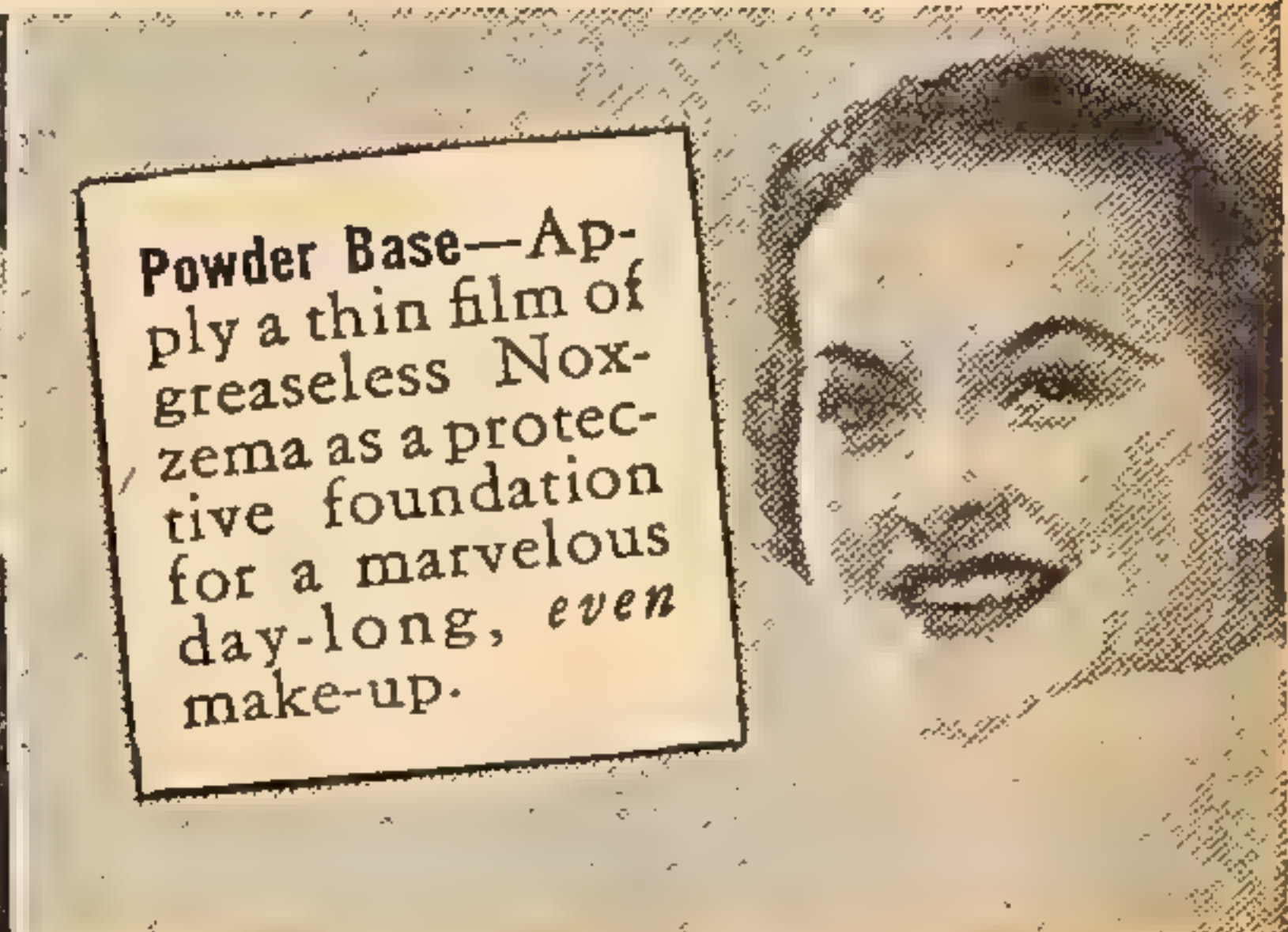
NOXZEMA



Poor Complexion — Noxzema is a grand aid in healing Pimples and other externally caused skin irritations.



Night Cream — Massage refreshing Noxzema into the pores each night. It's dainty, snow-white, helps soften, smooth skin.



Powder Base — Apply a thin film of greaseless Noxzema as a protective foundation for a marvelous day-long, even make-up.



Chapped Hands are Cut Hands — Smooth Noxzema into tiny skin cracks. Feel the soothing relief. See how much softer, whiter your hands become

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Roughness Disappears — "My skin was very rough and scaly and I tried almost everything with no results. Finally I tried Noxzema and I was amazed. After only the third application my face was almost all cleared up." — Mrs. Grace Glyn, Marlboro, Mass.

Wonderful Powder Base — "I find Noxzema wonderful as a Powder Base — it makes my powder stay on so much

longer and helps make my skin so smooth and fine." — Mrs. Winifred Bloom, Lakeside, Cal.

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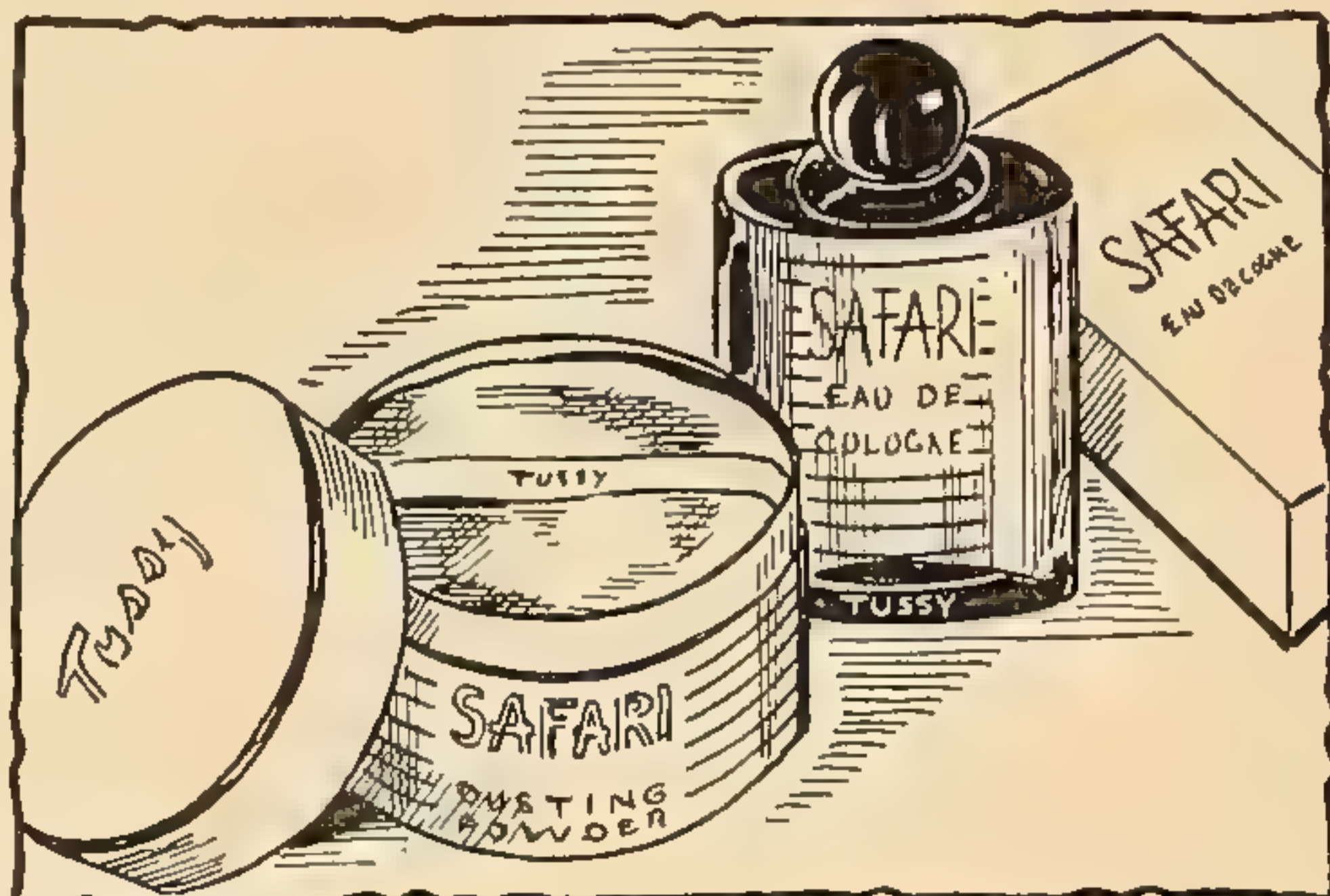
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Only Dura-Gloss has it! New "fingernail cap"—coated with the polish that's in the bottle. Shows exact shade. Banishes guesswork, disappointment.

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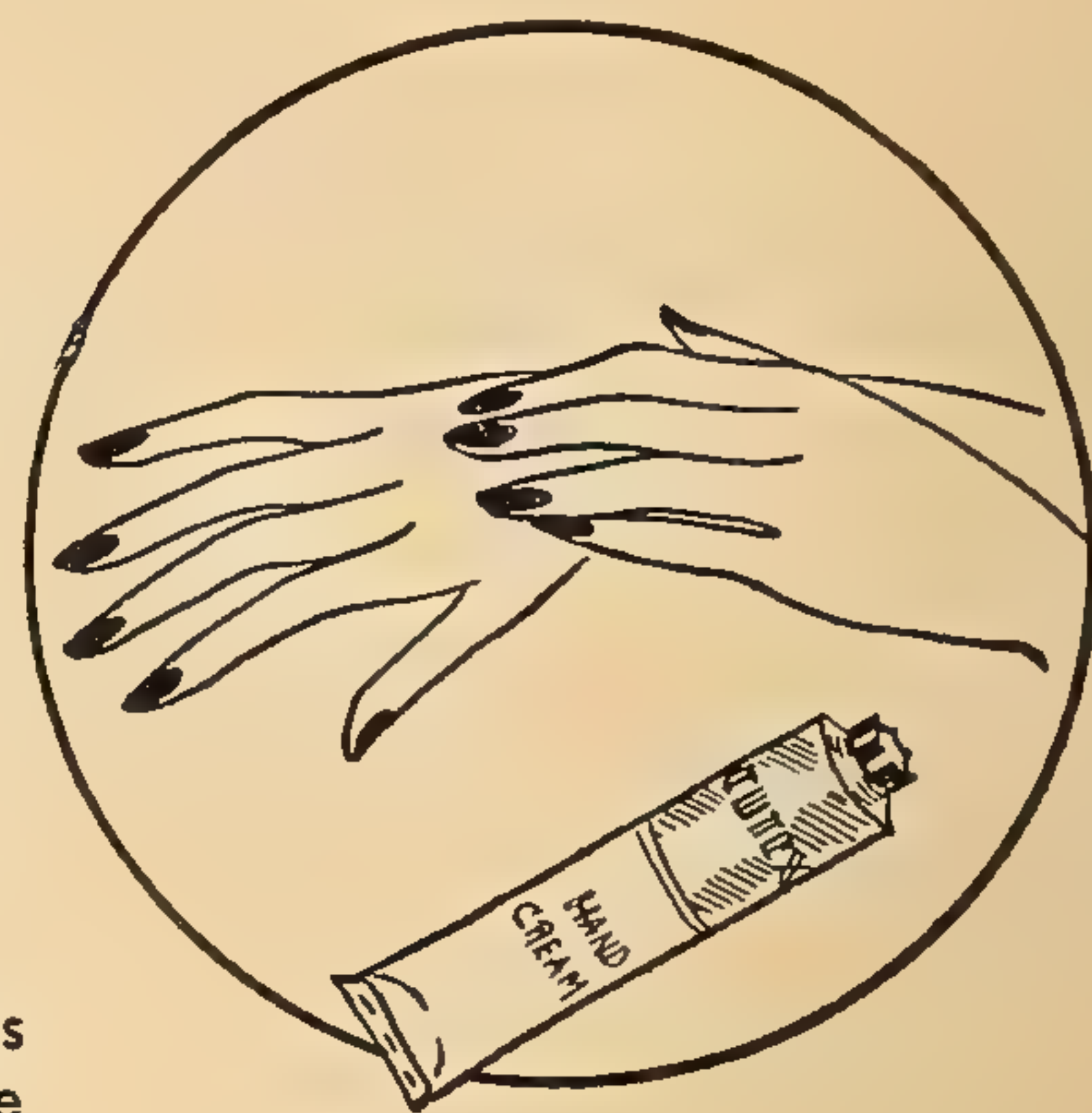
Springtime greetings in arresting fragrance
and little aids for that "beauty wardrobe"



Cosmetiques Tussy's Safari eau de Cologne and dusting powder give a lovely "undergarment of perfume."

SPRING calls to perfume. And the most effective method of perfuming begins beneath your new nosegay print or your chic little suit. Two fragrant ways to an "undergarment of perfume" begin after your bath with a rub-down of Safari eau de Cologne, followed by a mist of Safari dusting powder, by Cosmetiques Tussy. Here is a lighter scent, fresh, disturbing, unfolding, half-wild, akin to the beauty and anticipation of April. (Continue story below.) Lovely preparations are these, to be found in your better department stores.

BECAUSE soft, groomed and gentle hands have a strong appeal; because the hands that slip from the new white, powder blue and dusty pink gloves of Spring should be as lovely as those gloves, and because it is so easy to have them, we introduce with pleasure the new Cutex Hand Cream. Sketched is the purse tube, at a pittance. A jar comes at slightly more. An exceptionally dainty and effective cream, greaseless, rich and white. After application, it does not show nor can you feel it. Drug and department stores.



The magnetic quality of hands is best expressed in their feminine softness. Cutex Hand Cream helps.

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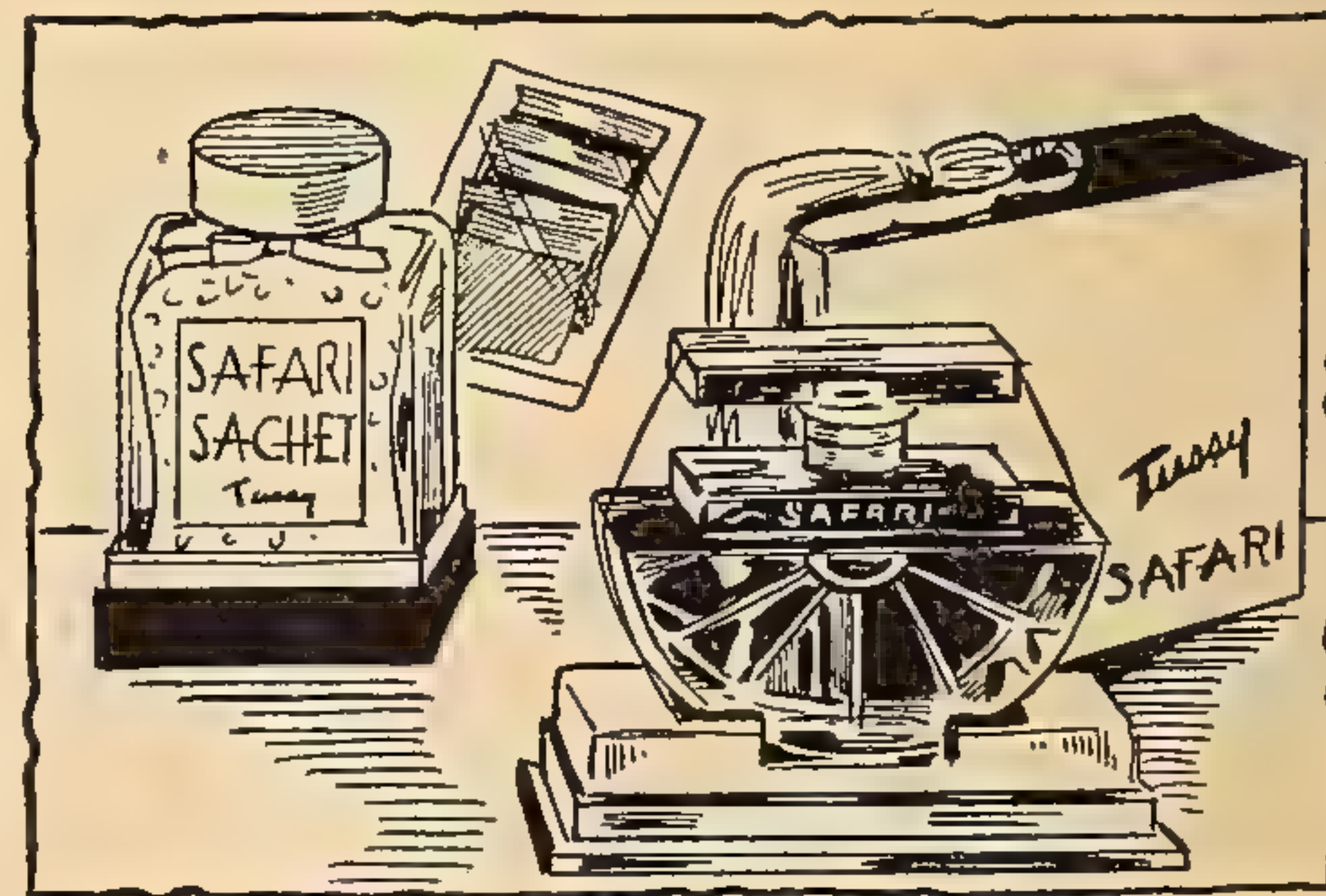
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Clark and Joan are co-starred again and that always makes the Gable-Crawford fans happy. In "Strange Cargo," a story of nine desperadoes who escape a South American penitentiary, Clark plays a convict and Joan has rôle of a cynical café entertainer.

Listen, Boys! Clark Gable's Telling You

Continued from page 26

pocket for a helpful cigarette. Then: "I enjoyed riding a horse to school. Then I'd hunt and fish a little. Liked that—still do. But I didn't like being on a farm and didn't want to stay there. I wanted to get out and see the world. Others today are right where they were then, and they're satisfied. Maybe they're right and I'm wrong. Anyhow, if I were a kid on a farm today I think I'd stay there. I don't blame boys for leaving it, so far as that goes, because they can't make any money there now. But they will if they stay at it and learn farming scientifically." He flicked away a match and settled back in deep earnestness. "And I believe the day is coming when they'll be needed there more than ever before. The farmer has had a hard row to hoe for the last ten or fifteen years. But there's bound to be a change, and scientific farming will bring it about. This country is

bigger now than it has ever been. For this reason it needs more food than it has needed in the past, and that food has got to come off the farm. That's the thing the country boy should bear in mind. Sizing up the situation, he should take advantage of it, and the one way to do this is to learn to be a scientific farmer. For that matter, any boy getting an education today should study to be a specialist. With so many people out of work, this is his best chance of getting a job and holding it. Even with a college education, a boy can't be at all sure of making a success along general lines. To be successful he must specialize, be an expert in a particular line."

Certainly the man who had done this outstandingly, even without a college education, knew boys from the ground up, and he was telling them like a pal. At the same time, I couldn't help wondering just what

Clark would say if that boy Gable he'd been thinking about a moment before now stood there in front of him and asked his advice.

"I'd say," he gravely considered, "'Boy, follow your own bent.' And that goes for all boys. Giving them a little rope isn't going to hurt them. They're pretty smart, and if they're headed the wrong way they'll soon discover their mistake. It's better, in my opinion, to let them find out for themselves that they're taking a wrong angle than it is to force them into a direction which may bring them up against a stone wall. The average boy has something in him that nobody but he himself knows, and it's only fair to let him try it out, to do the thing he likes doing. Sometimes this takes a lot of doing. It certainly did in my case. After twelve years of knocking around on the stage because it was the thing I liked best of all, I found myself in New York—broke. I said, 'What is this?' Whatever it might be for others, it surely didn't seem to be the thing for me. It left me not only broke but a stranger. Nobody knew me."

And now everybody knows him, not only in this country but the world over. Only the other night, as had happened many times before, his name had popped out at me from a book of foreign authorship. Somehow, I always get a kick out of it. Then there was the day when that name set a hospital on its thrilled ear. To start with, an excited head nurse rushed in and astonishingly demanded, "Why didn't you tell me you were a movie actor?" Assured that I wasn't, she desperately argued, "But you know Clark Gable!" So what? "Well," breathlessly announced the good soul, "Mr. Gable just telephoned to ask what kind of fruit you could eat. He's getting a basket for you." Evidently she expected to see Clark Gable himself walk in with it on his arm. That, of course, was all nonsense, as he was working day and night in "Gone With the Wind." Nevertheless all the nurses on that floor who were off duty at 4 o'clock stayed on till 6 in the hope of getting a close-to peek at their idol. That gorgeous basket, heaped with the fruits of many lands, was a week's sensation, drawing a continuous audience of capped and starched admirers. Then one day a written card that had been tied to the handle was strangely missing. Could it be that the famed autograph had unexpectedly come into a lifetime of tender nursing? Meanwhile here was further proof, if any were needed, that Clark Gable now was a stranger nowhere. That one-time boy on the farm had grown to be the Universal Man.

"But, broke as I was," the now far from penniless actor was saying, "I didn't realize how fortunate I'd been in another respect. Those years had brought me something invaluable—training. That's something the beginner nowadays would find difficult, if not impossible, to get. I got mine in stock companies. But I venture to say there are not more than four or five such companies in the whole country today. Where, then, is a youngster going to learn the profession? If he had asked that question when I started, he would have been told, 'There's a stock company a half-mile down the road.' He could have begun learning the business there through hard work and study, as I did for five or six dollars a week. That often meant sitting up till three in the morning concentrating on a part, pounding into my thumping head the thing I had to do the next night. Not that I minded, for that was the right way to go about it. Look at those who have done the same thing. Lewis Stone—there's an actor. And John and Lionel Barrymore—they've been at it all their lives. They're what I call actors, not these punks who play one little scene on a movie set and then stand around for the rest of the day doing noth-

ing. This isn't their fault, of course, it's just the prevailing condition. And that's as true of the stage as it is of the screen. What's the result? Amateurs can't entertain New York sophisticates. They've got to have training. It would be tough for me to tell a boy today to be an actor. If I did, he'd stop me with one question, 'Where am I going to get the training?' I know if I were in his place and someone advised acting as the work for me I'd not consider it."

Coming from a high authority, this statement was as amazing as the frankness of the man making it. What, then, would Clark Gable advise as essential to a boy today?

"Ambition," was his unhesitating reply. "That's what any boy must have to get him anywhere. It must come first of all, urging him on against all odds. I know only too well how hard it is to find employment these days. But instead of discouraging him, this state of affairs should put a young fellow on his mettle. I'm sure that's what it will do for a kid who has the right sort of stuff in him. This takes guts, but I believe the typical American boy has got what it takes. But ambition alone isn't enough. With it a boy must have an objective. Let him look over the field, see what it is he wants there, then go after it tooth and nail. This will mean time and effort, but the result will pay him for everything he has done. I've already spoken of scientific farming as one great opportunity for him. There are others. Aviation offers untold possibilities, for in this field so far the surface has barely been scratched. What's more, aviation is something that boys generally get all steamed up about because of the thrill it gives them. I believe, too, that politics, with the world changing as it's doing every day now, opens up new roads stretching to future usefulness for boys interested

in statesmanship and diplomacy. There's no lack of incentive in any number of directions. All that's needed is an objective. And once a boy achieves it, he may go on to other objectives. It's an endless chain leading to further and further achievement."

He was speaking with all the sincerity that is Clark Gable. He was speaking, too, I felt, out of that boy who still is part of him. Over a rough road marked by mileposts of hardship he had come a long way, and now he could look back on it and see it shining with his own brilliant achievement.

"Oh," and a protesting smile twisted slowly across his sunburned face, "getting started in pictures is just luck. It's simply that I happen to be one of the lucky ones. Even so, we've all got to have help, plenty of it. Help must come from everybody working in a picture. Nobody is big enough to get along without it. If you don't get it you're sunk. Have I found women helpful?" His inveterate honesty took time out. "Any girl, if she's good, can be a help to you. But unless she's good, she'll throw the whole thing off. It's the same with me. I've wrecked my share of pictures. With Jean Harlow, at the beginning, it was a case of the blind leading the blind. In the first scene of 'The Secret Six' we kept getting in each other's way. Both of us lacked experience in that picture. But in our next one, 'Red Dust,' Jean had learned a lot, and I a little. We had fun. Since she has gone I've never found a girl who could do the type of picture we did together. Jean could get away with things as no one else could do. As she did them, they were never vulgar, always funny. Hers was a remarkable, a purely individual, talent. Jean Harlow has never been replaced."

That very day my morning newspaper

had told me that Clark Gable and his wife, Carole Lombard, were to be co-starred. "That's news to me," remarked the faintly surprised head of the house. "We were in one picture, 'No Man of Her Own,' in '33. That was fine then. But we don't know whether it would work out the same way again. We've discussed it many a time at home and decided we don't want to mix our personal and our public lives. So you can say, if you care to, as coming from me, that we'll never be in another picture together."

There was more news when I asked this all-American actor whether, as *Rhett Butler*, he had played a Southerner for the first time. "Come to think of it," he reflected, "*Rhett* is my first Southern part. But I don't know whether I've played this one or not. (Our talk took place just before the press preview of 'Gone With the Wind' which was to leave no doubt of that fact.) Anyhow, he's all right and was fun to play. You can't laugh a guy like *Butler* off. It was a fat part and as interesting an American character as I've ever had. I've never played one of an earlier period on the screen, though I did 'Cimmaron' on the air, and I'd like to get my teeth into a pioneer character. Not that I haven't had a crack at lots of good parts, possibly a good deal better than I deserved. But there are times when I say, 'Maybe it's all no good.' Sometimes I wonder whether I wouldn't be better off if I'd stayed back there on the farm. If I hadn't pulled away from it, I might have been happier mentally, had more peace of mind."

When it was suggested he must find at least a grain of comfort in being the most successful actor in the world, Clark Gable cocked a quizzical eye and grinned: "You wouldn't fool a country boy, would you?"

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Brother Rat's Camera Baby

Continued from page 61



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squinting at the sun, and all sorts of impossible ones that I shall tear up one of these days. He even took a picture of himself, clicking the shutter with his toe and making the most awful face! Bring out your pictures, darling. Ruth is just dying to see what an orange filter will do."

Wayne produced some rolls of Leica film and piles of snaps. "See that picture on the piano? That's Bubbles, and I took it. I think it's the best picture she ever had, because it looks exactly the way she looks, not some exalted idea, all posed up the way photographers usually do pictures. A cameraman was taking pictures of the two of us together, and when he got through I asked him if I could use his camera and I took that."

"The cameraman didn't like it," put in Bubbles.

"Oh, he said brunettes should have white backgrounds, but I didn't care," grinned Wayne. "It's a swell picture and looks alive. See my saxophone?" He indicated an instrument in an adjacent chair. I couldn't have helped seeing it. I asked him if he played it or just tried to.

"I just try," he admitted, "but I sure have fun. I tell Bubbles that lots of husbands do worse things—they play poker and they have blondes, and all I do is play my sax."

Bubbles looked up from her critical inspection of prints. "I don't mind poker. In fact, I was under the impression you were having a poker party here tonight, or am I wrong? And a blonde probably wouldn't be as noisy. But let it go."

"Well, a man must have his hobbies. I have Bubbles' camera and my sax. Anyway, Bubbles writes. Nobody ever sees what she writes, but she keeps on, and some day she'll be famous. She even has a room to write in. If she ever went in it, I'd take her picture." Wayne clicked an imaginary shutter in her direction.

"Listen: When we bought this house, we fixed it over. We knocked out a lot of partitions and rearranged rooms. When we were finished, there was a tiny little room left over, about as big as a closet—maybe a little bigger," explained Bubbles. "Wayne said: 'Look, this can be your writing room. No telephone to bother you, no distractions, only room for a desk and a chair and maybe a couch to concentrate on, and a file.' At first I couldn't see it. I thought we had such a lot of rooms, why should I crowd off to myself like

that? But soon I got the idea of splendid isolation and I went down and bought myself a desk, big enough for my typewriter and room for papers, a chair, a lounge and a file. I haven't a thing to put in the file, but I liked the idea. Before my stuff came home. Wayne said: 'You know, I have a piece of antique furniture. It's an old desk I used to do my homework on.'

"We'll have to find room for it, darling," said I.

"I've already found room for it," he replied, "It's in your writing room!" So now the desk is in my writing room and I'm not."

"It's a nice desk," contended Wayne.

"After all, I didn't do my homework on it," objected Bubbles. "It has no old associations for me."

"After all, I didn't do any homework. Period!" grinned Wayne.

Bubbles snapped her fingers at him and blew him a relenting kiss. "I bet you didn't. You probably wrote to your old girls on it. Do you know, when I first met Wayne, he had his rooms simply papered with girls' pictures!"

"Yeh, it was 'Who's that?' 'Who's this?' 'Who's the other one?'—'My cousin.'" Wayne asked the question in falsetto, gave the answer in deep base.

"I never saw a man with so many cousins," marveled Bubbles, "and they wrote such things on their pictures. 'To my darling Wayne,' 'To my adored darling,'—such funny inscriptions from cousins. My cousins all hate me. I couldn't understand this. But now he hasn't any of their pictures. They have disappeared. Isn't that ducky?" She beamed at him.

He kissed her nose, expertly. "I have got one picture left. A girl from Pasadena, good friend of mine and of Bubbles, too."

"Oh, she's all right. I like her," conceded young Mrs. Morris.

"Here are some pictures I took around the lot. See this? It's a motor on a truck. The fan belt was whizzing around and I wanted to see if I could stop the wheel dead. I did. This is Dennis Morgan and Lya Lys in the commissary. He flipped his menu up in her face, the camera hog! Neat study of a telephone in the corner. This is Bubbles' hand. Neat, huh? And here's a monkey feeding his face from a bottle."

"I've just finished 'Brother Rat and a Baby.' Lots of fun. Don't know when I've enjoyed a picture more. Good dialogue, too. What I hate is a picture where they give you lines you can't say. 'Oh ho, where the police go, there go I.' Try saying that in a casual manner! Bubbles had hysterics in the theater when she heard me saying it. I had to carry her out."

"Wayne, darling, you're being interviewed. Sit up and tell Ruth the story of your life. He's the only actor in Hollywood except Joel McCrea who was born in Los Angeles. He's a native son. Very handsome, too, wouldn't you say? And such good taste in wives!" Bubbles giggled.

"She cooks. This one here on the couch cooks. Wouldn't think it, would you? One night she got a whole dinner by herself," boasted Wayne. "I ate it. Wonderful! I must snap her at the baking board."

"The baby is the best subject for your camera, if you can circumvent his nurse," retorted Bubbles. "When he was one day old, cameramen came to the hospital to take his picture. His eyes were closed and they fussed and fumed, but just as the picture was shot, he opened them."

"I guess the little fellow knows just when to open his eyes!" cried Wayne.



This beautiful redhead is Jean Phillips, who doubled for the late Jean Harlow. You saw her in "The Great Victor Herbert" and now she has a rôle in "At Good Old Siwash."

Tagging the Talkies



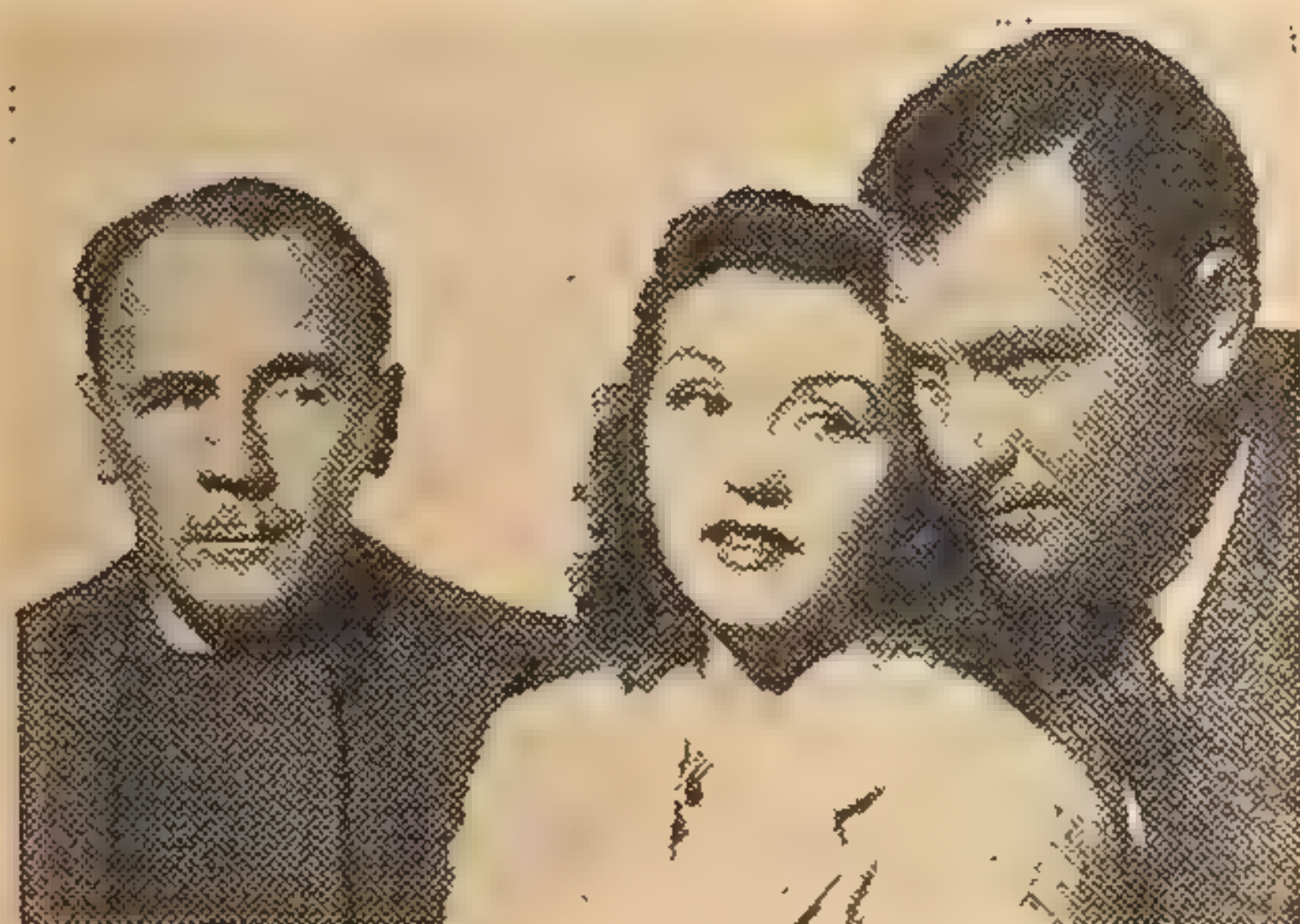
Judge Hardy and Son—M-G-M

There's a lot of fun to be had out of this film—watching the financially embarrassed Mickey Rooney iron out his troubles with his *wimmin'*. In fact, it's screamingly funny at times. But the film strikes a serious note too—the illness of Fay Holden, the *Hardy* mother. Lewis Stone, the *Judge*, gives his usual good performance, and Ann Rutherford continues (with keen competition from June Preisser) as *Andy Hardy's* best girl.



Raffles—Samuel Goldwyn

The suave *Raffles*, beloved crook of fiction, returns to the screen with David Niven as the smooth and fearless amateur cracksmen. Niven plays the rôle with so much charm that the film is good entertainment for men, and will also please the ladies who don't as a rule go in for crook dramas. Olivia deHavilland, whose romance with *Raffles* proves hectic, and Dame May Whitty, who is robbed of her gems, give excellent performances.



He Married His Wife—20th Century-Fox

Frothy, but fun! Sparkling dialogue makes up for a silly "plot" about a husband, Joel McCrea, who loses his young wife, Nancy Kelly, because of his excessive interest in the racetrack—but wins her back after a series of wild misadventures. If you can imagine McCrea as a haywire husband and Nancy as a wise matron you've better imagination than we have and we're proud of ours. But Mary Boland, Roland Young are grand.

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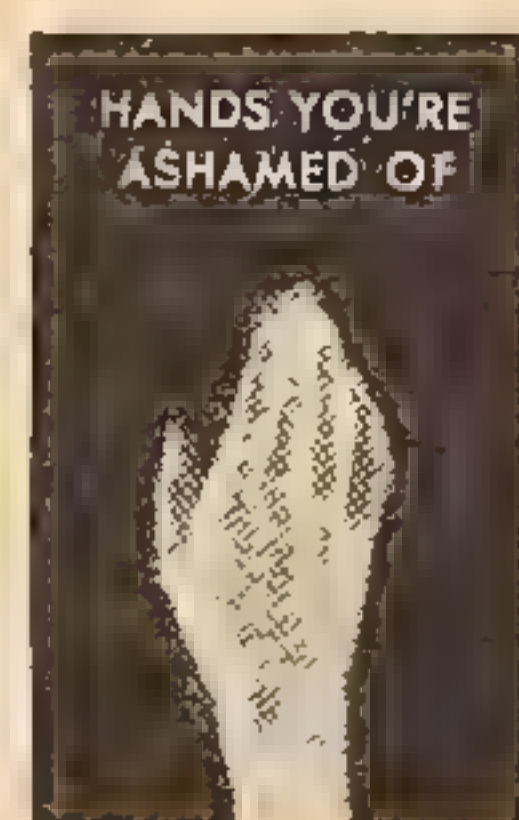
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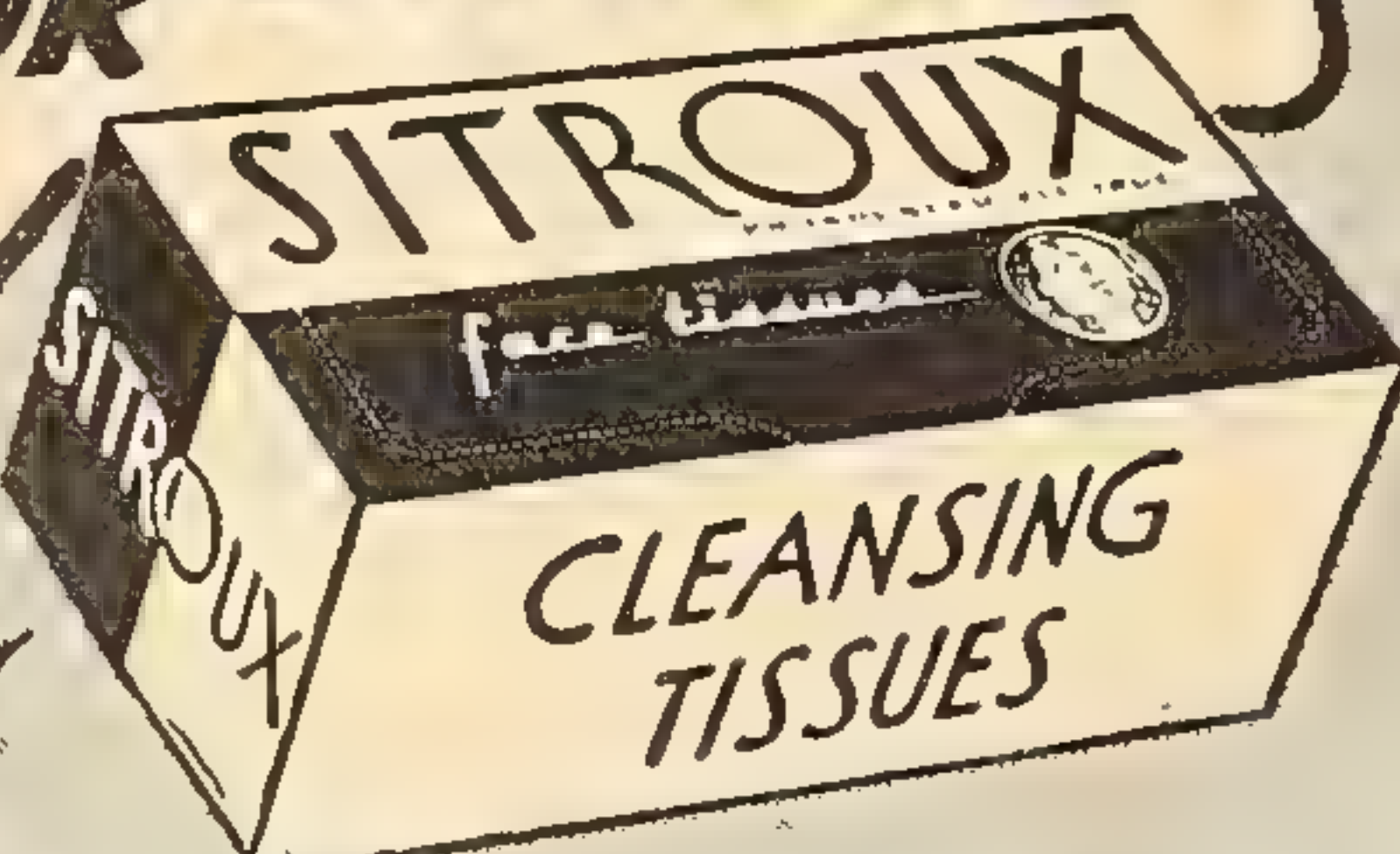
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Bergman Is Back!

Continued from page 63

for America. It meant leaving her husband, Peter Aron, a professor in a medical school. It meant leaving her tiny baby daughter, named Pia, her name being made up of the initials of her father's name combined with the initial "I" for Ingrid.

"But she was such a little one I knew she wouldn't miss me. Now she is bigger. (She is twenty-two months old.) If she stayed in Sweden I should miss her very much and she might miss me. So I was allowed to take her with me on my second trip to America. My husband had to suffer this time."

When she left Sweden, all her friends said to her, "They change everything in Hollywood. After you make a picture there, you will be so changed, maybe we will have difficulty recognizing you."

But Mr. Selznick was determined not to change her. Wily, astute, he realized that the quality that had made her a great star in Sweden was her naturalness. So he didn't spoil that quality by making her wear her hair in Medusa ringlets, with every hair glittering with artificiality; he didn't change her mouth; he didn't ask make-up artists to turn her into another Hollywood glamor girl. He just let her be.

When, after completing "Intermezzo," she went back to Sweden for about five months (where she made a Swedish picture called "A Night In June," from a Swedish novel), her friends crowded around her. They looked at the New Bergman and gasped. They gasped because the New Bergman was the very same Bergman they'd known before. "But you look absolutely the same!" they said.

She is rather astonished at finding herself back in Hollywood again. "It seems like a dream," she said again. "Only a short time ago I was in Sweden explaining about America; now I am in America talking about Sweden. It would not be so good to come back again if I had made a bad picture. During all the time I was making 'Intermezzo' people kept dropping hints that they thought the picture would be good. But it was hard for me to make because of my bad English. (It isn't bad English she uses; it's excellent English, except for an occasional idiom, and a slight and fascinating foreign accent.)

"I had hoped 'Intermezzo' would be easy to make because I knew the story. But when I made the Swedish picture, 'A Night In June,' I saw it was not so. When you know the language, you can think only of how the characters feel. Otherwise you sometimes have to think of what you say rather than how you feel. I have to learn much English."

Ingrid had taken piano lessons as a girl, but she needed to take a great many more to prepare her for her rôle. "I'll never forget all the lessons I took. I have no nails left. I felt as if my blood came dripping through my fingers."

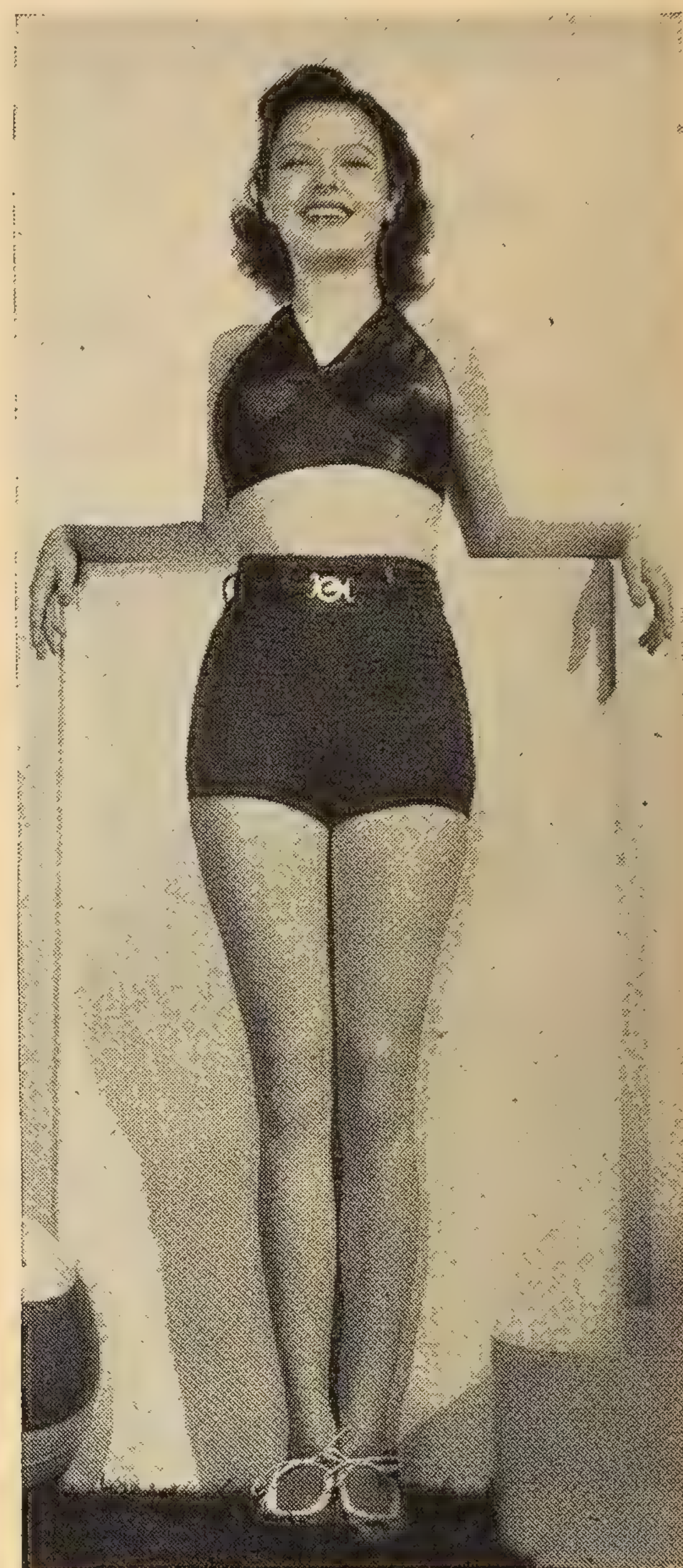
She worked incessantly on "Intermezzo" almost from the day she arrived in Hollywood till she left for Sweden. One hour before her train left she made a scene for the picture.

"Just before I left, they put me in a chair, and played three records on a recording machine. Those records contained voices of everyone from the little boy with the mail to Selznick telling me they liked me, and wanted me to come back. I played them over and over again when I was home in Sweden. They were the most"—she tried hard to find the right word—"how would you put it? touching present I have ever received."

Still she didn't know she actually was a success in her first American picture. The records gave her an inkling of how the people at the studio felt about her personally. But she was waiting for what the public would say. She knew their verdict—our verdict—was the one that really mattered.

"Intermezzo" was shown in America. The critics woke from their stupor and shouted things like "Ingrid Bergman, a rare beauty . . . as uncommon as a century plant in bloom."

Probably no one expected "Intermezzo" to make money. As a million wise men in



Marjorie Reynolds' thoughts have turned to sun and sand, and she has just the figure for this two-piece satin swim suit which she has selected. It has Lastex shorts and halter-type top.

Hollywood could have told the producer, not one person in fifty even knows what the word means. "Intermezzo" made money. It wasn't the title. It wasn't even Leslie Howard, superb actor though he is. Leslie is one of those "prestige" stars that studios like to put in a picture occasionally, because the critics adore him. But Leslie has never been one of the great money-making stars. So it must have been Ingrid Bergman. A certain atmosphere comes over a studio where a great star is born. That atmosphere grew like a bright cloud over the Selznick International Studio.

Katherine Brown sent Ingrid a wire telling her she was a success with the American public. David Selznick called her on the long-distance phone. Then Miss Brown started sending the newspaper raves about Ingrid's work to her in

Sweden. Ingrid read them, was elated. She began going to newspaper stands and asking for American film magazines. The reviews in the American magazines were all favorable, but Ingrid couldn't even get the current fan magazines. All the periodicals she picked up were old. They didn't review "Intermezzo." They didn't mention Ingrid Bergman.

Her heart would have soared if she could have read SCREENLAND's review of the picture; if she could have seen our Honor Page, published way back last December. SCREENLAND was one of the first to hail the new star. We said—remember?—"To Leslie Howard's lovely new screen heroine in 'Intermezzo'—Ingrid Bergman—our highest award! No mere intermezzo, though, this girl—she's a whole symphony of sensitive emotion and rare appeal."

But just the newspaper reviews alone were enough to make her heart stand on tip-toe. So she came back to play "Joan of Arc," the part she always wanted to do on the stage. "I love all parts where you can find something human," she explained. "They make so many stories above, not beneath." (She meant they make many shallow stories, few stories with any real depth.)

"I'd like to play comedies, tragedies, everything. I don't want only sympathetic parts. I should be glad to play women who are not good, too. I like to feel about a rôle. 'That's a woman I believe in.'"

She has plenty of temperament, yet she is not temperamental. "Maybe I should throw flowers around, things like that," she said. "But I will save temperament for pictures. I do not exercise it in private life."

She likes American ice-cream—says it comes in more flavors than foreign ice-cream and that all foreigners talk about it when they come back from America. "You should taste the wonderful American ice-cream," they tell each other. That's one of the things Ingrid told her friends back home. She also told them about her first trip to New York. She was supposed to come in to New York at eight o'clock in the morning. She was up at four, saw the Statue of Liberty, the New York skyline. "They were wonderful to see. So different from anything I had ever seen. In comparison with New York, Stockholm is a little town. It is big for us in Sweden, but it is small when you compare it with New York."

She hardly knows what to say when people ask her about Hollywood. "I worked almost every day. The only thing I've seen is Selznick International. It's a small studio—like a family. Everyone is very friendly."

She likes music, saw "La Bohème" at the Metropolitan Opera House and was as excited about her first visit to the big opera house as any girl who loved music could be. She thinks visiting museums is exciting, too.

Ingrid Bergman, incidentally, is her real name. She was born in Stockholm, Sweden, where her father was a portrait painter. When she was little, he painted Ingrid's portrait many times. Never before has there been a professional actress in the Bergman family. But her father was fond of the theater and of opera. And very early in her life the theater became the great absorbing passion of Ingrid's life. From her allowance, she saved as much as she could so she could go to the movies and to the theater. Without her love for the world of make-believe, hers would have been a lonely, possibly miserable childhood.

"My mother died when I was two years old. I never really knew her, though I have her letters and her pictures, and feel as though I knew her. My father is dead, too. He died when I was thirteen. I was an

only child. An only child must have some companionship. I had my theater. It was brother, sister, mother—everything to me. Always the theater was what I wanted. But it takes years and years to get big parts. I was in a hurry to get the *biggest* parts! I thought it an idea to go into movies to make yourself a name."

For eleven years she attended the Lyceum for Flicker, a famous Swedish school for girls. Later, she attended the Royal Dramatic Theater School for a short time; was then discovered by a talent scout and cast in a small part in a Swedish picture. Within a few years, she made eleven Swedish pictures. She was a star in nine of them.

She loves both the theater and the movies, and would still like to find time for both. "It needs an actress for both and that is what I should like to be—an actress."

About three years ago, she met her husband through mutual friends. He is a blond, like Ingrid, and like Ingrid, his hair photographs dark. There was nothing extraordinary about the romance. "We didn't meet in any unusual way. It just was. It was real."

She hopes that her husband will be able to join her in America for at least a few months. Whenever she has the opportunity between pictures, she will join him in Sweden, if European conditions permit. She does not believe that it is hard to make a success of both a career and a marriage, even a long-distance marriage, if you know where your heart is—and Ingrid's heart is with her husband and her baby.

She knows how to win friends and influence people. She just does it by being herself. She is charmingly simple and simply charming. Talking of Sweden, she said to me, "All the people there have light hair—as light as mine or even lighter." Then she looked at me and a smile played over her gentle mouth. She said, "There are no people there with hair as dark as yours. You would be very popular in Sweden."

She has never met Greta Garbo. Ingrid has never said in so many words, "I tank I go home," but when "Intermezzo" was finished, she went home.

"I can understand very well how Garbo felt if she ever said that. Sweden is such a wonderful country. People like it, too. When you say you are from Sweden, they smile in a friendly way."

Of course they do. Because Ingrid Bergman is from Sweden. And who could help smiling at her in a friendly way?

Spring Lines

Continued from page 68

interesting to note that every reliable reducing diet still includes some of each. Alcohol is very fat-producing for many types. And one cocktail a day is sufficient to send your scales up or keep them up, if you are the type. With a little careful observation, you will soon discover what in the food line sends you up or down. Then, you will know your type.

Though exercise is most helpful in reducing, it should not be considered in this respect, alone. If you are building up, exercise is just as important, and if you are one of those divinely fortunate girls—a perfect size—then exercise is important to keep you that way. Exercise can make you lithe and graceful, regardless of your size; it can keep you mentally and physically alert; it can make you move as if you were alive, not as if movement were an

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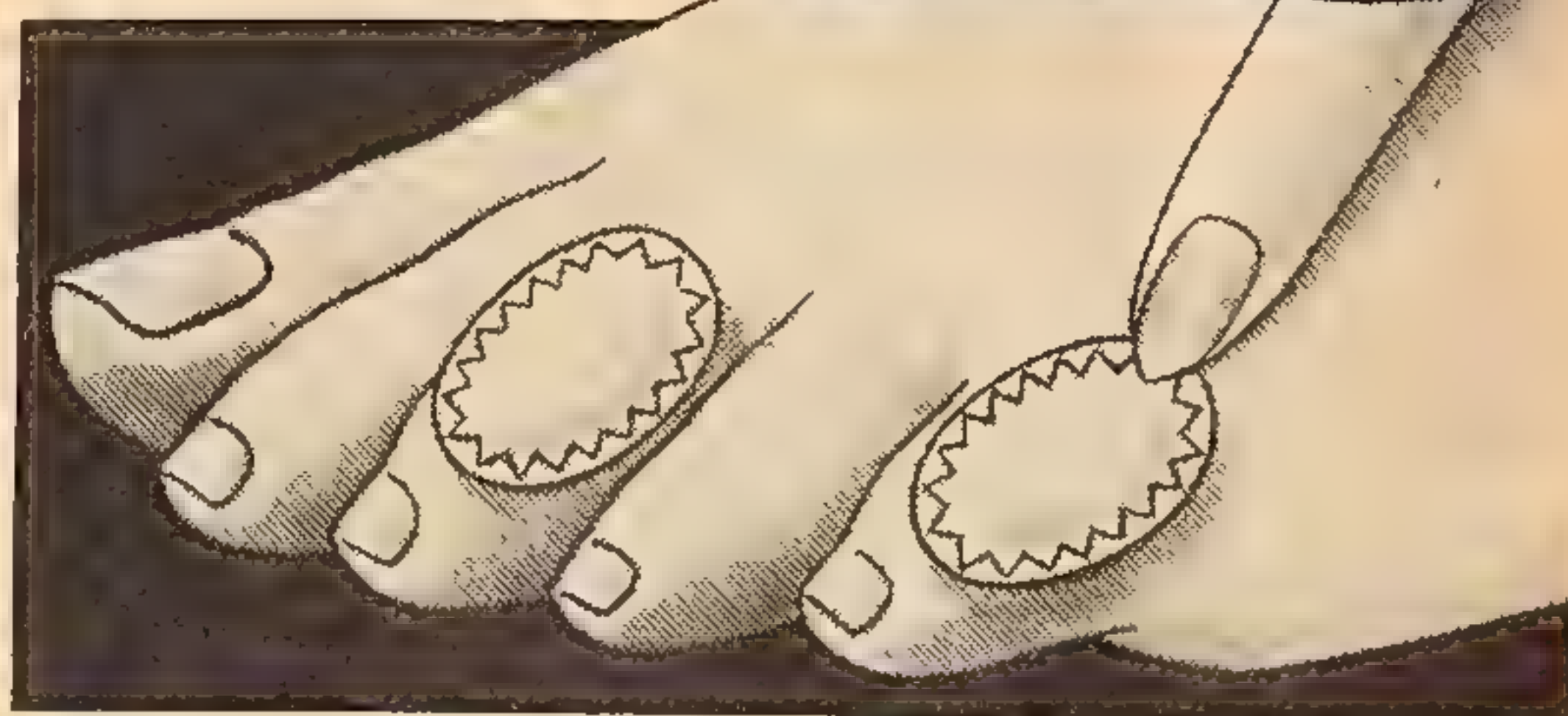
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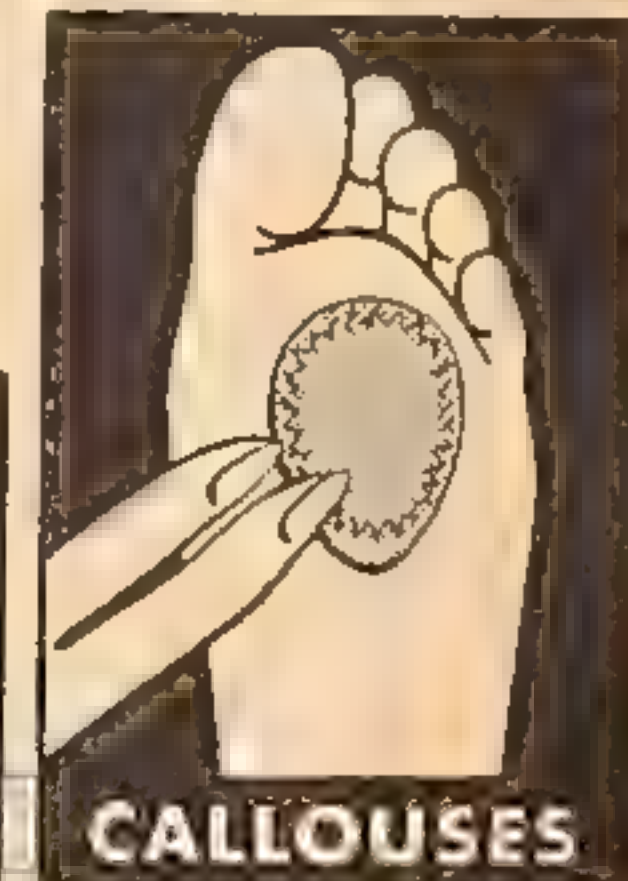
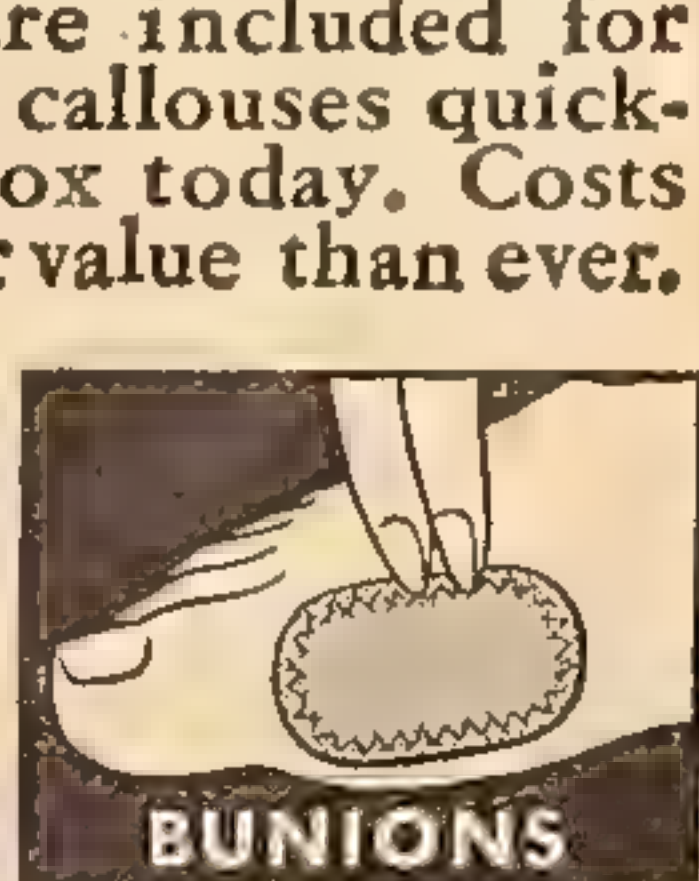
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effort. In these pages are shown three girls with lovely figures. These girls are young and they work to keep their figures perfect. If all would regard exercise more as a form of fun than as a corrective, we would take more and enjoy it more. All Hollywood goes in for sports in a big way. The climate is ideal most of the time for outdoor play, and it becomes instinctive to do the thing that makes you feel fine and is fun at the same time. There are too many opportunities available for exercise or games even to mention them here. But for every reader who is merely sitting and thinking about exercise without doing anything about it, I'd like sincerely to say, "You'd better do something about it."



Brenda Joyce, who is in "Little Old New York," is all set for a week-end cruise. She's wearing slacks of ivory linen, navy and white striped silk blouse, and navy and white linen shoes.

Posture is more important in figure beauty than most think. You can be perfectly proportioned, but slouch and sag and look like nothing. Or, you can be only reasonably well put together, and you can stand and sit and move so that you create the illusion of a gorgeous figure. There are fortunate girls who can put on a \$3.98 dress, and by their stance give it more smartness than a \$39.75 model on a careless wearer. With slim waists now much to the front, there is an usually unobserved line that I have discovered is very important. That is the length of your body from shoulders to waist. If you can slim down or lengthen this line, you will do much toward a good waistline. Reaching up exercises will do this, and also give you a liveness and grace of body. Recently Lucille Ball told me that her favorite method of relaxing and shaking herself out of moods is by dancing around by herself. Since most of us love to dance, here is some figure homework that is fun. Turn on your radio or put on your favorite record. Lift your arms and clasp your hands above your head. Then dance about, and let the family laugh, if they want. It's all good fun. You will find that those lifted arms cause a body stretching, and the more cavorting and wriggling you do,

the better it is for you. Though bad form on any dance floor, in this case it definitely means good form. Peggy Moran, in these pages, is doing the same thing in another way. She is letting an exercise machine help out in a tiger stretch. It is the pulling and stretching that develops grace and beauty. Games like tennis, badminton and ping-pong are wonderful for you.

No matter how perfect your body, I believe everyone needs some light foundation—this to smooth the way for your clothes, if nothing more, though the design of modern foundation garments literally works miracles with the figure. But don't just go out and buy haphazardly. Consult your salesgirl. These girls are highly trained in knowing figures, whether you purchase a \$2 boneless girdle or a \$15 foundation. When necessary, have the garment fitted to your figure. This means more beauty, more comfort and support. When bones are used today, I might add that they are so light, so slight, and usually perform a real mission, such as giving non-roll tops to girdles, redistributing your tummy, so that it does not bulge and making your garment easier to wear and more comfortable. In fact, designers have thought out every comfortable "escape" from figure problems possible within the limits of these garments. The same is very true of brassieres. And in the case of every problem bosom, it will repay you well to choose your bras carefully and have them fitted when necessary. In most shops, there is no extra charge for this, and it often means the difference between satisfaction and dissatisfaction. Take care of these garments. They are all made to wash and wash frequently with mild soap flakes, and the admonition of one large manufacturer is, "Wash them as you would your baby." In other words, don't put them in hot water; don't wring out, and don't hang on radiators to dry.

Now that suit time is here, I am reminded that the normal and slim girls are taking more and more to the pantie-girdle. It is certainly a neat, compact, and comfortable little affair, and every wardrobe might well include one, even if worn for special occasions. Some are quite inexpensive.

The day of the "campus girl" look in figures is gone. Even growing girls' mothers should no longer excuse their offsprings' front and rear extreme developments, but should take some sane steps to keep this growth controlled. How many girls in their teens have gone through misery because of ungainly figures? A sensible, controlled diet, all exercise possible, especially limbering exercises, good general health, and perhaps a little boneless girdle are helpful ways of getting over this painful growth period.

Recently, we offered through our bulletin a figure beauty book, especially for the over-weight. It picks up in detail the figure story from where I must leave off. A limited number are still available to readers. If you will send me your name and address, this book will be sent to you.


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Pick the Pictures We Recommend as "The Best Pictures of the Month" and You're Sure to Enjoy Your Movie-Going! Here Are Reviews of Two More Films Which We Believe You'll Find Worth Your Picture Time and Money

**LITTLE OLD
NEW YORK**
20th Century-Fox




 YOUR movie menu has included heaping helpings of history, science, and economics. Now we suggest you top it all off with this handsome dish of dessert—it's not too heavy, not too sweet, and unmistakably home-made. "Little Old New York" is sugar-coated but never cloying as it unreels the story of Robert Fulton and his steamboat in the Manhattan of 1807 or thereabout. As in "Rulers of the Sea" the inventor encounters stiff opposition from hide-bound shipbuilders who fear that his new-fangled contraption will wreck their business; but, not to your sur-

prise or ours, young Fulton overcomes every obstacle and, with the aid of stalwart Fred MacMurray, finally launches a steamboat which works, to the gratification not only of these hardworking young heroes but of their respective sweethearts: Alice Faye, in a refreshingly pert rôle, and Brenda Joyce, acting with convincing charm, as the lady second only to the steamboat in Fulton's affections. Richard Greene is highly personable as the inventor, but until they begin giving medals for good looks that Academy Award is still safe with Spencer Tracy and Jimmy Stewart.

**THE SHOP
AROUND THE
CORNER**
M-G-M



 FOR unpretentious charm, gentle humor, and endearing performances, this delightful "little picture," directed by the old maestro of the magic touch, Mr. Lubitsch, wins our vote. To be honest about it, for sheer enjoyment it tops several of the month's more formidable movies. It never pretends to an importance it does not possess; it just sneaks up on you quietly with its homely appeal and snares your wholehearted sympathy for its everyday characters toiling in the highly unglamorous setting of a small Viennese shop. Margaret Sullavan, all shimmering charm, returns to the

screen as an engagingly naïve and romantic shop girl. James Stewart plays a clerk of independence, spirit, and romantic imagination as only he can play a young-man-in-love—we're tired of saying "his best performance so far" so we'll skip it, remembering "Mr. Smith," but he couldn't be better. Frank Morgan is mercifully released from imbecilic rôles to endow the part of the shop-keeper with dignity and pathos. About time Hollywood remembered that Mr. Morgan is one of America's finest actors. Felix Bressart, one of Garbo's "comrades" in "Ninotchka," makes a secondary rôle of primary importance.

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Garfield Breaks Loose!

Continued from page 34

picture I've either been behind bars or else played the type person who should have been. I'm tired of being a criminal. There are other things in life, another side of it.

"They tell me they can't find the kind of parts I want. M-G-M finds them for Spencer Tracy. Warners find them for Muni and Robinson. I found them a swell play, 'Johnny Get Your Gun,' but they tell me it wouldn't be box office. How do they know? They could be wrong as well as me. Why don't they do it and show me I'm wrong—that I'm incapable of picking parts? If I'm wrong I'll be the first to admit it."

I interrupted. "After all, Johnny, you're asking them to buy a play, have it adapted, put it into production and spend a total of a quarter to half a million dollars to prove to you you're wrong. That's asking a lot, isn't it?"

"No!" he exploded. "It's rarely that a picture doesn't make back production costs so it's almost a cinch they wouldn't actually lose anything. Then, they must figure I'm a good bet or they wouldn't fight so to keep me here. Well, if I'm a good bet and they convince me I'm wrong, I'll do what they want in the future and they'll make back anything they might lose on that one picture on the next one they make with me. If they want to keep me out here so much that's the only way they can do it. We've lived simply since we're in Hollywood and we have saved enough to last us four or five years the way we used to live. We can go back to that if we have to."

"I walked out on them when they wanted me to do 'And It All Came True' because I thought it was a rotten script and a rotten part. So they suspended me. Then they wanted me for one tiny scene in 'Four Wives.' I refused to do it, even though they promised not to bill me in the picture. They said they would cut in a sequence from 'Four Daughters' and then I discovered that when I made 'Four Daughters' I only had a one-picture contract with them and

they couldn't use that sequence without my consent. I asked for permission to do three radio shows and they hit the ceiling. So I laughed and said, 'Okay, boys, no radio, no sequence for 'Four Wives.' They had to have me in that sequence or they wouldn't have any picture so they had to give in and let me do the radio shows. That gave me another tidy nest egg."

"But to prove to them I wasn't trying to be ornery I told them I was willing to work whenever they could find me a decent part. They sent me a couple of other scripts I didn't like so I turned them down. I was getting the reputation around town of being seven kinds of a so-and-so, so I finally agreed to do this picture I'm working on now—'Bad Boy.'" He paused and grinned. "Remember that song in 'The Mikado'? Something about 'And make the punishment fit the crime'? I think Warners try to make their titles fit their actors. Once after Jimmy Cagney had been battling them for eight months they called his picture 'Hard To Handle.' I think my rebellion inspired the title on this one."

"About your play," I reminded him. "Oh, yes. It's called 'Heavenly Express.' It's a fantasy—the type play I've always wanted to do. The contracts are all signed and nothing is going to stop me. If it's a flop I'll have to eat humble pie but at least I'll have convinced myself."

"Just what kind of parts do you want to do?" I interrupted once more.

"I don't know," he answered frankly. "I only know this: if you walk down the street you don't run into one guy in a thousand who looks like Robert Taylor or Clark Gable or —" he paused and grinned again: "I guess I'd better not leave Warner Brothers out of this—or Errol Flynn. Most of the fellows you pass are ordinary, run-of-the-mill chaps like you and me, but, because they aren't Arrow collar men doesn't mean they're all criminals. Those guys are living their lives. They have problems the same as the Handsome Harry's. It's their problems I'm interested in and want to portray."

He lapsed into a moody silence for a while. "Confound it!" he burst out, "I wish I could get myself interested in a hobby—golf or tennis—or building a house. Look



Len Weissman

Norma Shearer, George Raft, and Mrs. Edith Shearer, Norma's mother, dining at the Victor Hugo in Beverly Hills. It's a picture like this that makes those romance rumors seem true even though Norma and George still say they're "just friends."



New York was treated to a first-hand look at real glamor when Hedy Lamarr arrived in town to attend a premiere. Lucky for Lamarr that husband Gene Markey was on hand to help her through the crowds that gathered at the train and wherever Hedy went.

at Pat O'Brien. He has his new house and his family and that's all he gives a tinker's dam about. He goes from one picture to another and never a squawk. At the end of the day he forgets about his work and goes home to his wife and kids and house—and he's contented. Look at Jimmy Cagney. He has his new house here and that farm at Martha's Vineyard. If the scripts they offer him aren't too bad he does them. He goes home to his new house at night and as soon as he's done two or three pictures in a row he's off to the farm. If he had his way he'd be perfectly content to spend the rest of his life there.

"You told me when Spencer Tracy first came out here there never was anyone more homesick for the theater than he. But you never hear him mention it any more. I don't know what he's found to take its place but he must have found something. I can't find anything. I'm not interested in golf or a house. So long as I have a place to flop at night that's all that matters. The theater must be in my blood. My wife's too, I guess, because she's just as eager as I am for me to do stage plays. We dream them, talk them, live them.

"Maybe in ten years this so-called youthful enthusiasm will have burned itself out and I'll be content to settle down and do as I'm told without arguing. But not now. Life, to me, seems too important to let someone else run it for you when all they're interested in is making money out of you. I'm more interested in doing worthwhile things and, as long as I have breath in me I'm going to fight to do them. You'll probably laugh at me but years ago I read something I've never forgotten. It was this:

"Ideals are like stars. You will not succeed in touching them with your hands but—like the seafaring man upon the waste of waters—you choose them as your guides and, following them, you reach your destiny."

"Perhaps I've chosen the wrong ideals—the wrong stars—by which to steer but if I have I'll find it out and, at least, I'll have the satisfaction of knowing the mistakes I've made have been my own. And when I do find out I'll take my medicine like a man—no whining. But until that time comes I'm going back to Broadway to find out whether I'm an actor or just a personality."

Pals!

Continued from page 51

backbone to overcome a first failure. He stood up and waved his ten-gallon hat toward the screen. "Thanks, Miss Withers," he breathed, "thanks for the example." And out of the theater he strode, ambition flaming anew, head high, cowboy boots clicking defiantly.

Today, five years later, Gene Autry is the world's most popular cowboy entertainer. Today, Gene Autry gets more fan mail than any other movie star in the world. Today Gene Autry holds the distinction of having drawn more people to a parade in Dublin than even the president of Ireland himself. And today Gene Autry still remembers the inspiration a little girl named Jane Withers injected in him with an under-dog performance of a brat in "Bright Eyes."

"That's why," he says, "I'm so happy that my first picture on a major lot is with Jane Withers." Gene and Jane are co-starred in "Shooting High" now in production on the Fox lot.

"I've never revealed this story before," Gene confided to me in his dressing room on the lot as he prepared for the day's shooting. "But I feel now's the time. I owe a lot to Jane, and I've always hoped some day to meet her, hoped that when I did she'd be the swell kid I imagined her to be. Now that we've met," his sunny, wind-tanned face turned serious, "I'm glad to state she's all I hoped and more."

The rise of Autry to cinematic fame is a startling one in Hollywood. Even today Hollywood itself knows little of the singing cowboy. In fact, nine out of ten columnists and stars have never seen Gene on the screen, because Autry pictures don't play Hollywood first runs. "Shucks," Autry drawls, "I hope they never do. I'm sure no potatoes as an actor. I just get before them cameras and act natural. Maybe folks might be disappointed in me."

But folks haven't been disappointed in Gene. His wholesome films have thrilled and thoroughly entertained millions. And Hollywood, outside of his own studio, has been the last town to recognize it.

Gene had been a popular cowboy crooner on Station KVOO in Tulsa when he wrote a song called "Silver Haired Daddy of Mine." The Sears Roebuck people sold recordings of this number and were astounded at the success it met. The company signed Gene for its radio program. Later Gene joined the National Barn Dance program on WLS out of Chicago. At the time Gene reached the height of his radio success as master of ceremonies on that program, little Republic Studio reached out for him. The studio wanted a clean-cut singing cowboy for a series of westerns. It was the booming moments of the Legion of Decency movement in films, and the wise executives decided that wholesome westerns would be the big money-makers.

Gene was brought to Hollywood and cast in "The Phantom Empire." He recalls those days with a sad shake of his head. "Brother, them were the dark days. Each new day of shooting brought my spirits to new lows. How I wished for a microphone to grow right up in front of me and that those cameras and assistant directors and lights would dissolve and disappear. I didn't even know the score then. And then some cruel official took me into the projection room when the serial was finished and let me look at myself. I figured he was gettin' even with me for his disappointment in me and wastin' money on me. Mister, I was terrible!"

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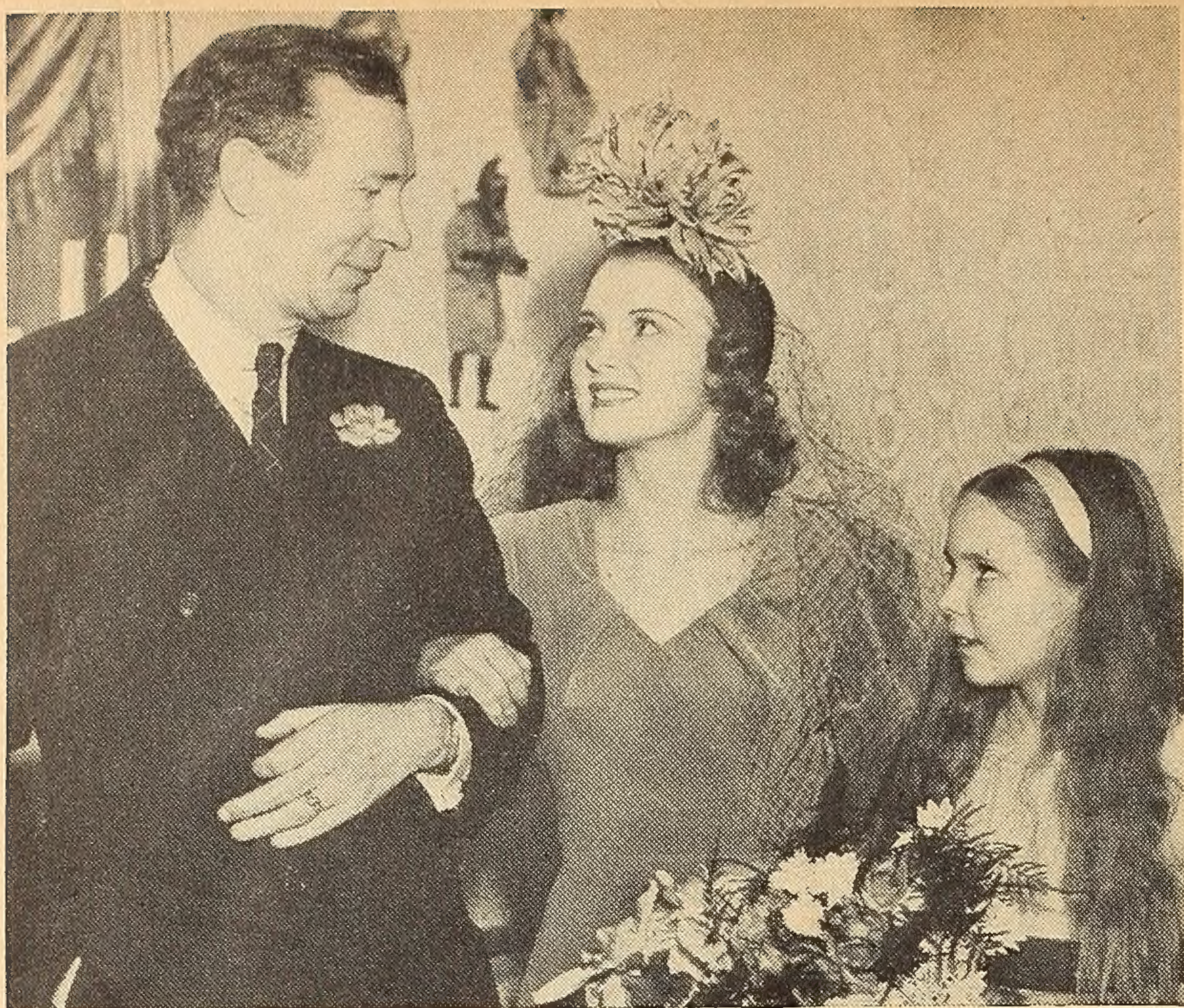
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Dorris Bowdon, ROSASHARN in "The Grapes of Wrath," and Nunnally Johnson, the script writer on the film, were married recently at the home of the Charles MacArthurs (Helen Hayes). Ten-year-old Mary MacArthur acted as the flower girl.

Since he had been brought out and signed for only one picture, Gene left town quickly after his view of himself. "I thought I might as well get out before they rode me out on a rail. Luckily, I stopped off to see the picture, 'Bright Eyes,' and that was the turning point. It fired new ambition in me. It branded into me the lesson to be natural, to be myself, not to try and imitate actors already on the screen. I determined that I'd be back."

And Gene did come back. Only this time he was himself on the screen. The studio had signed Gene Autry to a series of westerns this time, and he let them have Autry on the screen. Encouraged by the mild success of the first Autry westerns, the studio signed Gene for another series. And the popularity of Autry leaped and zoomed. In two years the gent from Tioga, Texas, was shooting high. Theaters demanded more Autry pictures. They could show Autry pictures on week-ends and draw bigger crowds than by showing featured pictures. They'd bill Autry and work in a major studio feature on the same bill. But the public didn't care as long as Gene Autry was up there on the screen, singing his songs, saving the girl, and quietly but forcefully slapping down a bunch of villains, not by mayhem, but by courage and cunning.

Early this year three major studios contacted Gene, and wanted to know if he'd be interested in a contract with them. Gene said no, politely, he didn't. He was loyal to the studio which gave him his chance, but he told these other studios he did have a clause in his contract allowing him an outside picture a year and he'd consider offers for a picture.

He considered the offers and then Darryl Zanuck called him to Fox one day. "Gene," said Zanuck after the formalities of introduction and after he had managed to tear his eyes from the bright red suit, brilliant cowboy boots, and flashy cowboy shirt the singing saddle hero wore, "Gene, we want you to make a picture with us, to co-star with Jane Withers."

"That was a great moment for me," Gene smiled. "You know Fate kinda throws the things you want your way if you just wait and play the game while you're waiting. Here I'd been hopin' to some day tell what Jane had unconsciously done for me, and now they wanted me to play in a picture with her. 'Mr. Zanuck,' I said slowly, lookin' at my hat, 'I reckon I'd kinda like that,' and we shook hands on it."

"Funny thing," Gene laughs, when I was leavin' the office, Mr. Zanuck said

to me, 'Gene, I've had a couple of requests, and—well, how about a few autographed pictures of yourself?' and all the while he was sayin' that he had his eyes glued to my outfit. I played it straight and answered, 'Mr. Zanuck, I'd be glad to,'—I had my hand on the door now—and if you're interested I can give you the name of my tailor, too,' and I closed the door gently behind me."

That's the story behind the warm relationship of Jane Withers and Gene Autry, the heretofore untold tale of a little girl unknowingly providing the inspiration which led to the success of Public Cowboy Number One. On the set they're like two pals. The first day Gene reported to the stage, Jane took him around and introduced him to everyone on the set. "Gene's my pal," she told them, and they accepted Gene right off.

"She's a swell kid, so natural, so unspoiled by her success, and what a sense of humor," Gene relates. "We're playin' one scene where Jane's horse runs away, and I'm supposed to ride after her and catch up with her just as she falls off. Well, the first take I ride up fast, dismount, and run up to where she's fallen on the ground. I started to speak my line, when she whispers to me: 'Gene, it hurts where I landed!' Well, I just bust out laughing and we had to do it over again. The next take, she says with a dead pan, just as I finished my line: 'Gene, it doesn't hurt, but it still aches!' She's got a lotta courage, too. We posed for stills one day. We're both supposed to ride up to the top of a hill, over rough ground, galloping, and the photographer snaps us as we reach the crest. Champ was rarin' that day and he took off like mad, but Jane stuck real close. We went over the top of that hill like a shot of lightning and what a beauty of a still they took. I looked over and there's Mrs. Withers, face white, lips clenched. The way her daughter had come a'ridin' had been too much."

"Jane," she whispered, 'the horses aren't supposed to fly!'"

"I also found out from Mrs. Withers," Gene continued, "about the time Jane went to riding school. Mrs. Withers figured Jane was just learnin' how to ride. One day she suddenly decided to pay a visit to the ridin' academy and there she found Jane learnin' circus ridin'. At that moment she was practicin' the trick of slidin' off the back of a horse, holdin' on to its tail, and then pullin' herself back up on the saddle again. Jane's circus ridin' stopped right then and there, as Mrs. Withers' heart almost did when she saw the stunts."

Jane had captured the heart of Champion, Gene's horse, too. According to Gene, Champion is a most temperamental screen star. (He is a star, too; he gets billing on the screen and Gene's contract calls for Champ to get at least one close-up in every picture.) Champ usually gets jealous when too much attention is paid to anyone else, especially by Gene. But not with Jane. Champ spoiled her more than anyone else, and didn't care a hang how much attention Jane got as long as Jane contributed a little affection Champ's way.

"This picture with Jane is a milestone for me," Gene declares. "I'm makin' it with a little girl who helped me plenty in a sad moment, who taught me that you have to fight and show some get-up to get anywhere. And I'm thankful to her."

As proud of Gene as he is of her is Jane. "The kids in the neighborhood used to treat me as Jane Withers, who plays in the movies," Jane's dark blue eyes sparkled as she told this. "Now they point me out as the girl who's playing with Gene Autry!"

Her first meeting with Gene when they both knew they were going to play in the same picture is still vividly imprinted on the youngster's mind. "He was wearing a royal blue cowboy suit," Jane said, her eyes rolled upward as if trying to read from memory lines in her mind, "he had a red western handkerchief-tie, red boots with high heels, and a white ten gallon hat. And over his suit he had a white Indian designed Navajo jacket. I love bright colors and Gene looked like a rainbow wrapped around a smile. He's so real the clothes seemed natural. I don't like folks to put it on, but Gene's so kind and sincere, almost bashful, you don't object to his fancy clothes. And do I go for those clothes! I kept staring at the Navajo jacket so long Gene asked me if I wanted one just like it. I just nodded."

And on the set Jane wears almost constantly a Navajo jacket and a white ten gallon hat which arrived three days after Gene spoke to her.

The "Shooting High" company's always kidding Gene about the time he offered to show Jane how to do fancy rope tricks. Jane said she'd be delighted and paid careful, serious attention to Gene as he explained how to grab the rope for twirling. Jane picked up the rope, looked worried, then turned to Gene and asked "Like this?" and went into a routine of hoops, twirls, and jump throughs that left Gene staring. He looked quizzically at Jane, then asked solemnly, "Miss Withers, how much do you charge per lesson?" Gene didn't know that Jane had learned lariat tricks for rôles in "Wild and Woolly" and "Arizona Wildcat."

The youngster's admiration for Gene was enhanced tremendously when she presented him with a pipe rack and a set of pipes in return for his present of the Navajo jacket and the cowboy hat.

"Gene just thanked me and remarked how swell it was of me," Jane shook her dark brown hair at the memory. "Then a week later I found out he didn't smoke, he never does, you know, because of his loyalty to his kid fans. They might smoke, too, if they saw Gene smoking on the screen or off the screen. And he didn't even say a word to me about it, thinking I might feel hurt or ashamed. And you know what I found out also? He kept the present and he's still got it at home even though he doesn't use it. He's keeping it because it's from me. Boy, he's a swell feller!"

Gene and Jane sing two songs together in "Shooting High," called *Little Shanty of Dreams and Wanderers*.



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